CISTA·ORBA·

CRISTA·AFRICA·

Library of

LEWIS

C

WILLIAMS

Collectors'
Old Book Shop
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

AMERICAN CRISIS BIOGRAPHIES

Edited by

Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, Ph. D.

The American Crisis Biographies

Edited by Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, Ph.D. With the counsel and advice of Professor John B. McMaster, of the University of Pennsylvania.

Each 12mo, cloth, with frontispiece portrait. Price $1.25 net; by mail, $1.37.

These biographies will constitute a complete and comprehensive history of the great American sectional struggle in the form of readable and authoritative biography. The editor has enlisted the co-operation of many competent writers, as will be noted from the list given below. An interesting feature of the undertaking is that the series is to be impartial, Southern writers having been assigned to Southern subjects and Northern writers to Northern subjects, but all will belong to the younger generation of writers, thus assuring freedom from any suspicion of war-time prejudice. The Civil War will not be treated as a rebellion, but as the great event in the history of our nation, which, after forty years, it is now clearly recognized to have been.

Now ready:

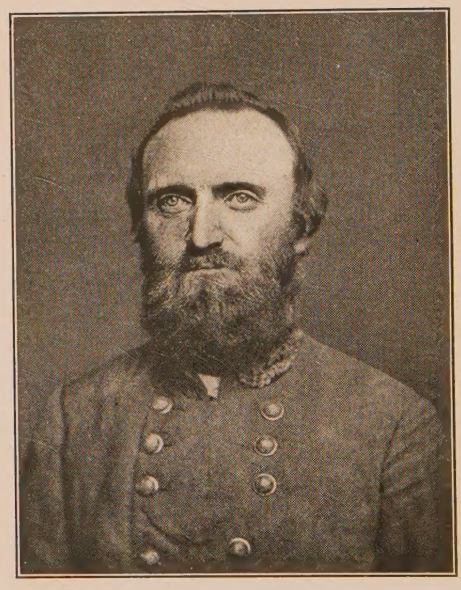
Abraham Lincoln. By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer.
Thomas H. Benton. By Joseph M. Rogers.
David G. Farragut. By John R. Spears.
William T. Sherman. By Edward Robins.
Frederick Douglass. By Booker T. Washington.
Judah P. Benjamin. By Pierce Butler.
Robert E. Lee. By Philip Alexander Bruce.
Jefferson Davis. By Prof. W. E. Dodd.
Alexander H. Stephens. By Louis Pendleton.
John C. Calhoun. By Gaillard Hunt.
"Stonewall" Jackson. By Henry Alexander White.
John Brown. By W. E. Burghardt Dubois.
Charles Sumner. By Prof. George H. Haynes.
Henry Clay. By Thomas H. Clay.
William H. Seward. By Edward Everett Hale, Jr.
Stephen A. Douglas. By Prof. Henry Parker Willis.

In preparation:

Daniel Webster. By Prof. Frederic A. Ogg.
William Lloyd Garrison. By Lindsay Swift.
Thaddeus Stevens. By Prof. J. A. Woodburn.
Andrew Johnson. By Prof. Walter L. Fleming.
Ulysses S. Grant. By Prof. Franklin S. Edmonds.
Edwin M. Stanton. By Edward S. Corwin.
Robert Toombs. By Prof. U. B. Phillips.
Jay Cooke. By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_Y0-EDN-688



T. J. Jackson

AMERICAN CRISIS BIOGRAPHIES

STONEWALL JACKSON

by

HENRY ALEXANDER WHITE, A. M., Ph. D.

Author of

"Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy,"

"A History of the United States," etc.

PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE W. JACOBS & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

Copyright, 1908, by
George W. Jacobs & Company
Published January, 1909

This volume is dedicated to
My Wife
Fanny Beverley Wellford White

PREFACE

THE present biography of Stonewall Jackson is based upon an examination of original sources, as far as these are available. The accounts of Jackson's early life and of the development of his personal character are drawn, for the most part, from Doctor Robert L. Dabney's biography and from Jackson's *Life and Letters*, by Mrs. Jackson. The *Official Records* of the war, of course, constitute the main source of the account here given of Jackson's military operations. Colonel G. F. R. Henderson's Life is an admirable study of his military career; Doctor Dabney's biography, however, must remain the chief source of our knowledge concerning the personality of the Confederate leader.

Written accounts by eye-witnesses, and oral statements made to the writer by participants in Jackson's campaigns, have been of great service in the preparation of this volume. Some of these are mentioned in the partial list of sources given in the bibliography.

HENRY ALEXANDER WHITE.

Columbia, S. C.

CONTENTS

	Chronology	11
I.	Early Years	15
II.	At West Point	25
III.	The Mexican War	34
IV.	The Virginia Military Institute	47
V.	The Beginning of War	63
VI.	Commander of Volunteers at Harper's Ferry	72
VII.	The First Battle of Manassas (Bull Run)	82
VIII.	The Romney Campaign	99
IX.	The Battle of Kernstown	113
X.	McDowell	127
XI.	Winchester	144
XII.	Cross Keys and Port Republic	167
XIII.	The March from the Valley to Richmond	196
XIV.	The Seven Days: Gaines' Mill	208
XV.	The Seven Days: Frazier's Farm and Malvern Hill	223
XVI.	Cedar Run	236
XVII.	Groveton	247
XVIII.	The Second Manassas	261
XIX.	The Capture of Harper's Ferry	273
XX.	Sharpsburg	283
XXI.	Fredericksburg	301

XXII. The Winter of 1862–1863 . . 319
XXIII. Chancellorsville . . . 337
XXIV. Death of Jackson 355
Bibliography 366
Index 369

CHRONOLOGY

1824—January 21st, born in the town of Clarksburg, Va. (now West Virginia), third child of Jonathan Jackson and his wife, Julia Neale.

1827—The father, Jonathan Jackson, dies.

1831—The mother, Julia Neale Jackson, dies. The son, Thomas Jonathan, finds a home with his father's half-brother, Cummins Jackson, and attends a country school taught by Robert P. Ray.

1841—Appointed to the office of constable of the county.

1842—Secures an appointment to West Point and enters the Academy in July.

1846—June 30th, is graduated with his class and receives the brevet rank of second lieutenant of artillery.

1847—March 3d, is promoted to grade of second lieutenant.

1847—March 9th, lands with Scott's army at Vera Cruz, Mexico. Afterward promoted to position of first lieutenant for gallant conduct at the siege of Vera Cruz (March 22d–27th).

1847—August 19th, takes part with his battery in battle of Contreras, and for gallantry is promoted to brevet rank of captain. For heroic conduct at Chapultepec (September 13th) receives the brevet rank of major.

1848—June, leaves City of Mexico with the rest of Scott's army and goes to Fort Hamilton on Long Island.

1850—Transferred to a military station in Florida.

1851—March, appointed Professor of Artillery Tactics and Natural Philosophy at the Virginia Military Institute.

1853—August 4th, marries Eleanor Junkin, daughter of Doctor George Junkin, President of Washington College in Virginia. In February, 1855, his wife and infant child die.

1857—July 16th, marries Mary Anna Morrison, daughter of Doctor Robert H. Morrison, President of Davidson College, North Carolina.

1861—April 21st, leaves his home in Lexington in response to the summons of the governor of Virginia and leads the cadets of the Military Institute to Richmond to take part in the war.

1861—April 27th, appointed colonel of Virginia Volunteers; April 29th, arrives at Harper's Ferry and assumes command; June, assigned to command of First Brigade.

1861—July 2d, engages in skirmish at Falling Waters.

1861—July 3d, receives commission as brigadier-general of the Southern Confederacy.

1861—July 21st, leads the First Brigade in first battle at Manassas.

1861—October 7th, promoted to rank of major-general; November 4th, assigned to command of Shenandoah Valley.

1862—January 1st, marches from Winchester toward Romney; after driving the enemy beyond the Potomac, returns, on January 24th, from Romney to Winchester; sends resignation to Richmond, January 31st.

1862—March 23d, battle of Kernstown; May 8th, battle of McDowell; May 23d, capture of Front Royal; May 25th, battle of Winchester; June 8th, battle of Cross Keys; June 9th, battle of Port Republic; June 17th, leaves Valley and marches toward Richmond.

1862—June 27th, battle of Gaines' Mill; June 30th, battle of White Oak Swamp; July 1st, battle of Malvern Hill.

1862—August 9th, battle of Cedar Run.

1862—August 25th, begins march toward rear of Pope's army; August 26th, captures Manassas Junction; August 28th, battle of Groveton; August 29th, repulses Pope's army; August 30th, drives Pope's army across Bull Run; September 1st, battle of Chantilly.

1862—September 5th, crosses Potomac and enters Maryland; September 10th, marches from Frederick, Md., toward Harper's Ferry; September 15th, captures Harper's Ferry; September 16th, arrives at Sharpsburg and begins to fight against McClellan; September 17th, battle of Sharpsburg; September 20th, repulses enemy at Boteler's Ford.

1862—September 20th–November 22d, encamps in Valley near Winchester ; October 11th, promoted to rank of lieutenant-general and placed in command of Second Corps ; November 22d, marches from Valley toward Fredericksburg ; November 29th, arrives at Rappahannock River, near Fredericksburg ; December 13th, battle of Fredericksburg ; December 16th, enters winterquarters at Moss Neck on Rappahannock.

1863—May 1st, leads Second Corps from Fredericksburg to Chancellorsville ; May 2d, marches around Hooker's right flank, routs right wing of Federal army, and receives severe wounds ; May 10th, dies at Guiney Station near Fredericksburg.

STONEWALL JACKSON

CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON was born in the town of Clarksburg, Virginia (now West Virginia), on January 21, 1824. In that same year, Andrew Jackson, who won the famous victory over the British army at New Orleans, was brought forward as a candidate for the presidency of the United States; four years later (1828), he was elected to that high office. Did the same blood run in the veins of these two great leaders, known as "Old Hickory" Jackson and "Stonewall" Jackson? To this question a definite reply cannot be given. The most that can be said is that the ancestors of both men once lived in the same parish in the province of Ulster, in north Ireland. During the reign of King James I, and afterward, this province was filled with colonists, most of whom came from the Lowlands of Scotland. In all probability, therefore, the Jacksons were Scots who found a home in that large Protestant community in Ulster, each one of whose citizens called himself *Scoto-Hibernus*, that is, a Scot-of-Ireland. In our own time these Scots of

Ireland and their descendants are known as Scotch-Irish.

About the year 1765, the father and mother of Andrew Jackson left the province of Ulster and sailed from the Irish port of Carrickfergus to seek a home in the Carolinas.[1] At an earlier date than this, however, John Jackson, great-grandfather of Stonewall Jackson, crossed the Atlantic. At what time he left the Ulster home of the Scotch Jacksons we do not know, but in 1748,[2] John Jackson boarded a vessel at an English port and sailed to the province of Maryland. There is on record a statement made by a grandson that this John Jackson was born in England.[3] If this be true, it means, perhaps, that his father was the first member of the family to leave the Scotch community of Ulster and that he made his abode for a time in London.

Upon the same ship that bore John Jackson westward across the Atlantic, in 1748, sailed a young Englishwoman, named Elizabeth Cummins, the daughter of a London tradesman. She was tall and handsome and had received a good education. A year or two after their arrival in Maryland, they were united in marriage and at once sought a home on the south branch of the Potomac in the western part of Virginia. For a brief period they dwelt at the place now called Moorefield, located in the present Hardy County. Then they moved their

[1] Parton's *Andrew Jackson.*

[2] Letter written by Judge John G. Jackson, and quoted in Dabney's *Stonewall Jackson*, p. 5.

[3] *Idem.*

household goods a little farther westward and built a log cabin upon the site of the present town of Buckhannon, on the bank of the Buckhannon River. There John Jackson cut down the trees of the forest, planted fields of corn and bought the title to large tracts of land. He brought up a family of five sons and three daughters. When the war of the American Revolution began in 1775, he shouldered his rifle and went into battle against the British, taking some of his sons with him.

John Jackson's eldest son was George Jackson, who made his home at Clarksburg, in the present Harrison County. He was chosen by the people of the county to represent them in the Virginia legislature, which met in Richmond. He was sent by them, also, as a delegate to the Virginia Convention of 1788, and as a member of that body, he voted for the ratification of the Federal Constitution. A few years later he was elected to Congress and there met Andrew Jackson, a delegate from the new state of Tennessee. These two members of the Jackson clan had much conversation with reference to early family history, and upon their testimony is based our knowledge of the fact that the ancestors of both lines once dwelt in the same parish in Ulster, Ireland.[1]

George Jackson's eldest son, John G. Jackson, became a lawyer of distinction at Clarksburg. He was elected as his father's successor in Congress and won as his wife, Polly Payne, sister of Dolly

[1] Letter in the possession of the family of Thomas Jackson Arnold. See also Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 1.

Payne, who became the well-known Dolly Payne Madison, wife of President Madison.[1] John G. Jackson was appointed the first Federal judge in the western district of Virginia. One of his brothers, William L. Jackson, became lieutenant-governor of Virginia, and then a judge of the state Supreme Court. "I am most anxious to see our family enjoying that high standard and influence which it possessed in days of yore." Thus wrote Major Thomas J. Jackson, just before the beginning of the war between the states, to his cousin, Judge William L. Jackson.[2]

The second son of the emigrant, John Jackson, was given the name Edward. He was the grandfather of Stonewall Jackson. In early life, Edward Jackson made his home on the Monongahela River, near the town of Weston, in the present Lewis County. He was marked by soundness of judgment and by great energy. As a surveyor, he acquired the title to extensive tracts of land and left a mountain farm to each of his numerous children. Edward Jackson's first wife, a member of a family named Hadden, bore him three sons and three daughters. The youngest of these sons was given the name Jonathan. He was a man of short stature, had clear, blue eyes, and was possessed of a genial and affectionate disposition.[3] Jonathan attended the Clarksburg Academy, where one of his fellow-

[1] See letter from Mrs. Madison to Judge Jackson, quoted in *Life and Letters of General Thomas J. Jackson*, by his wife, p. 6.
[2] *Life and Letters*, p. 6.
[3] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 9.

students was his cousin, Edward Jackson, son of George Jackson. Both of them were spoken of as "noble and highly promising young men."[1] Jonathan afterward studied law in the office of his cousin, Judge John G. Jackson. He became a lawyer in Clarksburg and married Julia Beckwith Neale, daughter of a merchant of Parkersburg. She was of medium height and had brown hair, dark-gray eyes, and a handsome face.[2] They began life together in a small brick cottage, which they built in Clarksburg, and there was born Thomas Jonathan Jackson, the subject of this present biography.

That part of Virginia in which Clarksburg is located was settled almost entirely by Scots from North Ireland. Among these settlers the Jacksons held a position of great influence. Many of them, as stated above, were chosen to fill places of high dignity and public trust. Nearly all of them became landholders on a large scale. It is said that every Jackson owned a mill or factory of some sort. All of the members of the family, however, were not successful in business. Some wandered into the far West as explorers. Others sought homes in Kentucky, Ohio and other states of the Middle West and attained varying degrees of prosperity. Stonewall Jackson's father began life as the owner of large tracts of land which he had inherited. He signed bonds as security for others and lost a great part of his estate. His genial and sociable disposition led

[1] Paper written by Dr. David Creel, quoted in *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, by his wife, pp. 8–9.
[2] Dr. Creel's statement.

him to engage in games of cards for money. In this manner the rest of his property was swept away, and when he died in 1827, his widow and three children were left in poverty. The Masonic order gave her a small house and her kindred supported her.

When Thomas, the second son, reached the age of six years, he was separated from his mother. The latter was married to a Captain Woodson, whose success in his chosen calling as a lawyer had not been great, and his means were so slender that it became necessary to send Thomas Jackson to live with one of his uncles. The parting of mother and child was a sore trial to both ; the tenderness and the tears were never forgotten by the son. About a year afterward, in 1831, he made a journey across the hills on horseback to stand with his brother and sister by the death-bed of their mother. She was an earnest Christian and her last hours were filled with peace. The prayers which she offered at that time in behalf of her children remained as a sweet influence in the memory of Thomas Jonathan Jackson to the end of his life. Throughout his entire career he continued to speak of his mother as the embodiment of beauty, grace and tenderness.

After the mother's death, the blue-eyed boy of seven found a home with his father's half-brother, who had inherited the family lands and was one of the largest slave-owners in that region. For a brief period, the elder brother and the sister of Thomas also lived with this uncle. During the winter months the children attended the small country

school. In the summer the two boys helped with the farm-work and with the management of the flour and lumber-mills. When Thomas was about ten years of age he was persuaded by his brother, who was two years older, to leave the home given them by the uncle. The lads made their way down the Ohio River to the Mississippi and spent the summer on a little island, cutting wood for passing steamers. In the autumn they came back, their clothes ragged and their systems filled with malarial fever. The good uncle had not opposed the departure of the two adventurers and he gave them a kind greeting when they returned. Warren, the elder brother, then made his home with an aunt. A few years later, at the age of nineteen, he died from the effects of the fever which he caught on the lonely island in the Mississippi. The little sister went to live with her mother's kindred. Thomas returned to his uncle's house and there he remained for several years in contentment.

Thomas Jackson as a boy was slender and delicate in physique. But most of his days during this early period were spent in the open air, and he steadily grew stronger. He went to work with a will upon his uncle's plantation. The heavy task of dragging logs out of the forest to the sawmill was placed under his management; with great skill and wisdom he directed the labors of the workmen to the best advantage. He was fond of sports and in every field-game among his young associates, he was always the leader. In fox-hunting and horse-racing he took great delight. His uncle owned a four-mile

race-course and this bold young horseman often rode the leading horse around the track. It was frequently said by those who knew him that "if a horse had any winning qualities whatever in him, young Jackson never failed to bring them out." [1]

We are told, moreover, that he never, under any circumstances, failed to speak the truth. He was strictly honest and kept himself free from all that was impure and degrading. One who knew him well has spoken as follows about Jackson's character: "He was a youth of exemplary habits, of indomitable will and of undoubted courage. He was not what is nowadays termed brilliant, but he was one of those untiring, matter-of-fact persons who would never give up an undertaking until he accomplished his object. He learned slowly, but what he got into his head he never forgot. He was not quick to decide, except when excited, and then, when he made up his mind to do a thing, he did it on short notice and in quick time. Once, while on his way to school, an overgrown rustic behaved rudely to one of the schoolgirls. Jackson fired up and told him he must apologize at once or he would thrash him. The big fellow, supposing that he was more than a match for him, refused, whereupon Jackson pitched into him and gave him a severe pounding." [2]

As Jackson grew to manhood, he became troubled with some obscure form of dyspepsia. It was sup-

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, p. 26.
[2] *Idem*, p. 27.

posed that a life on horseback would restore his health, and in 1841, when he was about seventeen years of age, his friends secured for him an appointment as a constable of the county. In this office, as a sort of minor sheriff, it was his duty to execute the decrees of the county justices, to summon witnesses, to collect small debts and to serve the warrants issued by the justices against those who were disturbing the peace of the community. During a period of about two years he discharged the responsibilities of his position with great energy and faithfulness. He was punctual in meeting every engagement ; his accounts were kept with strict accuracy. He manifested in a high degree the qualities of firmness, patience and tact. Moreover, his physical strength was reëstablished. But he was making little progress in the training of his mind and this fact disturbed him. He had a strong desire for self-improvement. He wished to show himself worthy of those men of his own blood who had, for nearly a hundred years, dominated that part of the country in which he lived. To accomplish this, he knew that he must secure an education. Thus far, however, the door of opportunity had been closed against him. He had no father to help him ; he had been dependent upon an uncle who was kind enough but whose plans concerning his nephew's career were not of the highest character. His work as constable was not congenial and it was not bringing in sufficient profit to make him independent. Jackson's thirst for knowledge was growing more intense, but he had little means of satisfying that

thirst. Suddenly, however, in the summer of 1842, his chance came and he promptly embraced it. In that year he became a student in the military academy at West Point.

CHAPTER II

AT WEST POINT

THE United States Military Academy, located at West Point, on the Hudson River, in the state of New York, is maintained at the expense of the whole country. The school itself furnishes an education that is both solid and liberal and opens the way to a career in the army. The cadets of the academy are appointed by the Secretary of War upon the recommendation of members of Congress. Early in 1842 occurred a vacancy which was to be filled by a young man from the Congressional district in which Thomas Jackson was then living.

The news of this vacancy was communicated to Jackson by a friendly blacksmith. "Here now is a chance for Tom Jackson, as he is so anxious for an education."[1] This was the message sent to the young man. The latter acted immediately. He spared no effort to attain his object. A letter was drawn up and addressed to Samuel Hays, the member of Congress from that district, asking him to urge the appointment of Jackson to the vacant cadetship. Many of the influential men of the district signed the letter, for they knew the honorable character and the industry of young Jackson. When a fear was expressed by some that his education was

[1] Dabney's *Life*, p. 36.

too imperfect to enable him to enter the academy as a student, he replied that he had the application necessary to succeed, that he hoped he had the capacity and that he was determined to try.

The reply of Mr. Hays was to the effect that he would do everything in his power to persuade the Secretary of War to appoint Jackson. When the letter was read, the young man set forth the same day for Washington. He packed a few clothes into a pair of saddle-bags, mounted a horse and, accompanied by a servant who was to take the animal home, rode rapidly toward the town of Clarksburg. He expected to catch the stage-coach that ran from Clarksburg to Washington. When he reached the town, the coach was gone. He put spurs to his horse, however, and overtook it at the next stopping-place. Upon his arrival at Washington, Mr. Hays at once took him to see the Secretary of War. He explained to him the great disadvantages that had thus far held Jackson back in his efforts to secure an education. He laid emphasis upon the young man's courage and determination and asked the secretary to show him favor on account of these qualities. The secretary plied Jackson with questions and he was so much pleased with the directness and manliness of his replies that he then and there gave him the appointment. "You have a good name," he remarked. "Go to West Point, and the first man who insults you, knock him down and have it charged to my account!"[1]

Jackson declined the invitation of Mr. Hays to

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, p. 32.

spend a few days at the congressman's home in Washington. He was eager to enter upon his work at the academy. Climbing to the roof of the Capitol he contented himself with one look at the growing city and the Potomac River and the hills of Virginia beyond. Then he hurried away to take his place among the cadets who had already begun the studies of a new session.

In July, 1842, Jackson was enrolled as a student at West Point. He was clad in Virginia homespun and all the rest of his clothing was carried in the pair of saddle-bags that he had brought with him from his native mountains. He had a small, firm mouth, a high forehead, well-cut features and a fresh, ruddy complexion. His frame was strong and angular, his feet and hands were large and his movements were marked by awkwardness. In manner he was shy and had little to say. When the other cadets saw the country youth enter the parade-ground, they supposed that he would furnish them fine sport as the victim of their practical jokes. Very quickly they learned their mistake. Jackson was so well endowed with courage, good temper and other native resources, that the mischievous cadets soon abandoned their attempts to persecute him.

Jackson's lack of preparatory education was a serious matter. To acquire knowledge of a new subject was for him slow and difficult work. His rank as a student was at first among the most unpromising members of his class, and he had to put forth strenuous efforts to maintain his place even among them. But he was possessed of a most un-

bending determination to make progress in his studies. This determination was evidently stamped upon his manner, for one of his classmates, General Dabney H. Maury, has told us the following about him: A. P. Hill, George E. Pickett and Maury were standing with another cadet near the entrance-gate when Jackson entered the academy. "The newcomer," says Maury, "attracted the attention of the group of cadets by his angular figure and his awkward gait. There was about him," he continues, "so sturdy an expression of purpose that I remarked, 'That fellow looks as if he had come to stay.'" [1]

We are told that, when called upon to recite, his struggles at the blackboard were often painful to witness. In the effort to solve a mathematical problem he always covered his face and his clothing with chalk. The examinations at the end of the first half-year's work were passed by him only with great difficulty.

General Maury speaks further about those early months at the academy:—"We were studying algebra and analytical geometry that winter, and Jackson was very low in his class standing. All lights were put out at 'taps,' and just before the signal, he would pile up his grate with anthracite coal and lying prone before it on the floor, would work away at his lessons by the glare of the fire, which scorched his very brain, till a late hour of the night. This evident determination to succeed not only aided his own efforts directly but impressed

[1] Maury's *Recollections of a Virginian*, p. 91.

his instructors in his favor and he rose steadily year by year, till we used to say, 'If we had to stay here another year, "Old Jack" would be at the head of the class.'[1] If he could not master the portion of the text-book assigned for the day, he would not pass it over but continued to work at it till he understood it. Thus it often happened that when he was called out to repeat his task, he had to reply that he had not yet reached the lesson of the day, but was employed upon the previous one. There was then no alternative but to mark him as unprepared, a proceeding which did not in the least affect his resolution."

The records of the academy show that Jackson made steady progress in his course as a student. At the end of the first period of twelve months, his general standing was fifty-one in a class of seventy-two. Persistent work brought him forward to the general grade of thirty at the close of the second year. This was a rank distinctly above middle grade. Further than this, he stood eighteenth in mathematics, but at the same time he was far behind in the study of French and in drawing. The end of the fourth year marked his advance to the general grade of seventeenth. In ethics, however, he stood almost at the head of his class. In the course of study devoted to artillery, he attained the grade of eleventh; but, strange to say, in infantry tactics, he stood twenty-first.

It is evident that during this preparatory period, Jackson's mind was sound and strong, but not quick,

[1] Maury's *Recollections of a Virginian*, p. 91.

except, perhaps, in mathematics, ethics and logic. He gained much in health and physical strength, and grew rapidly in height until he attained his full stature of six feet. His bearing as a soldier was erect, but there remained a certain awkwardness in his movements and he always had difficulty in the process of keeping step. Moreover, Jackson was never able to hold himself erect in the saddle, upon a rough cavalry horse, after the method prescribed by military rules. He was scrupulously neat in dress and person. Toward his comrades and instructors he was always courteous. With one or two of his small circle of intimate friends he would engage in animated conversation. If he happened to enter a larger circle, however, his native shyness took possession, and Jackson became silent. His only recreation was walking. Almost every afternoon, with a single companion, he climbed the hills near West Point, pausing at times upon some elevated point to admire the beauty of the landscape or the majesty of the Hudson River.

The studious habits which Jackson acquired at West Point remained with him throughout his life. In his room he sat bolt upright at a table with the book open before him. Sometimes his eyes were fixed upon the wall in such manner as to show that he was not conscious of persons or things around him. "No one I have ever known," says one of his classmates, "could so perfectly withdraw his mind from surrounding objects or influences, and so thoroughly involve his whole being in the subject under consideration. His lessons were uppermost

in his mind, and to thoroughly understand them was always his determined effort. To make the author's knowledge his own was ever the point at which he aimed. This intense application of mind was naturally strengthened by constant exercise, and month by month, and year by year, his faculties of perception developed rapidly until he grasped with unerring quickness the inceptive points of all ethical and mathematical problems."

Although Jackson made progress in scholarship, his attainments were not such as to secure him an appointment to any of the offices that were usually filled by cadets. He, however, won the respect and good-will of all his comrades. They noticed the fact that, when his interest was aroused, his smile was singularly sweet and attractive. He was full of sympathy. If he found any comrade sick or bearing a great burden, he was ready to offer help with a tenderness that seemed like that of a woman. "While there were many," says Colonel P. T. Turnley, one of Jackson's classmates, "who seemed to surpass him in intellect, in geniality, and in good fellowship, there was no one of our class who more absolutely possessed the respect and confidence of all; and in the end 'Old Jack,' as he was always called, with his desperate earnestness, his unflinching straightforwardness, and his high sense of honor, came to be regarded by his comrades with something very like affection." [1]

General Maury states further that Jackson "went through the four years at West Point without hav-

[1] Henderson's *Jackson*, Vol. I, p. 20.

ing a hard word or unkind feeling from cadet or professor."

Jackson's temper was kept under absolute control. We learn of only one outburst of wrath during the period of attendance at the academy. This occurred one day when his musket, always kept in beautiful order, was replaced by a soiled and unpolished gun. He reported the matter to his captain and described the special mark by which his musket was to be identified. It was found in the possession of another cadet, who denied that he had taken the gun. This falsehood aroused Jackson's indignation to the utmost pitch. He demanded that the offender should be tried by court-martial and driven from the academy. Only the earnest remonstrances of his fellow cadets led him to waive his right of pressing the charge.

During his years of study at West Point, Jackson drew up a series of maxims. Among them were the following :—

"Say as little of yourself and friends as possible."

"It is not desirable to have a large number of intimate friends."

"Fix upon a high standard of action and character."

"Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve."

"Sacrifice your life rather than your word."

"Through life let your principal object be the discharge of duty."

"You can be what you resolve to be." [1]

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, pp. 35–38.

All of the sentiments embodied in his book of maxims reveal an independent spirit and a worthy ambition. Devotion to duty was the principal rule of young Jackson's life. Religion, as yet, held no important place in his thoughts. His heart was pure and he had a great passion for that which was true and honorable, but he was not a Christian.

On June 30, 1846, when Jackson was little more than twenty-two years of age, he was graduated at West Point, and was given the brevet rank of second lieutenant of artillery. The young soldier was at once ordered to join his regiment, the First Artillery, in Mexico.

CHAPTER III

THE MEXICAN WAR

THE war between the United States and Mexico began with the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma near the Rio Grande in May, 1846. General Zachary Taylor, commander of the American forces, won both of these fights. He then crossed the Rio Grande, captured the Mexican town of Matamoras, and overran a considerable portion of northern Mexico.

When Jackson arrived at the theatre of war, his regiment of artillery was sent to Point Isabel at the mouth of the Rio Grande. His first work there was to place heavy guns in position behind the walls of the forts. The young lieutenant, however, was eager to go to the front. "I envy you men who have been in battle. How I should like to be in one battle."[1] These were his words, spoken one afternoon on the beach at Point Isabel, to Lieutenant D. H. Hill, who had taken part under General Taylor in the early engagements of the war. His desire to enter a fight was soon gratified.

Early in 1847, General Winfield Scott organized a naval and military expedition for the purpose of capturing Vera Cruz, the chief seaport of Mexico.

[1] Statement by D. H. Hill, quoted in *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, p. 54.

The principal part of the American land forces was assigned to General Scott. In February, 1847, General Taylor led his small army to the field of Buena Vista and won a great victory over the large Mexican army, led by General Santa Anna. The First Regiment of Artillery, however, sailed down the coast with Scott's expedition. On the morning of March 9, 1847, his army of 13,000 men landed on the beach, about one mile south of Vera Cruz. Trenches were dug and the heavy guns were brought into position to batter down the walls that stood around the ancient Mexican town, defended by an army of 4,000 men. On March 22d, the first shell was thrown from the American batteries into Vera Cruz. The roar of the heavy cannon went on continuously until the 27th, when the place was surrendered, together with 400 cannon. This result was attained by the American artillery alone. The First Regiment was engaged throughout the siege. Jackson had been already appointed second lieutenant, and in the smoke and din of that fierce bombardment, he had his first experience in battle. The fire which the Mexican guns sent back in reply to our cannon was not seriously destructive. Many of their shells must have fallen near Jackson, however, for his cool bearing in the battle caught the eye of his superior officers. A few months afterward he was promoted to the brevet rank of first lieutenant "for gallant and meritorious conduct at the siege of Vera Cruz." [1]

About the middle of April, 1847, General Scott began the advance toward the City of Mexico. The

[1] *Official Records of First Artillery.*

road from Vera Cruz to that objective point was more than two hundred miles in length ; moreover, it led across steep mountains. When the head of the American column arrived at the mountain pass of Cerro Gordo, Scott found there a Mexican army of 13,000 men with forty-two cannon, ready to obstruct his advance. This force was under the command of Santa Anna himself, who had moved swiftly from the field of Buena Vista to meet Scott in the mountains near Vera Cruz. The Mexicans were drawn up in a strong position, with their right resting near a deep ravine and their left on the lofty hill of Cerro Gordo. The latter was crowned with batteries, and the entire Mexican front was strongly intrenched.

General Scott's force at the foot of the pass amounted to about 8,500 men. He paused to make an examination of the enemy's position. Captain Robert E. Lee, an officer of the engineer corps, discovered a way of advance, concealed from the view of the Mexicans, by which an attacking force might move around the end of their line and strike them in the flank and rear. Cannon were drawn up the steep hills within range of the hill of Cerro Gordo. The flank movement was made and at daylight on the morning of April 18th, the assaulting forces rushed against the enemy's defences. A bayonet charge carried the height of Cerro Gordo. At the same time, Santa Anna's right was assailed by a flank movement and rolled back upon his centre. The Mexicans fled, leaving all of their artillery upon the field, with 1,200 men killed and

wounded, and 3,000 men who were made prisoners by the Americans.

We have no record with reference to Jackson's part in the fighting at Cerro Gordo. His regiment of artillery could not use heavy cannon and, therefore, went into the engagement as infantry. The regimental flag was among the first to be seen waving over the enemy's defences. Captain John Bankhead Magruder, an officer of this regiment, captured from the Mexicans a battery of light field-guns. General Scott assigned the battery to him with the order that he select officers and gunners to assist him. Magruder was extremely hot-tempered and a stern disciplinarian. Moreover, he was full of daring courage, and the men of his battery must expect strenuous work in battle. The soldiers of the First Artillery were slow to place themselves under the orders of so energetic a leader. Jackson, however, eagerly desired an appointment as lieutenant in Magruder's battery and he secured the position. "I wanted to see active service," he said afterward, "to be near the enemy in the fight; and when I heard that John Magruder had got his battery, I bent all my energies to be with him, for I knew if any fighting was to be done, Magruder would be 'on hand.'"[1]

Scott's army advanced to Puebla and awaited reinforcements. Then, in August, 1847, with a force of about 11,500 men, he moved toward the City of Mexico. The army was organized in four divisions under the four major-generals, Worth, Twiggs,

[1] John Esten Cooke's *Stonewall Jackson*, p. 15.

Pillow, and Pierce. Magruder's battery formed a part of Pillow's division. Santa Anna, with 30,000 Mexican soldiers, awaited the American attack.

At Ayotla, near the northern shore of Lake Chalco, Scott pitched his camp and began a reconnaissance. Captain Robert E. Lee was the leader of the engineers in the work of examining the Mexican defences. It was found impracticable to attempt the capture of the city by advancing against its eastern side. Following Lee's advice, Scott decided to move along the southern shore of Lake Chalco as far as San Augustin. This town was located at the foot of the mountains, twelve miles south of the City of Mexico, and it now became the base of operations in the attack upon the capital.

At San Antonio, a point upon the roadway between San Augustin and the City of Mexico, strong fortifications and heavy cannon obstructed the American advance. These defences must be turned. Captain Lee, therefore, led the divisions of Worth and Pillow directly westward from San Augustin, across a rough and dangerous field of lava or volcanic rock, called the Pedrigal. Upon a ridge at its western edge and near the village of Contreras, a body of 6,000 Mexicans with twenty-two heavy guns awaited the advance of the two American divisions. On August 19, 1847, Magruder's battery was pushed to the front and the light guns opened fire upon the Mexicans at the distance of 1,000 yards. Jackson was in command of one section of the battery, consisting of three guns. The battle raged for three hours. Magruder ran for-

ward his own section of the battery on the American left. Jackson, who was on the right, heard the roar of Magruder's guns and at once "advanced in handsome style and kept up the fire with equal briskness and effect. His conduct was equally conspicuous during the whole day," wrote Magruder, "and I cannot too highly commend him to the major-general's favorable consideration." [1]

The American forces did not, however, drive the Mexicans from the ridge upon which they had made a stand. Their heavy artillery swept the ground in front with grape and canister. The American infantry could not advance, and the guns of Magruder and Jackson were not able, even with accurate and rapid firing, to silence the Mexican cannon. A portion of the American infantry made their way forward upon the right and seized the village of Contreras. Reinforcements came to the aid of the Mexicans and when night fell, Pillow withdrew Magruder's battery from the advanced position which it had seized and held.

Through the dense darkness and the rain of the following night, Captain Lee made a perilous journey alone across the rocky Pedrigal to seek an interview with General Scott. He asked the latter's permission to make a night march, in order to strike the Mexican flank and rear at Contreras. When he had recrossed the rough field of lava, the troops began the movement. This was about three o'clock in the morning of August 20th. At dawn they fell upon the Mexicans in the front and rear

[1] Magruder's Official Report.

and drove them from their intrenchments. Thus was the field of Contreras won. The Americans captured the twenty-two guns and 800 prisoners. The Mexicans fell back to the village of Churubusco, but Scott's entire army, again united, followed in hot pursuit. After a fierce fight the Mexicans were driven from this field, also, with heavy loss. Jackson had no part in winning this victory, for the reason that Magruder's battery was held in reserve.

Scott now paused in his advance and proposed terms of peace. Santa Anna continued to strengthen his defences, however, and early in September he rejected Scott's offer. The latter moved forward again and on the 8th of September, just at daybreak, he attacked the strong position occupied by the Mexicans at Molino del Rey. The fighting was desperate on both sides. The Americans lost 800 men in killed and wounded, but the enemy was driven from his defences.

Upon the hill of Chapultepec, three miles in front of the City of Mexico, Santa Anna made his last stand. This hill, once the palace of Montezuma, had been transformed into a fortress. Heavy cannon were mounted to sweep the level plain that stretched around it in every direction.

Scott brought up his large guns and opened fire upon the fortress of Chapultepec on September 12th. On the following morning, two American columns advanced to the assault. Pillow's division attacked the western face of the hill and Worth's division moved up on the southeastern side. Jackson had

taken no active part in the struggle at Molino del Rey except to throw a few shells at a distant column of cavalry. On the 13th, however, his section of Magruder's battery, in company with the Fourteenth Infantry, was ordered to advance along the road leading north of Chapultepec toward the city. The roadway was narrow and marshes stood on each side. Jackson continued to move forward his guns much farther than his superior officers had expected him to go, until he was opposite the north center of the fortress. From the heights of Chapultepec immediately on his right, a fierce storm of iron hail was poured down upon his gunners. Jackson steadily advanced until he came within range of a Mexican field-gun, posted behind a breastwork, whose canister-shot was raking the road along which he was proceeding. The Fourteenth Infantry was checked and nearly all of Jackson's horses were shot down. Moreover, a deep ditch, cut across the roadway, seemed to forbid further progress. With the aid of some of his men Jackson lifted one of his guns by hand across the opening. Then the courage of his men failed and those that remained unhurt took refuge in the ditch. Jackson himself walked calmly back and forth in the roadway, exposed to the fire of the Mexican cannon, and called out to his soldiers, "There is no danger. See! I am not hit!"[1] General Worth saw the peril of Jackson's position and gave him orders to withdraw. He sent a mes-

[1] Letter from one of Jackson's fellow officers, quoted in *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, pp. 42–44.

sage in reply that it was more dangerous to retire than to hold his ground and that if fifty soldiers were sent him he would attempt the capture of the Mexican breastwork. Just at that moment Magruder, whose horse had been shot, ran forward on foot and found Jackson at work. The latter had persuaded one man, a sergeant, to come to his aid, and these two alone were loading and firing their gun with the utmost skill and rapidity. They were in the forefront of the fight on that part of the field. The roar of the heavy guns of Chapultepec was making the earth tremble and the peril of the battle against the enemy in their front was great. The joy of the fight itself added fierceness to Jackson's energy. He fought on in that place of loneliness and terror, filled with the one thought of driving the Mexicans from the field. When Magruder lifted another gun across the ditch, some of the men came out of their place of shelter. An advance was then made and the breastwork was captured.

The columns of Pillow and Worth rushed up the steep sides of Chapultepec and seized the citadel on the summit. The defenders of the fortress fled along the narrow roadways toward the City of Mexico. Jackson had reached a position so far advanced in the direction of the city on the northern side of the fortress, that he was ready to pour a hot fire into the rear of the retreating Mexicans. His ammunition wagons were brought forward and the guns attached to the wagons themselves were pushed along rapidly in pursuit. Jackson's round shot were soon crashing against the walls of the city it-

self. Scott hurried forward his whole army. On that same evening the flag of the Palmetto Regiment of South Carolina was raised above the city wall at the Belen Gate. The San Cosme Gate also was captured and the following morning, September 14th, the City of Mexico was surrendered to the Americans.

On account of his conduct at Contreras, Jackson was advanced to the brevet rank of captain. A little later, for the courage shown at Chapultepec, he was promoted to the brevet grade of major. None of his West Point comrades made such rapid progress. In actual field service he had shown that he deserved to hold the position of leader of his class. He told a friend afterward that he always loved General Pillow because the latter had given him a chance to win distinction by separating his section of the battery from Captain Magruder's section at Chapultepec. He said further that the only anxiety of which he was conscious in any of these battles was the fear that he "should not meet danger enough to make his conduct under it as conspicuous as he desired; and that as the fire grew hotter he rejoiced in it as his coveted opportunity." He declared, moreover, that the danger of battle always had an exalting effect upon his spirit and that he was "conscious of a more perfect command of all his faculties and of their more clear and rapid action, when under fire, than at any other time." [1]

Jackson's name was mentioned in General Scott's dispatches to Washington. While Scott was hold-

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 52.

ing a levee in the City of Mexico, Jackson was presented to him. The commander-in-chief assumed an air of great sternness and said, "I don't know that I shall shake hands with Mr. Jackson." Of course, Jackson blushed and was much confused. Then Scott said, "If you can forgive yourself for the way in which you slaughtered those poor Mexicans with your guns, I am not sure that I can," and at once held out his hand. "No greater compliment could have been paid a young officer," says General Gibbon, "and Jackson apparently did not know he had done anything remarkable till his general told him so."[1] General Pillow's report made special mention of Jackson's bravery and General Worth called attention to the "noble courage" of the "gallant Jackson." Magruder's report declared that "if devotion, industry, talent and gallantry are the highest qualities of a soldier, then is he entitled to the distinction which their possession confers."

After the capture of the City of Mexico, negotiations with the Mexican government were begun with a view to the reëstablishment of peace. For a period of about nine months, therefore, Scott's army rested in camp. Many of the American officers took part in the social gaieties of the Mexican capital. Among these was Jackson. His quarters were within the old royal palace. He gained an introduction into some of the homes of the higher class and was delighted with the hospitality and the

[1] Letter from General John Gibbon, quoted in Henderson's *Jackson*, Vol. I, p. 47.

courtesy that were shown him. He worked hard to learn the Spanish language and after a few months he found that he could read it and speak it with a considerable degree of fluency. He overcame his native awkwardness to such an extent that he acquired the art of dancing. He confessed, moreover, in later years, that he came near losing his heart to some fair Mexican woman, one of the social leaders of the capital.[1]

These lighter interests of life did not hold a serious place in Jackson's mind and heart for any long period of time. Weightier matters began to disturb him. The earnest conversation of Colonel Frank Taylor of the First Artillery now aroused Jackson's spirit to a consideration of the question of a personal religious faith. He, therefore, began to make a careful inquiry concerning the standards of belief and conduct advocated by the various religious denominations.

In June, 1848, after peace had been made with Mexico, Jackson's battery was sent to Fort Hamilton, on Long Island, seven miles below New York City. There he spent two years in garrison life. Colonel Taylor was in command and he continued to take an active interest in Jackson's spiritual welfare. The latter decided that he would make a public profession of his Christian faith, but he was uncertain yet as to the denomination with which he preferred to unite. Since there was some doubt about his having received baptism as a child, he was baptized by an Episcopal clergyman

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, pp. 46–47.

in the fort on April 27, 1849, and received communion in the Episcopal Church. He was not confirmed, however, and was not, therefore, as yet, formally connected with any church.

CHAPTER IV

THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

After serving two years as an officer of the garrison at Fort Hamilton, Jackson was ordered to Fort Meade near Tampa Bay, in Florida. He remained there only a few months, however, for in March, 1851, he was appointed Professor of Artillery Tactics and Natural Philosophy at the Virginia Military Institute, and accepted the position. The appointment was made through a suggestion offered to the authorities of the Institute by Major D. H. Hill, afterward the brother-in-law of Jackson. Hill had known and admired Jackson during their service together in the Mexican War.

Jackson did not wish to spend his time in a military post during a period of peace. He said that the officers of the army located in garrisons usually neglected self-improvement. As for himself, he announced to a friend "that he knew war to be his true vocation, that his constant aim in life would ever be the career of the soldier, that he only accepted a scholastic occupation during peace, and that he was mainly induced to this by the military character of the school and by the opportunities which as professor of the art of the artillerist, he would enjoy of continuing his practical acquaintance with his chosen calling." [1]

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 62.

The Virginia Military Institute was founded in 1839, just twelve years before Jackson became an instructor there. It was located at the town of Lexington in Rockbridge County, within the Valley of Virginia. Its castellated walls stood almost beneath the shadow of the Blue Ridge. West Point was the model followed by those who established it. A large number of Southern youth entered its halls to receive instruction in the art of war. When the struggle between the North and the South began in 1861, this Institute sent her sons into the Confederate armies, a well-trained body of military leaders, and many of them rendered distinguished service and were promoted to positions of great honor and authority.

Major Jackson's duties at the Institute as Professor of Artillery were not extensive. He was responsible for the drill of the cadets and gave some instruction in the theory of gunnery. The subjects which engaged most of his attention were optics, mechanics and astronomy. He went to work with a will, and made himself master of them. The brighter minds in his class followed him in the difficult way of accurate scholarship. The dull and the careless, however, gained little help from his attempts to give instruction. He did not appreciate the difficulties in the path of most of the students. For this reason, chiefly, he was not skilful as a teacher. Usually he saw but one way of approaching a subject of study and that was the way by which he himself had approached it. He could rarely suggest any other. He could present questions in

only one form. The students, therefore, did not appreciate even his good qualities. They failed to understand him.

Jackson first arrived at the Institute in July, 1851. For several weeks after that time he was in the North enjoying a vacation. When his active duties began in the autumn, he turned his attention to the churches in Lexington. The largest and most influential one in the town was the Presbyterian. The creed of that branch of the church he had never yet examined in the careful manner in which he had investigated the other denominational creeds. He sought out the Presbyterian pastor, Doctor William S. White, a man of wide sympathies and sound judgment. The faith and form of worship which they discussed together appealed to Jackson's mind and heart by their strength and simplicity. With the exception of one or two matters of detail, the Presbyterian creed gave immediate satisfaction to Jackson and he at once entered Doctor White's church through a profession of his Christian faith in November, 1851.

In August, 1853, Major Jackson was united in marriage with Eleanor Junkin, daughter of Doctor George Junkin, President of Washington College. This school was also located in Lexington and in 1848, Doctor Junkin, a Presbyterian minister, had come from Pennsylvania to preside over it. Jackson's wife possessed that steadfast Christian faith which had come down to her from Scotch ancestors. A sister, Margaret Junkin, afterward well known as Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, the poet, accompanied

Major Jackson and his wife during their wedding journey. While they were in Montreal, Mrs. Preston tells us, they were surprised "to find Jackson going out on Sunday afternoon to witness the drill of a Highland regiment." When he was questioned about the propriety of this act, "he defended himself stoutly for having done so, giving as a reason the principle on which he had hitherto acted; namely, that if anything was right and good in itself, and circumstances were such that he could not avail himself of it any time but Sunday, it was not wrong for him to do so, inasmuch as it then became a matter of necessity." [1] In a very quiet, gentle manner, the young wife told Jackson that she thought his reasoning was not correct. He accepted the rebuke in good part, acknowledged that he might be wrong and said, "When I get home I will go carefully over all this ground and decide the matter for myself." [2] In spite of that acknowledgment, however, he spent the rest of that same Sunday afternoon in hilarious conversation with some old army friends whom he had met. He afterward investigated the teachings of the Bible about the observance of the Lord's day and then, says Mrs. Preston, he "laid down a law for himself of the utmost severity from which he never afterward swerved." [3] It thus appears that Jackson's wife, Eleanor Junkin, who had been trained in the strict ways of the Scotch Calvinists, gradually led her husband to adopt her own rigid code of Sunday

[1] *Life and Letters of Margaret Junkin Preston*, p. 62.
[2] *Idem*, p. 63.
[3] *Idem*, p. 63.

observance. As his religious convictions became more and more intense, he applied that code with even greater strictness than his wife was in the habit of doing. It was after this time that he formed the habit of never posting a letter on Sunday, nor would he even read a letter on that day.

During that same wedding journey he went to Quebec and sought out the monument erected in honor of General Wolfe. Jackson took off his hat and stood on tiptoe at the foot of the monument, says Mrs. Preston, his blue eyes flashing with a fiery light and his thin nostrils quivering with emotion. Then turning his face toward the setting sun and quoting Wolfe's words, "I die content," he said, "To die as *he* did, who would not die content!" [1] Jackson did not dream at that time, perhaps, that the measure of his own fame would one day far exceed the measure of the renown of General Wolfe.

During the brief married life of eighteen months, Jackson and his wife lived in Doctor Junkin's home as members of the latter's family. The moulding influence exerted by the young wife over Jackson was strong. Her childlike Christian faith called for daily imitation on his part. In February, 1855, his wife and infant child were suddenly taken from him. The blow seemed to him to be heavier than he could bear. His sorrow was so keen that all of the other members of the home circle gathered about him to give him comfort. The reserve and silence of his life were in a measure broken. "My tears have not ceased to flow, my heart to bleed," he wrote

[1] *Life and Letters of Margaret Junkin Preston*, pp. 79–80.

some time afterward. "But one upward glance of the eye of faith gives a return that all is well and that 'I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me.' Are not His promises wide enough?"

After the death of his wife, Jackson continued to make his home with Doctor Junkin. His habits of study as observed by Margaret Junkin were peculiar. She tells us that he would arise in the midst of the most animated conversation, "like the very slave of the clock, as soon as his hour had struck"[1] and go to his study. He was in the habit of standing at an upright desk for hours, with a green silk shade over his eyes. Sometimes he would do this at night, having neither paper nor book before him, thinking over what he had read in the afternoon. The capacity to concentrate attention upon a subject thus became in him a great element of strength.

Sometimes it was understood that his sister-in-law, whom he always called "Sister Maggie," would come to his study at nine o'clock in the evening for an hour of conversation. "If I knocked before the clock had struck," she writes, "I would find him standing before his shaded light, as silent and as dumb as the Sphinx. Not one moment before the ninth stroke had died away would he fling aside his shade, wheel round his easy chair and give himself to such delightful nonchalance that one questioned whether this could be the same man that a moment before had seemed to have neither motion, sight nor hearing." Then he would tell amusing stories about his own early life and about his ex-

[1] *Life and Letters of Margaret Junkin Preston*, p. 76.

periences in Mexico. His laughter, as he told the stories, was hearty and contagious.

"A fanatic, a visionary, an enthusiast, he was not in any such sense as was Cromwell," she declares. "His fanaticism consisted in the intensity of his own religious convictions, which, contrary to the wont of all fanatics, he never thrust upon others. In all the intimacy of our close home-life, I do not recall that he ever volunteered any expression of what is called 'religious experience.'" [1]

The sweet intercourse of friendship was kept up between the soldier and the poetess as long as he lived. She was one among a very few people who predicted Jackson's great career. "I recall," she said, "the incredulity with which my declaration, that Jackson was the very stuff out of which to make a shining hero, was received, before any sword was lifted in the contest." [2]

When Mrs. Preston heard of his death she wrote these words in her journal: "Never have I known a holier man. Never have I seen a human being as thoroughly governed by duty. He lived only to please God; his daily life was a daily offering up of himself." [3]

During the summer and fall of 1856, Jackson made a tour of Europe, passing through parts of Scotland, England, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. He visited the field of Waterloo and thus gained a clearer impression of the great struggle which had

[1] *Life and Letters of Margaret Junkin Preston*, pp. 77–78.
[2] *Idem*, p. 76.
[3] *Idem*, p. 165.

been the subject of his study for many years. The story of the wars of Napoleon formed a regular part of his reading. Jackson was never more animated in manner than when he was talking about the swiftness and the energy of Napoleon's movements. After his return from beyond the Atlantic, he wrote thus to a friend: "I would advise you never to name my European trip to me unless you are blest with a superabundance of patience, as its very mention is calculated to bring up with it an almost inexhaustible assemblage of grand and beautiful associations. Passing over the works of the Creator, which are far the most impressive, it is difficult to conceive of the influences which even the works of His creatures exercise over the mind of one who lingers amidst their master productions. Well do I remember the influence of sculpture upon me during my short stay in Florence, and how there I began to realize the sentiment of the Florentine: 'Take from me my liberty, take what you will, but leave me my statuary, leave me these entrancing productions of art.' And similar to this is the influence of painting." [1]

On July 16, 1857, Major Jackson married Mary Anna Morrison, daughter of Doctor Robert H. Morrison, a Presbyterian minister and President of Davidson College in North Carolina. Doctor Morrison was a graduate of the University of North Carolina in the same class (1818) as President James K. Polk. His wife was Mary Graham, daughter of General Joseph Graham and sister of

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, p. 86.

Honorable William A. Graham who held in succession the offices of Governor of North Carolina, United States Senator and Secretary of the Navy in the cabinet of President Fillmore.

All of the children of Doctor Morrison contracted influential connections by marriage. His eldest daughter became the wife of General D. H. Hill; another was married to General Rufus Barringer; and another to Judge A. C. Avery of the North Carolina Supreme Court.

In 1853 Mary Anna Morrison made a visit to the home of her uncle, Secretary Graham, in Washington, and during a period of four months enjoyed all of the gaieties and social functions of the White House. In that same year she visited the home of D. H. Hill in Lexington and there met Major Jackson, just a short time before his marriage to Eleanor Junkin. President Morrison's daughter was a woman of the most winsome attractiveness and her character was stamped with the noble and lofty traits of her ancestors.

During the year that followed his second marriage, Jackson bought a house in the town of Lexington and there, for the first time, established his own separate home. "I shall never be content," he had written before this time, "until I am at the head of an establishment in which my friends can feel at home in Lexington. I have taken the first important step by securing a wife capable of making a happy home, and the next thing is to give her an opportunity." [1]

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, p. 105.

The domestic affections were strong in Jackson. The furnishings of his home were simple but all were arranged in perfect order, with every door "on golden hinges softly turning," as he himself expressed it. "There all that was best in his nature shone forth," writes his wife, "shedding sweetness and light over his household."[1] The natural buoyancy and joyousness of his spirit were manifested in the privacy of his home, in striking contrast to the official dignity which he seemed always to wear in public. There was never any sternness in his manner in the home. He was punctual and exact and strict in the discipline exercised over his servants, but he was invariably gentle and kind. He never smoked and never tasted strong drink. His diet was of the most sparing kind because of his health. His voice was ever soft and mild and his eyes spoke the language of goodness and benevolence.

Jackson worked in his garden with his own hands. He bought a small farm of about twenty acres and there, with the help of two young negroes, he produced good crops of corn and wheat. The first slave owned by Jackson was allowed to buy his freedom in the following manner: He worked for wages in a hotel and turned over his earnings to Major Jackson until the latter received a sum equal to the amount given for the servant. The next servant under Jackson's control was an aged woman who appealed to him to purchase her. After the war began this woman became an invalid, but Jack-

[1] *Life*, p. 108.

son sent money from the field to pay for medical attendance and every physical comfort. She died a Christian, her last message being an expression of gratitude for the kindness of her benefactor. Major Jackson's wife brought from North Carolina a female servant and two young boys. These always worked with a will, for they loved their home and looked with affection upon the heads of the household. A colored orphan girl completed the group of servants. This child was a burden and not a help, for Major Jackson spent many weary hours in the continued effort which he made to impart mental and moral training.

Every morning about six o'clock Major Jackson arose and "knelt in secret prayer," writes his wife; "then he took a cold bath which was never omitted even in the coldest days of winter. This was followed by a brisk walk. Seven o'clock," she tells us, "was the hour for family prayers, which he required all his servants to attend promptly and regularly. He never waited for any one, not even his wife." Then came breakfast. From eight until eleven o'clock he was engaged in teaching his classes in the Institute. From eleven until one each day he stood in front of his high desk in his study, with his books before him. The first book that occupied his attention during these working hours was the Bible. Books of history, also, were among his favorites and some of these in his library were filled with pencil marks. One o'clock was the regular time for dinner. After that followed a brief period given up to conversation; then the work in the

garden and on the farm. The late afternoon in the summer season was often devoted to a long walk or to a drive along the country lanes. His wife was his almost constant companion both in the house and in the open air. She frequently read aloud to him in the evening. When they were separated, even for a short period, his letters to her were filled with expressions of the most tender affection. A child was born in the new home, but she remained only a few weeks. "Our little Mary Graham," as the father called her, for she bore the name of her grandmother, was suddenly taken away. "A great, very great sorrow" thus fell upon him, writes his wife; "but, here, as always, religion subdued every murmur." [1]

A few months after his marriage, she tells us, Jackson began to commit to memory the Shorter Catechism. This religious manual, usually learned in early life by the children of Presbyterian households, had never been studied by him. Within a short time he was able to recite the whole of it to his wife "with perfect accuracy from beginning to end." Then in December, 1857, he was elected a deacon in the Presbyterian church in Lexington. The work connected with this office he always performed with soldierly promptness and regularity. After persistent efforts, moreover, Jackson overcame his own native diffidence to such an extent that he acquired much fluency of speech in offering public prayers at the regular weekly church prayer-meetings. From the autumn of the year 1855 until

[1] *Life*, pp. 109–110.

the beginning of the war in 1861, Jackson conducted a Sunday-school for the negroes of Lexington and the surrounding country. Every Sunday afternoon he and his wife were in their places giving instruction to the colored people. "It was pleasant," writes Mrs. Preston, "to walk about the town with him and see the veneration with which the negroes saluted him, and his unfailing courtesy toward them. To the old gray-headed negro who bowed before him he would lift his cap as courteously as to his commander-in-chief."[1] So strong became his interest in the religious welfare of his pupils that he began to consider the advisability of his becoming a minister of the gospel.

As the head of a household and as an officer in the church, Jackson's observance of religious duties became more and more pronounced. His religion was now interwoven with every action of his life. Even the smallest duty was begun with the offering of a prayer for God's blessing upon his work. Jackson himself said that he had "long cultivated the habit of connecting the most trivial and customary acts of life with a silent prayer." His daily guide was the Bible. For himself the precepts of that Book were interpreted in the most literal way. His reverence for the Lord's day has been referred to. His respect for truth was of the most scrupulous character. An unintentional misstatement of fact on his part gave him great uneasiness until it was corrected. "Why, in the name of reason, do you walk a mile in the rain for a perfectly un-

[1] *Life and Letters of Margaret Junkin Preston*, p. 82.

important thing?" To this question he replied, "Simply because I have discovered that it was a misstatement, and I could not sleep comfortably unless I put it right."

It must be remembered, however, that Jackson did not set himself up as a model. He did not thrust his convictions of duty upon other people. He knew his own weaknesses and he was, therefore, very tolerant. "Ah! that is not the way to be happy;" this expression was about the most severe, perhaps, that Jackson ever used with reference to the conduct of other members of his home circle. His humility was sincere; he was absolutely free from cant.

Jackson found great pleasure in visiting different parts of his own country during the summer vacations. The surf-bathing at Cape May, the grandeur of Niagara Falls, the bracing climate of New England and New York, all of these brought him much enjoyment. His ideas concerning the different sections of his country were broad and liberal. On December 2, 1859, he was present at the execution of John Brown, who had committed the crime of murder in his wild attempt to raise a negro insurrection at Harper's Ferry. Jackson was a member of the military force that was placed on guard around the scaffold. "I sent up the petition that he might be saved," he wrote about the condemned man. "I hope that he was prepared to die, but I am doubtful."[1]

Jackson and his wife spent the chief part of the

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, p. 131.

summer of 1860 at Northampton, Mass. It was a period of great political excitement but "he had no dispute," writes his wife, "with those who differed from him." His manner was courteous toward all whom he chanced to meet. As we have seen, Jackson was a slaveholder. During that summer in Massachusetts, however, he engaged in many friendly conversations with ardent Abolitionists who believed that the mere holding of slaves was a sin.

Thus in quietness and peace Jackson spent his days at the Virginia Military Institute. Every hour was devoted to the performance of some duty. All of his powers were exerted to their utmost capability. He was striving always to develop every faculty of mind and heart. No man knew it at the time, but Jackson was training himself every day for his work as a soldier. Ten years given to the close study of text-books wrought wonders in maturing his intellectual powers. He had such complete control over the operations of his own mind that he could direct his thoughts continuously toward any subject until he had acquired a thorough understanding of it. No tempest of confusion could ever disturb the course of his thinking. "The power of his mind," says Dabney, "to endure its own tension, in the labors of reflection and volition, was drilled like the strength of the athlete. His self-concentration became unsurpassed."

Here, then, was the man of genius ready for his work. When Jackson's unrivaled intellectual faculties turned themselves to the consideration of military movements, the man himself stood at once

revealed as a great military strategist. The foresight which he then manifested was marvelous. "Nothing emerged," says Dabney, "which had not been considered before in his mind; no possibility was overlooked; he was never surprised." The hour when he should enter this field of war as a leader was now at hand.

CHAPTER V

THE BEGINNING OF WAR

JACKSON did not often take part in the discussion of political questions. His judgment and his sympathies, however, were in full accord with the views that prevailed among the people of the South with reference to political and social affairs. He voted regularly for the candidates that were nominated for office by the Democratic party. He gave ready assent to the various political platforms announced from time to time by that party. He watched with interest and with rising anger the fierce attacks made against the people of the South by the Abolitionists.

During a period of about thirty years, from 1831 until 1861, the Abolitionists maintained a hot fire of invective directed against the Southern people concerning the holding of Africans in servitude. They asserted again and again with increasing bitterness that the negroes were treated with great cruelty by their masters; that the slaves themselves were entirely capable of enjoying freedom; and that liberty in full measure should, therefore, be at once bestowed upon them. To hold such people in servitude was a crime, they said. Each of these assertions, we know, was without founda-

tion. In our own day the truth may be clearly understood that the former system of slavery in the South was a beneficent training-school for the negroes. In that school, kindness was the almost universal rule of discipline. Cruel treatment of a slave was exceptional. We know, also, in our day, that the capability of the negro to enjoy freedom is not great. The entire theory of the Abolitionists was a wild and irrational theory, developed in utter ignorance of the facts involved. The only effect produced upon the people of the South by the intemperate advocacy of the views of the Abolitionists was to arouse their indignation.

Major Jackson's spirit was stirred by the injustice of that party in the North which was pouring out charges against the South. He found nothing but a burden of responsibility in the institution of slavery, and was heard to say that he would prefer to see the negroes free. Jackson was always a friend and benefactor to the colored man. He believed, however, says his wife, "that the Bible taught that slavery was sanctioned by the Creator Himself . . . for ends which it was not his business to determine." [1] When, therefore, in 1856, the volume of invective poured upon the whole South was multiplied, Jackson's sense of justice and reason led him to say "that the South ought to take its stand upon the outer verge of its just rights and there resist aggression, if necessary, by the sword; that while it should do nothing beyond the limits of strict righteousness to provoke bloodshed, yet any

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife.

surrender of principle whatever to such adversaries as ours, would be mischievous." [1]

In November, 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected President by the members of the Republican party, who then constituted a majority of the voters in eighteen Northern states. The Republicans were hostile to the Southern system of slavery and they had nominated Lincoln because of his utterances directed against that system. He had gone so far as to say that the whole country must become "all slave or all free," and he even suggested that there would be a struggle between the North and the South over this issue.

Seven of the cotton-planting states of the South at once passed ordinances withdrawing themselves from the Union. Their purpose was to preserve peace. They did not wish war; they did not expect it. They said that eighteen of the states in the North had formed a combination among themselves upon the basis of hostility to the South. This meant that the South would no longer receive fair treatment within the Union. The election of Lincoln, they further maintained, also meant that the people of the North had already violated the terms of the agreement under which all of the states had entered the Federal Union. The only legal and peaceful remedy left to the South, they said, was to withdraw from the old compact and to form a new league among the states of the South.

The border states, led by Virginia, tried to persuade the Northern members of the Congress, then

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 143.

in session in Washington, to adopt some measure that would indicate a recognition of the rights of the Southern people under the old Constitution. Crittenden of Kentucky proposed in the Senate a compromise between the North and the South. Virginia invited the other states to send delegates to a Peace Conference which met at Washington on February 4, 1861. This conference outlined a compromise similar to that offered by Crittenden. Both of these were pressed upon the attention of the lawmakers, and it now seems clear, in our day, that either one of these measures, if adopted by Congress, would have averted war at that time. Both plans were rejected through Lincoln's personal opposition to them.

Major Jackson was anxious for the maintenance of peace. He held, however, that the responsibility for peace or war rested upon the administration at Washington. He believed in the right of the states to secede. During this period he signed his name to an "Appeal" that was sent out to the Christians of the country, urging them to pray and work for peace. In this paper it was proposed to ask "the North . . . whether she would yield to us a generous and fair construction of our equal rights, and in the future punctually observe it, or whether she would force us to an unwilling but necessary self-defence outside the Union." [1]

When the two moderate compromises were rejected by the Republicans, and when it became more evident that Lincoln's administration intended

[1] Johnson's *Life of Robert L. Dabney*, p. 147.

to use force against the Southern commonwealths, Jackson said that if the Federal government at Washington "should persist in the measures now threatened, there must be war. It is painful to discover with what unconcern they speak of war and threaten it. They seem not to know what its horrors are. I have had an opportunity of knowing enough of the subject to make me fear war as the sum of all evils. Should the step be taken which is now threatened, we shall have no other alternative; we must fight. But do you not think that all the Christian people of the land could be induced to unite in a concert of prayer, to avert so great an evil? It seems to me, that if they would unite thus in prayer, war might be prevented and peace preserved."[1]

At every opportunity Jackson thus spoke in behalf of peace and prayed for peace. With him it was a question whether Lincoln's administration would resort to coercion and thus drive the border states out of the Union. Jackson was not concerned about slavery. He would not have fought merely to maintain slavery. He was concerned, however, as to upholding the right of a minority to manage their own local affairs in accordance with the terms of the Constitution. Most of the white people in the South did not own any slaves, and did not, therefore, care much what became of the system. Practically the entire white population, however, was of one mind in the readiness to resist coercion as threatened by the Federal administration.

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, p. 141.

There was a sharp division of opinion regarding the question whether Lincoln would use coercion. Some of the Virginians were convinced that he would make war against the South and they, therefore, wished to withdraw their state at once and unite with the Southern Confederacy, organized at Montgomery, Ala. The majority of the Virginians, however, preferred to postpone secession and await the development of Lincoln's policy. In this condition of affairs, some citizens erected a United States flag in the main street of the town of Lexington. The cadets of the Military Institute hauled it down, ran the Virginia colors to the top of the flagstaff, and left some of their number to guard them. Next day it was reported at the Institute that the stars and stripes would be again flung to the breeze. The young men seized their rifles, secured ball cartridges and marched away to help their fellow students and to lower the flag which to them represented Northern tyranny. The commandant met the cadets and persuaded them to return to barracks in peace. There they called upon Major Jackson to deliver them an address. He responded at once. His frame was erect and his eyes were flashing.

"Soldiers, when they make speeches, should say but few words and speak them to the point," he said, "and I admire, young gentlemen, the spirit you have shown in rushing to the defence of your comrades; but I must commend you particularly for the readiness with which you listened to the counsel and obeyed the commands of your superior

officer. The time may come when your state will need your services; and if that time does come, then draw your swords and throw away the scabbards."

When Lincoln was inaugurated, there was a strong sentiment in the North against war. "Let the Southern sisters depart in peace," said many influential men in that section. The newspapers at once authoritatively announced that President Lincoln would give up to South Carolina the fort called Fort Sumter, that stood in Charleston harbor. William H. Seward, Secretary of State in Lincoln's cabinet, promised that the fort would be speedily evacuated. He continued to make such assurances as late as April 8, 1861. Meanwhile, four war-vessels and three other ships with soldiers, arms and supplies were sent by President Lincoln to reinforce the garrison in the fort. On April 8th, therefore, his messenger arrived in Charleston and made the statement that provisions would be thrown into Fort Sumter, by force, if necessary. The authorities of the Confederate government held that the sending of these vessels was a rupture of peaceful relations. President Davis issued orders from Montgomery, demanding the evacuation of the fort, but this demand was not heeded. On the morning of April 12th, Lincoln's war-ships arrived at the mouth of the harbor, near Fort Sumter. The Confederates opened fire and on the following day the fort surrendered.

Then President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers to suppress what he termed "combinations,"

or riotous assemblages of men in South Carolina. This method of treating the Southern commonwealths angered the border states. They said that Lincoln had deceived them, and declared that he had given them good reason to believe that he would negotiate in a peaceable manner with the South. Instead of that, while negotiations were in progress, he suddenly sent war-ships to Charleston. The Confederates, as their answer to the challenge made by these war-vessels, fired upon Fort Sumter. Then Lincoln revealed his full purpose of war. Through the exercise of great skill he had drawn the first shot from the Confederates. Now he called for an army, in spite of the fact that the Constitution bestowed upon Congress alone the authority to put an army in the field.

Coercion to the very utmost was the policy which Lincoln thus announced. As against such a policy, the Southern people were practically of one mind. Coercion sustained by an army of 75,000 soldiers meant war and they were not slow to meet it. The Virginia Convention at once on April 17th passed an ordinance revoking the state's ratification of the Federal Constitution. North Carolina, Arkansas and Tennessee did the same. These four border states joined the seven states that had previously seceded and a confederacy of eleven Southern commonwealths stood ready to resist invasion.

A great wave of enthusiasm swept over the South. Young men and old men, everywhere throughout the Southern country, immediately of-

fered themselves as defenders of the rights of their people. Heart and soul, Major Jackson was in sympathy with his countrymen. He believed that the cause represented by the Southern Confederacy was a righteous one, and his confidence in the success of that cause, says his wife, "never wavered to the end of his life." Not for a moment did Jackson suppose that he was to fight in behalf of African slavery. The right of his countrymen to govern themselves,—this was the cause that called him into the field. "If I know myself," he said, "all I am and all I have is at the service of my country." And yet, while others were excited, Jackson was undisturbed. "Walking with God in prayer and holy obedience, he reposed upon His promises and providence with a calm and unflinching reliance beyond any man I ever knew." These words were spoken about him by a friend who made a visit to Jackson in his own house a few days before Virginia called the latter into the field of war.[1]

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, p. 142.

CHAPTER VI

COMMANDER OF VOLUNTEERS AT HARPER'S FERRY

On Thursday, April 18, 1861, came the news that the ordinance of secession had been passed by the convention in Richmond. A message arrived, also, from John Letcher, Governor of Virginia, informing the superintendent of the Institute that he would need the services of the advanced classes as drill-masters and that they must be ready to set forth on the journey to Richmond, under the command of Major Jackson, at an instant's notice. The latter then gave every available moment of his time to the work of preparation.

At dawn on Sunday morning, April 21st, a messenger came to Jackson's home with the order that he should bring the cadets to Richmond immediately. He went at once to the Institute and made arrangements for their departure. Then he again sought his own home. There, in the presence of his wife only, he read the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians, beginning thus: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He then knelt and with a voice almost choked by tears, prayed that "if consistent with His will, God would still

avert the threatening danger and grant us peace."[1] Soon afterward divine service was held at the head of the cadet battalion and then at one o'clock the young men began the march to Staunton. There they took train on the Virginia Central Railway for the Confederate capital.

A large body of volunteer soldiers was assembled at that time in Richmond. They were full of enthusiasm in behalf of their native commonwealth and were ready to give their lives in her defence. But they were greatly in need of military training and Major Jackson at once devoted himself to the work of drilling. About five days after his arrival in the city, however, his name was presented to the convention with the suggestion that a commission be given him as colonel of Virginia Volunteers and that he should be placed in command of Harper's Ferry.

"Who is this Major Jackson?" somebody asked.

"He is one," was the reply, "who, if you order him to hold a post, will never leave it alive to be occupied by the enemy."[2]

On Saturday, April 27th, the governor handed Jackson his commission and the latter proceeded at once to his place of duty. "An ever-kind Providence," he wrote, ". . . has given me the post which I prefer above all others." On the 29th of April, therefore, Colonel Jackson entered Harper's Ferry and assumed command of the small garrison. Recruits continued to arrive and within a few days

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, p. 145.
[2] Dabney's *Stonewall Jackson*, p. 185.

the force under his control amounted to about 4,500 men and officers. Nearly all of them were Virginians. They were poorly furnished with arms and knew little about military discipline. The energy and enthusiasm of these citizen soldiers, however, supplied many deficiencies in equipment and training.

The new commander did not win the full favor of his men when he first presented himself among them. They were accustomed to the bright uniforms of the militia officers, but Jackson wore the plain blue suit, familiar to the cadets at the Institute. He was not adorned with even the smallest particle of gold lace. His faded cadet cap was always tilted over his eyes. He was reserved in manner and used few words. He made journeys into the surrounding country upon a very quiet horse and it was soon noticed that he was not a graceful rider. Only one attendant went with him upon these visits to the outposts and the officers stationed in the various camps were told not to recognize Colonel Jackson when he passed. He held no public reviews, he gave his orders in the briefest possible form and he never communicated his plans to any one. Some of the members of the Maryland legislature came to Harper's Ferry to talk with Jackson about his intentions. He was very polite, but gave them no information of any sort. At length one of the delegates became bold enough to ask Jackson how many men he had in the garrison. "I should be glad if Lincoln thought I had fifteen thousand," was the reply.

Not even to his wife was Jackson willing to write news about military movements. He feared that the letters might be captured by the enemy. "What do you want with military news?" he wrote to her. "Don't you know that it is unmilitary and unlike an officer to write news respecting one's post? You wouldn't wish your husband to do an unofficer-like thing, would you?" [1]

Although Jackson's appearance did not impress the militiamen, his energy did. He kept the soldiers engaged seven hours a day in drilling. He was very patient as an instructor. Whenever an officer wished to learn how to discharge his duties, Jackson would invite him to his tent and in the kindest manner teach him. In his administration of military affairs he was always courteous, fair and just. One or two attempts to resist his authority were promptly punished. The entire body was gradually brought under the control of regular discipline. Equipment had to be provided. Some of the men were set to work making ammunition carts for the artillery, by fastening rough wooden boxes upon the running gear of farm wagons. Another group was employed at the task of manufacturing musket cartridges. The gun-factory, left at Harper's Ferry by the Federal authorities when they evacuated the place, was kept busy making new weapons out of old flint-lock rifles.

Acting upon his own authority, Jackson fortified Loudoun Heights, near Harper's Ferry, and Maryland Heights, an elevation which stands beyond the

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife.

Potomac. He asked General Robert E. Lee, then commanding all the Virginia forces, to send heavy cannon for the defence of these high points. "I would be more than gratified," he wrote, "could you spare the time for a short visit here, to give me the benefit of your wisdom and experience in laying out the different works, especially those on the heights." This message was sent on May 7th, a little more than one week after Jackson's arrival. At the same time he asked for a force of 10,000 men and then continued: "I am of the opinion that this place should be defended with the spirit which actuated the defenders of Thermopylæ, and, if left to myself, such is my determination. The fall of this place would, I fear, result in the loss of the northwestern part of the state [West Virginia], and who can estimate the moral power thus gained to the enemy and lost to ourselves?" [1] Lee wrote in reply that the position ought to be held and sent a number of large cannon, to be mounted for the defence of Harper's Ferry. The force of men under Jackson's command was gradually increased to about 7,000 effective soldiers. All of them were filled with the same fierce spirit of resistance and were eager to meet their enemy.

The enemy did not advance and Jackson had no opportunity, then, to lead his men into battle. By a skilful plan he managed to seize a large number of cars and locomotives on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He ran these to Winchester on the branch line; from that point they were drawn by

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. II, p. 814.

horses to the railway at Strasburg.[1] No other exploit, however, can be credited to him during his early sojourn at Harper's Ferry. On May 24, 1861, General Joseph E. Johnston was made commander of the post. Virginia had become a member of the Southern Confederacy and President Davis sent Johnston, as an officer of higher rank than Jackson, to take charge of a military district of such importance as the Valley of Virginia. Jackson waited to receive orders from General Lee himself and then yielded the position to Johnston. He did this with the ready obedience of a soldier.

Early in June, Jackson was assigned to the command of the First Brigade of Johnston's army which was then called the Army of the Shenandoah. Jackson's brigade was made up of the Second Virginia Regiment, Colonel J. H. Allen; the Fourth Virginia, Colonel James F. Preston; the Fifth Virginia, Colonel Kenton Harper; the Twenty-seventh Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel John Echols; and the Thirty-third Virginia, Colonel A. C. Cummings. The Rockbridge Battery, with four light field-guns, was attached to the brigade. The guns were commanded by Doctor William N. Pendleton, rector of the Episcopal church in Lexington and a graduate of West Point.

All of the men of this brigade were from the Shenandoah Valley and from the mountains that stand to the west of it. A large number of them were volunteers from that region which the Federal Congress afterward organized as the separate state

[1] *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. I.

of West Virginia. For the most part, they were Scotch-Irish, with a few of English and German descent. A very small proportion belonged to the class of slaveholders. They were mountaineers and most of them cultivated their small farms with their own hands. Lawyers, teachers, physicians, ministers, and young college graduates were among them, all ready to defend their homes. In the ranks, side by side, stood gray-haired fathers and beardless schoolboys. Each was eager to meet in battle the men who were hastening from the North to invade the soil of Virginia.

In the early part of June, General McClellan advanced from the Ohio River, with a large Federal force, into the northwestern part of Virginia. At the same time General Patterson led about 14,000 Federal soldiers from Chambersburg, Pa., to Williamsport, on the upper Potomac. General Joseph E. Johnston then had a body of 10,000 Confederates at Harper's Ferry. He feared that Patterson would cross the Potomac and cut him off from Winchester and the upper Valley. On June 14th, therefore, Johnston destroyed the railroad bridge that spanned the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, removed the machinery from the gun-factory and burned the public buildings. The next day he led his army toward Winchester. Jackson was not asked to express an opinion about the evacuation and, of course, he said nothing. "I hope the general will do something soon," he wrote to his wife three days after the departure from Harper's Ferry.

On June 20th, Jackson's brigade, under orders

from Johnston, advanced to Martinsburg and destroyed the workshops of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, together with a number of locomotives and cars. Four locomotives were drawn by teams of horses to Winchester. On July 2d, Patterson crossed the river and Jackson led the Fifth Virginia to meet him. He had also one field-gun and a small body of horsemen, led by Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. B. Stuart. Jackson was ordered by Johnston merely to find out the strength of the enemy, and then to retire. The Virginians, therefore, formed a line of battle in a strip of woodland near Falling Waters church, between Martinsburg and the Potomac. Patterson's skirmishers advanced, but the Confederates poured an unexpected fire into their ranks and they fell back. A part of Jackson's line was sent to occupy a house and barn. Two Federal cannon advanced and opened fire and the Confederates were eager to rush forward and seize these guns. Jackson withdrew his men, however, for two entire Federal brigades were closing in upon his single Confederate regiment. Then the Federal cavalry came rushing down the highway, but one shot from the Confederate field-piece sent them rapidly to the rear. At the same time Stuart rode around the enemy's right flank and captured a whole company of Federal infantry. These were brought away as prisoners of war. The losses in killed and wounded on each side were small. Jackson obeyed Johnston's order and fell back to join the main body of the Confederate army. Patterson sent a report to Washington that he had been engaged in battle against a

force of 3,500 men, about ten times the number of soldiers under Jackson. Johnston asked the authorities at Richmond to promote Jackson and on July 3d General Lee sent him a commission as brigadier-general. "My promotion was beyond what I anticipated," he wrote to his wife, "as I only expected it to be in the volunteer forces of the state. One of my greatest desires for advancement is the gratification it will give my darling, and [the opportunity] of serving my country more efficiently. I have had all that I ought to desire in the line of promotion. I should be very ungrateful if I were not contented, and exceedingly thankful to our kind heavenly Father."

Johnston withdrew his forces to Winchester and the Federal army advanced as far as Martinsburg. Jackson and his soldiers were ready to attack them. "My officers and men behaved beautifully and were anxious for a battle." He wrote these words about their conduct at Falling Waters. On the other hand, the soldiers observed the coolness and skill of their leader while under fire and they admired and trusted him. They took delight in telling how Jackson conducted himself when a cannon-ball tore into splinters the tree beneath which he was writing a dispatch. Not a muscle of his body moved and he went on writing as if nothing had happened.[1] They became, therefore, the more eager to meet the entire Federal army. With this wish Jackson was in sympathy. "I want my brigade," he said, "to feel that it can itself whip Patterson's whole army

[1] Cooke's *Jackson*, p. 53.

and I believe we can do it." The supply of ammunition among the Confederates was scanty and Johnston, therefore, stood on the defensive and awaited Patterson's advance.

CHAPTER VII

THE FIRST BATTLE OF MANASSAS (BULL RUN)

In the early days of July, 1861, three separate armies were invading Virginia. These armies made up a total force of about 85,000 men. McClellan's column of 20,000 was advancing through the mountains of western Virginia toward Staunton. On July 11th, McClellan defeated Garnett's small Confederate detachment at Rich Mountain, not far from Jackson's birthplace. At the same time General McDowell's Federal army of 50,000 men was moving slowly southward from the city of Washington toward Manassas Junction in Virginia. At the latter point, General Beauregard's force of 22,000 Confederate soldiers was awaiting the Federal attack. On July 17th, McDowell's men drove in Beauregard's advanced pickets. Early the next morning, McDowell sent forward a brigade from Centerville toward Manassas. Beauregard ordered a Confederate brigade (Longstreet's) to meet the Federal advance at Bull Run, a small stream that flows between Manassas and Centerville. The Confederates took their places in line of battle in the midst of the thick woods on the southern bank, opposite Blackburn's Ford. When the Federal brigade reached the northern bank and started to cross the narrow stream, heavy volleys of musketry were suddenly

poured into their ranks by Longstreet's concealed soldiers. McDowell's men retreated in some confusion to the main body at Centerville ; one of the Federal regiments and a battery, whose time of enlistment had expired, marched off homeward. McDowell's confidence in his own troops was somewhat shaken and he lingered at Centerville two days longer, making new plans.

At an early hour on the morning of July 18th, General Johnston at Winchester received a telegram from President Davis, ordering him to march to the assistance of Beauregard. Patterson had moved his army from Martinsburg to Charlestown and was now making a great show of strength. He was under orders to hold Johnston in the Valley. The latter, however, directed Stuart and his cavalry to hold the attention of the Federal army, left about 1,700 sick soldiers in Winchester, and set forth upon the journey of about sixty miles to Manassas. General Jackson's brigade struck their tents, rolled them up and leaving them on the ground, marched away at the head of the Confederate column. The men seemed downcast in spirit, for they supposed that they were retreating from the enemy. An hour and a half after starting, the soldiers were halted and the following order was read to them : "Our gallant army under General Beauregard is now attacked by overwhelming numbers. The commanding general hopes that his troops will step out like men and make a forced march to save the country."

This stirring appeal had an immediate effect. "The soldiers rent the air with shouts of joy," says

Jackson, "and all was eagerness and animation where before there had been only lagging and uninterested obedience." [1] Onward they moved with a more eager step across the Valley toward the Blue Ridge. Just as darkness came, they reached the Shenandoah River and found that the water was waist-deep and that the current was strong. The men plunged in, however, and waded across. Soon they were ascending the Blue Ridge at Ashby's Gap and two hours past midnight the brigade was halted near the village of Paris on the eastern slope of the mountain. The journey thus far had been more than twenty miles. The men stretched themselves on the ground and were soon asleep. An officer mentioned to Jackson the fact that no pickets had been posted. "Let the poor fellows sleep," said the general; "I will guard the camp myself." [2] Around the bivouac he paced alone, until an hour before daybreak when a member of his staff insisted on taking his place as sentinel. Jackson threw himself upon a bed of leaves and snatched a little sleep. At dawn he aroused his men and led them to Piedmont, a station at the foot of the Blue Ridge, where railway trains were waiting. At four o'clock that same afternoon Jackson and his brigade arrived at Manassas Junction. Stuart's cavalry moved quietly away from Patterson's front without the latter's knowledge and marched rapidly through Ashby's Gap. The artillery and wagons moved, also, upon the roadway. The remainder of the infantry

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, p. 175.
[2] *Idem*, p. 175.

expected to make the journey from Piedmont by train, but the railway was not equal to the task.

On the morning of July 21st only three of Johnston's brigades, those led by Jackson, Bee and Bartow, with the artillery and horsemen, were in position near Manassas. Kirby Smith's brigade of 1,900 men, was delayed on the railway.

That morning found Johnston and Beauregard, with about 29,000 men, posted along the southern bank of Bull Run for a distance of six miles. The chief part of their force was massed on their right, in front of Manassas Junction, near the point where the railway crosses the stream. Beauregard's own brigades were in front; Johnston's men from the Valley, the brigades of Bee, Bartow and Jackson, were held back in reserve, about a mile away. Far up the stream at the Stone Bridge, Evans's brigade formed the extreme left of the Confederate line. Near Evans were Cocke's brigade and Hampton's Legion, while Stuart's cavalry was in the center. The plan of the Confederate leaders was to march their right wing across the lower fords of Bull Run and advance directly against the Federal position at Centerville. Before this plan could be carried into execution, however, the Confederates found that they must stand on the defensive against the advance of McDowell's forces.

The Federal army at Centerville was about 35,700 strong. McDowell's failure to force a passage across Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford on July 18th led him to abandon the idea of making a direct attack against the Confederates. He, therefore, sent a

body of 30,000 men to move around the Confederate left. Tyler's Federal division marched along the Warrenton Turnpike, and a little after six o'clock on the morning of July 21st, began to attack the brigade commanded by Evans at the Stone Bridge. About an hour later the brigades of Bee, Barton, Bonham and Jackson were ordered to march up-stream to the support of the Confederates at the bridge. Another hour passed in light skirmishing; then, about 8:30, Evans saw a great cloud of dust rising above the trees that stood farther to the northward. He at once guessed the enemy's plan of turning his flank by way of Sudley Ford, two miles northwest of the Stone Bridge. He moved immediately with a part of his small force to meet the turning column. Two large Federal divisions, commanded by Hunter and Heintzelman, had made a long circuit from Centerville, had crossed at Sudley Ford and were now advancing toward Manassas Junction. The riflemen, led by Evans, formed a line of battle in the fringe of woods on the Matthews Hill, just north of Young's Branch. Their sudden fire drove back the leading Federal brigade. Again the Federal troops advanced and again were they repulsed. The fighting was continued until eleven. At that hour Bee's brigade came to the help of Evans; Bartow was also at hand and Hampton's Legion took position at the Robinson House near the Stone Bridge. The main body of Federal troops moved forward, aided by efficient batteries; one of Tyler's brigades crossed the stream near the bridge and assailed the Confederates in the flank. The

gallant soldiers, led by Evans, Bee and Bartow, were outnumbered nearly ten to one and, of course, had to retreat. As they fell back slowly across Young's Branch and up the slope of the Henry Hill to the southward, Imboden's Confederate battery and Hampton's Legion prevented the enemy's rapid pursuit.

The crisis of the battle had come. It seemed to mean defeat for the Confederates. The central point of the entire battle-ground was the Henry Hill and across this plateau the broken fragments of the three Confederate brigades were retreating. Imboden's battery moved back over the hill at a gallop, while the brave leader loudly poured out his wrath upon the infantry that had refused to support him. Near the crest of the hill he met General Jackson. "I'll support your battery," said the latter; "unlimber right here."[1] As the guns were placed in position, General Bee came across the plateau at a gallop; he was covered with dust and sweat and was waving his drawn sword at his retreating soldiers. "General, they are beating us back!" he cried to Jackson. "Then, sir, we will give them the bayonet," was the answer. At the same time Jackson pointed to the men of the First Brigade who were drawn out in line of battle behind him. He was cool and quiet and his steady voice restored Bee's confidence. The latter rode rapidly back among his men, and pointing with his sword to the five regiments in firm array upon the hill, he cried in loud tones: "Look! There is Jackson standing

[1] *Battles and Leaders*, Vol. I, p. 235.

like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians!" The soldiers repeated General Bee's cry and it rang across the field. Many who heard it took heart again. The change in the fortunes of the day may be dated from that hour.

The first order sent to Jackson on that memorable morning, instructed him to support the brigades of Bonham and Cocke some distance below the Stone Bridge. Afterward, Cocke requested Jackson to march directly to the bridge. While he was hastening there, he heard the sound of Bee's battle on the left. Immediately Jackson turned the head of his column toward the Henry House and advanced until he met Imboden and Bee. His keen eye took in the entire field at a glance and he at once saw the vantage-ground offered by a belt of young pines at the eastern edge of the Henry Hill. A little behind the crest of the hill he placed six field-guns. These were supported by his regiments, which were drawn out in line along the edge of the thicket of pines. The men of the Fourth and Twenty-seventh Virginia lay down in the rear of the guns. On the right was the Fifth; on the left, the Second and Thirty-third. Both ends of the line were in heavy woods and Stuart's cavalry guarded the left flank. In front of Jackson's position for a space of five hundred yards, stretched the level plateau over which the enemy was about to advance. The broken regiments of Bee, Bartow and Evans halted in Jackson's rear, formed their lines anew and then moved into position among the trees on Jackson's right. Hampton's Legion likewise fell back and took post on the right.

It was about noonday when Jackson, having arranged his guns and men, stood ready to receive the Federal assault. At that time, Johnston and Beauregard rode upon the scene. They had heard the noise of battle and had galloped from the extreme right of the Confederate position. They brought two batteries and added them to Jackson's guns. With great gallantry both generals rode back and forth upon the hilltop, cheering the men and helping the demoralized regiments to get into line. The shells from the enemy's cannon were falling thick and fast and a heavy cloud of dust and smoke filled the air. Near the center of his line, Jackson was riding slowly to and fro. From time to time he called out to his soldiers, in a quiet, firm tone, "Steady, men! steady! all's well!"

The Federal forces pressed forward across Young's Branch and up the slope of the Henry Hill. They were 16,000 strong and had twelve pieces of heavy field-artillery. When they began to advance along the top of the plateau, the Confederates opened upon them with sixteen light field-guns. A force of only 6,500 Confederates was ready to meet the Federal assault. "The contest that ensued was terrific," writes General Imboden. "Jackson ordered me to go from battery to battery and see that the guns were properly aimed and the fuses cut the right length. This was the work of but a few minutes. On returning to the left of the line of guns, I stopped to ask General Jackson's permission to rejoin my battery. The fight was just then hot enough to make him feel well. His eyes fairly

blazed. He had a way of throwing up his left hand with the open palm toward the person he was addressing. And, as he told me to go, he made this gesture. The air was full of flying missiles, and as he spoke he jerked down his hand, and I saw that blood was streaming from it. I exclaimed, 'General, you are wounded.' 'Only a scratch—a mere scratch,' he replied, and binding it hastily with a handkerchief, he galloped away along his line." [1]

For more than an hour the battle continued. Then two Federal batteries of three guns each, supported by two regiments of infantry, moved forward to seek a closer range. Stuart at once led 150 horsemen in a dashing charge against the Federal right and scattered the two regiments of foot-soldiers. The Thirty-third Virginia, led by Cummings, forming Jackson's left, rushed out of the pine thicket toward the Federal batteries. At the distance of seventy yards the Virginians poured in a fire that brought down the men and horses attached to the guns. Not another shot was fired during the rest of the day by either one of these batteries.

McDowell's heavy brigades came boldly across the plateau and drove back the Thirty-third. The last fragments of the Confederate regiments that had spent the morning in resisting the Federal advance, now moved behind Jackson's line. An officer rode rapidly to the place where Jackson sat quietly on his horse. "General, the day is going against us," he cried. "If you think so, sir," was the reply, "you had better not say anything about it."

[1] *Battles and Leaders*, Vol. I, p. 236.

The Federal troops now occupied the entire open space around the Henry House and were advancing in strong force toward the crest of the hill where Jackson's guns still held their position. Two of Bonham's South Carolina regiments came up to strengthen the Confederate right. Jackson rode to the center of his lines and called out to his men: "Reserve your fire till they come within fifty yards, then fire and give them the bayonet; and when you charge, yell like furies." This order was given about 2:45 P. M. The Confederates had been lying upon the ground since noon, exposed to the shells from the enemy's guns. They were eager to take part in the fight and the time was at hand. The long Federal line was sweeping toward them and Jackson's batteries, acting under his orders, were hurrying to the rear. Jackson's long gray line suddenly sprang from the ground, poured a heavy volley into the faces of the Federal troops and then, with bayonets fixed, charged forward across the hill. At the same time a fierce shout came from the lips of the Confederate riflemen. It was the resounding halloo, so often heard in the chase, and from this time onward to become famous as the "rebel yell." The Federal center was broken and driven back across the Henry Hill.

Beauregard sent an order to all of the Confederate forces to move forward. The soldiers of Bee, Bartow, Hampton and Bonham advanced on the right. Hampton had been wounded, and Bee and Bartow both fell in this fresh assault, but McDowell's line was beaten. Near the northern edge of the Henry

Hill Howard's brigade came up and the Federal forces made a desperate effort to hold their ground. Their center was broken, however, and Jackson's men were turning the captured guns against them. At that moment, also, Kirby Smith's brigade, which had come by the railway through Manassas Gap, arrived on the field. Smith received a wound but his men rushed forward under Elzey against McDowell's right flank. The Federal forces fell back down the slope of the hill, but McDowell formed another line behind Young's Branch. Early's brigade, however, which had made the long march from the extreme Confederate right, assailed his right flank. The Federal forces turned away from the field and started across Bull Run. Stuart's small body of horsemen followed in pursuit. The Federal division left in position at Centerville was not able to check the flight of McDowell's men. They fell into confusion; then a panic seized them and they threw away muskets and knapsacks, abandoned guns and wagons, and streamed back across the Potomac into Washington, a defeated and disheartened crowd of fugitives. Twenty-five cannon, 1,500 prisoners, thousands of rifles and large quantities of stores were left in the hands of the Confederates.

It was the time for vigorous pursuit by the Confederate infantry. Jackson was eager to move forward, and while the surgeon was dressing his wounded hand, he said, "Give me 10,000 fresh troops, and I would be in Washington to-morrow." For three days Jackson held his men ready for

marching orders, with cooked rations in their haversacks; no orders, however, were given him to inaugurate a pursuit. Reinforcements came up in such numbers that on the day after the battle Johnston had an army of 40,000 men. Headquarters were established at Centerville, but no advance was made in force beyond that point.

On the day following the great struggle at Manassas, Jackson wrote to the minister of his church as follows:

"My dear Pastor:

"In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I had failed to send you my contribution to our colored Sunday-school. Enclosed you will find my check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience, and oblige,

"Yours faithfully,

"T. J. Jackson."[1]

While there was not a word about the battle in this letter, Jackson spoke more freely to his wife. "Yesterday we fought a great battle," he wrote, "and gained a great victory, for which all the glory is due to God alone. . . . The battle was the hardest that I have ever been in, but not near so hot in its fire. . . . Whilst great credit is due to other parts of our gallant army, God made my brigade more instrumental than any other in repulsing the main attack. This is for your information only—say nothing about it. Let others speak praise, not myself."

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, p. 182.

On August 5th Jackson wrote again to his wife:

"And so you think the papers ought to say more about your husband! My brigade is not a brigade of newspaper correspondents. I know that the First Brigade was the first to meet and pass our retreating forces—to push on with no other aid than the smiles of God; to boldly take its position with the artillery that was under my command—to arrest the victorious foe in his onward progress—to hold him in check until reinforcements arrived—and finally to charge bayonets and thus advancing, pierce the enemy's center. I am well satisfied with what it did, and so are my generals, Johnston and Beauregard. It is not to be expected that I should receive the credit that Generals Beauregard and Johnston would, because I was under them; but I am thankful to my ever kind heavenly Father that He makes me content to await His own good time and pleasure for commendation—knowing that all things work together for my good. If my brigade can always play so important and useful a part as it did in the last battle, I trust I shall ever be most grateful. As you think the papers do not notice me enough, I send a specimen which, you will see from the upper part of the paper, is a 'leader.' My darling, never distrust our God, who doeth all things well. In due time He will make manifest all His pleasure, which is all His people should desire. You must not be concerned at seeing other parts of the army lauded and my brigade not mentioned. Truth is mighty and will prevail. When the official reports are published, if not before, I expect to see justice done this noble body of patriots."[1]

In his own official report, Jackson said only this: "The charge of the Second and Fourth Virginia,

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, pp. 179–180.

through the blessing of God, who gave us the victory, pierced the center of the enemy."

The loss in his brigade was severe, since 488 were killed or wounded out of a total of 3,000 officers and men. The entire Confederate loss in killed or wounded was 1,982; the Federal loss was 3,084, including the 1,500 prisoners already mentioned.

Jackson received a painful wound during the battle; the longest finger of his left hand was broken. The hand was saved, but for a long while he could not use it. Three days after the battle, Imboden rode to Jackson's headquarters near Centerville to inquire about his wound. While they ate breakfast together, the conversation turned to the fighting on the Henry Hill. "General," said Imboden, "how is it that you can keep so cool, and appear so utterly insensible to danger in such a storm of shell and bullets as rained about you when your hand was hit?" "Captain," replied Jackson in a grave and reverential manner, "my religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in bed. God has fixed the time for my death. I do not concern myself about that, but to be always ready, no matter when it may overtake me." After a pause, and looking Imboden full in the face, he added, "That is the way all men should live and then all would be equally brave." [1]

Jackson's home during the summer months, in 1861, was in a tent, pitched upon a hilltop near Centerville; and upon the slope of the same hill were the camp-fires of the Stonewall Brigade, thus

[1] *Battles and Leaders*, Vol. I, pp. 122, 123.

designated by reason of Bee's words at Manassas. The general never asked for leave of absence for himself and he would not permit any of his men to visit their homes. Almost continual drill every day during six days of the week and two sermons preached before the brigade each Sunday—this was the regular order of work and worship in his command. He gave personal attention to the health and comfort of his soldiers. There was a supply of excellent water and for this reason, perhaps, his men escaped the fevers that visited other parts of the Confederate army. "Every officer and soldier," said Jackson, "who is able to do duty, ought to be busily engaged in military preparation by hard drilling in order that, through the blessing of God, we may be victorious in the battles, which in His all-wise Providence may await us." At that time he was certain that the Southern states would win their independence. "If the war is carried on with vigor," he added, "I think that, under the blessing of God, it will not last long." [1] With reference to the most efficient method of fighting, he told his soldiers that there "ought not to be much firing at all. My idea is that the best mode of fighting is to reserve your fire till the enemy get—or you get them—to close quarters. Then deliver one deadly, deliberate fire —and charge!" [2]

In the month of September Mrs. Jackson spent about two weeks with her husband in camp. She sat at the mess-table under the trees with the general and the members of his staff. They made a

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 257. [2] Cooke's *Jackson*, p. 89.

journey together over the field of Manassas. There were visits from army officers, and reviews on the great parade-ground under the supervision of Beauregard, Johnston and President Davis.

On October 7, 1861, Jackson was promoted to the rank of major-general. A few days afterward he was appointed to the separate command of the Valley District. "Had this communication not come as an order," he said, "I should instantly have declined it, and continued in command of my brave old brigade." On the 4th of November, therefore, the five regiments were drawn up in line and the general rode up to take leave of them. The faces of the soldiers were sad, for they all loved their leader, referring to him in their conversation as "Stonewall" and "Old Jack." Jackson said to the brigade:

"I am not here to make a speech, but simply to say farewell. I first met you at Harper's Ferry, at the commencement of the war, and I cannot take leave of you without giving expression to my admiration of your conduct from that day to this, whether on the march, in the bivouac, or on the bloody plains of Manassas, where you gained the well-deserved reputation of having decided the battle.

"Throughout the broad extent of country through which you have marched, by your respect for the rights and property of citizens, you have shown that you are soldiers not only to defend but able and willing both to defend and protect. You have already won a brilliant reputation throughout the army of the whole Confederacy; and I trust, in the future, by your deeds in the field, and by the assist-

ance of the same kind Providence who has hitherto favored our cause, you will win more victories and add lustre to the reputation you now enjoy. You have already gained a proud position in the future of this our second War of Independence. I shall look with great anxiety to your future movements and I trust whenever I shall hear of the First Brigade on the field of battle, it will be of still nobler deeds achieved and higher reputation won."

The general paused a moment, then raising himself in the stirrups and throwing the reins upon his horse's neck, he cried in affectionate tones:

"In the Army of the Shenandoah, you were the First Brigade! In the Army of the Potomac, you were the First Brigade! In the Second Corps of the army, you are the First Brigade! You are the First Brigade in the affections of your general, and I hope by your future deeds and bearing you will be handed down to posterity as the First Brigade in this our second War of Independence. Farewell!" [1]

Thus speaking, Jackson waved his hand and turned away his horse's head. The shouts of the soldiers followed him as he galloped from the field. He hastened at once to Winchester and took charge of the affairs of the Confederacy in that region.

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, pp. 249–250.

CHAPTER VIII

THE ROMNEY CAMPAIGN

General Johnston's army spent the autumn of 1861 and the succeeding winter months in the camp near Manassas. The Confederates built strong fortifications there and took position behind them to await another Federal advance. During the same period, General McClellan, who had been made Federal commander-in-chief, was organizing a large military force in Washington for the invasion of Virginia.

Jackson was eager to see the Confederacy take the first active step by ordering an invasion of the North. He said that McClellan with his army of recruits would not move forward until the following spring. Before leaving Manassas Jackson urged his superiors to take the field and not wait for the enemy to make full preparation to invade the South. "If the President," he said, "would reinforce this [Johnston's] army by taking troops from other points not threatened, and let us make an active campaign of invasion before winter sets in, McClellan's raw recruits could not stand against us in the field." [1]

The plan which he proposed involved the crossing of the Upper Potomac with a large Confederate

[1] Letter from General G. W. Smith, quoted in Henderson's *Jackson*, Vol. I, p. 175.

army and the seizure of Baltimore; the defeat of McClellan's forces, if he should venture into the open field; the cutting of the railways that connected Philadelphia and other Eastern cities with the West; the capture of Pittsburg and the occupation of the territory between that city and Lake Erie. The Confederate army of invasion, he said, could subsist upon the country through which it passed.

President Davis answered these suggestions by declaring that the supply of muskets and field-guns in the South was inadequate, and that he could not collect a sufficient force of soldiers at Manassas, with wagon-trains and supplies, to enable him to send an army northward across the Potomac.

With great sadness of heart, caused by the rejection of his plan, Jackson went to Winchester. He found there only the fragments of three brigades of militia and a few companies of cavalry. These soldiers had received little training and most of them were armed with old-fashioned flint-lock rifles. Jackson called out the rest of the militia in his district and they came at once, with the result that he soon had a force of 3,000 men subject to his orders. He began immediately to drill them and to bring them into obedience to the rules of military discipline. Jackson established himself for the winter in a comfortable house in Winchester. There his wife joined him. She traveled under the care of a kind-hearted old minister and arrived in Winchester at a late hour one night in early December. She had been told that General Jackson was absent and she, therefore, went to a hotel. A small party of

soldiers were standing in the wide hall as she passed up the stairway. "Just before reaching the landing," she writes, "I turned to look back, for one figure among the group looked startlingly familiar, but as he had not come forward, I felt that I must be mistaken. However, my backward glance revealed an officer muffled up in a military greatcoat, cap drawn down over his eyes, following us in rapid pursuit, and by the time we were upon the top step a pair of strong arms caught me; the captive's head was thrown back, and she was kissed again and again by her husband before she could recover from the delightful surprise he had given her." When Mrs. Jackson asked why he had not come forward upon her first arrival, he replied that he wished "to assure himself that it was his own wife, as he didn't want to commit the blunder of kissing anybody else's *esposa*." [1]

During a period of about three months the general and his wife made their home with Doctor J. R. Graham, a Presbyterian minister. The domestic happiness which the soldier experienced in that family circle was like balm to his soul. He was soon in fine health and he entered with spirit into the quiet social pleasures of the community. "Winchester was rich in happy homes and pleasant people," writes Mrs. Jackson; "and the extreme kindness and appreciation shown to General Jackson by all, bound us to them so closely and warmly that ever after that winter he called the place our 'war home.'"

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, pp. 210–211.

Jackson never paused, however, in the work of organizing his army and drilling his regiments. His cavalry was placed under the orders of Colonel Turner Ashby, a Virginia planter, who soon manifested great skill and daring as a leader of horsemen. About the middle of November the Stonewall Brigade was sent to him from Manassas; also, the Rockbridge Artillery, commanded by Captain McLaughlin. Jackson issued an order that no officer would be allowed to leave camp unless he had a pass from headquarters. The regimental commanders of his old brigade objected to this order as disparaging their dignity. To their protest Jackson made this reply: "If officers desire to have control over their commands, they must remain habitually with them, industriously attend to their instruction and comfort, and in battle lead them well and in such a manner as to command their admiration."

He collected about himself a personal staff composed of men of vigor and capacity. When he was selecting these aides, he said, "My desire is to make merit the basis of my recommendations." "If you will vouch for your brother's being an early riser during the remainder of the war, I will give him an aideship," he wrote to Mrs. Jackson. "I do not want to make an appointment on my staff except of such as are early risers; but if you will vouch for him to rise regularly at dawn, I will offer him the position."

Jackson's mind, moreover, was constantly engaged in the preparation of plans for active military operations. His eye swept the entire field with

which he was connected and he sent to his superiors suggestion after suggestion, urging an immediate advance into the mountain regions that lie west of the Valley of Virginia. At that time, in November, 1861, the northwestern part of the present state of West Virginia was occupied by a Federal force of about 27,000 men under General Rosecrans. Of these, 5,000 held Romney, a town about thirty-five miles northwest of Winchester; the rest of the army of Rosecrans held the mountain passes from the town of Grafton to Gauley Bridge in the Kanawha Valley. Immediately in Jackson's front, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, a force of 18,000 Federal troops, under General Banks, occupied advantageous points from Frederick City westward to Cumberland.

The first plan proposed by Jackson was that 10,000 men should be assigned to his command. With this force he desired to march westward to the Monongahela River and proceed down that stream to Pittsburg; at the same time he suggested that Johnston should cross the Potomac and capture Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania. Afterward, Johnston and Jackson together would advance on Philadelphia. When this proposition was rejected by the Richmond authorities, he asked permission to attack the Federal force at Romney. For this expedition Jackson requested that his small army should be reinforced by General Loring's division and Edward Johnson's brigade, which were stationed on the roadways in the mountains west of Staunton. On November 20th he wrote to Richmond, urging that

Loring should be brought at once to Winchester. The attack on Romney, he suggested, would probably induce McClellan to advance against Johnston at Centerville. In that case Jackson expected to march with his entire force from Winchester to Manassas in order to aid Johnston in driving McClellan back across the Potomac. Immediately after repulsing the enemy at Manassas, said Jackson, let us send Loring to occupy the region around Clarksburg on the Monongahela. Then, if the Federal forces should advance eastward from the Kanawha into the Valley, "so much the worse for them;" he would close in behind them and cut them off from the Ohio River. The order was therefore sent to Loring to lead his division to Winchester.

Before the arrival of reinforcements, however, Jackson led some of his troops to the Potomac, to attempt the destruction of a dam that turned the water of the river into the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. This canal ran along the northern bank of the Potomac and its boats carried coal and other supplies from the West to Washington. Two companies of the Stonewall Brigade volunteered to enter the water and cut away the cribs. By night, therefore, they stood waist-deep in the cold stream, under a fierce fire from the enemy, and made a breach in the dam. Within two days, however, the Federal soldiers repaired the damage.

On Christmas Day, Loring arrived in Winchester. The enemy were then giving indications of a purpose to advance against Jackson from Frederick and

from Romney. He determined, therefore, to make an attack before they were reinforced.

On the morning of the 1st of January, 1862, Jackson's small army of 9,000 soldiers marched away from Winchester toward the Potomac. The sky was clear and the temperature was as warm as a day in April. Contrary to orders, the men threw their blankets, tents and haversacks in the wagons and carried only their muskets. The column was turned in the direction of the little towns of Bath and Hancock on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. Jackson expected to scatter the Federal forces that occupied these two points, cut the telegraph line, and thus separate Banks at Frederick from Kelly, the Federal commander at Romney. In the afternoon, however, a sudden change took place in the temperature. A cold rain began to beat in the faces of the men, and this was followed by snow and sleet. Since the wagons were moving over country roads for the purpose of concealing the march from the enemy, they were delayed by the ice that covered the steep grades. The men spent the night, therefore, without food and without covering, standing or lying around the camp-fires. In the morning the wagons arrived ; so the soldiers hastily satisfied their hunger and moved forward. On the third day, General R. B. Garnett, commanding the Stonewall Brigade, halted his troops. Jackson rode up quickly and asked why the column was not pressing onward. "I have halted to let the men cook their rations," replied Garnett. "There is no time for that," said Jackson. "But

it is impossible for the men to march further without them." "I never found anything impossible with this brigade!" and Jackson spurred his horse toward Bath. He wished to surprise the enemy but night fell upon his army when the advanced-guard was still some distance from the town. The wagons were again behind and the troops had to bivouac without bread or blankets. The next morning the soldiers awoke to find themselves covered with a sheet of snow. Jackson urged his men forward; some were sent to the right and to the left in order to surround the garrison. A heavy storm, however, was beating upon the soldiers, and a number of the officers were so lacking in experience that Jackson's plans were not carried out. The three Federal regiments escaped across the river; the Confederates secured only sixteen prisoners. Large stores, however, fell into their hands and on the night of January 4th, they occupied warm quarters and enjoyed the full supply of provisions.

Jackson then threw some shells from his batteries into the town of Hancock on the northern bank of the Potomac. This was intended as a lesson to the Federal gunners that they must cease their work of firing heavy shot into Shepherdstown, a little place south of the Potomac. Under cover of this fire from his guns, moreover, Jackson burned a large railway bridge, made a breach in the canal dam and destroyed miles of track and telegraph. The captured stores were sent to Winchester and Jackson's column marched on toward Romney. A halt of four days, however, was rendered necessary by

the condition of both men and horses. The latter had to be rough-shod before attempting to draw the heavy army wagons across the steep ridges that lay between them and the goal. A detachment of militia and artillery had already moved in advance, and in a skirmish at Hanging Rock, two Confederate guns were lost.

There was no time for delay. On the morning of January 13th, the march was resumed by the main body of Confederates. The mountains were covered with a sheet of firm and smooth ice. The weather became colder and colder and the sleet continued to beat down upon the slow-moving column. The suffering of soldiers and animals was severe as they stumbled forward along the slippery track. Jackson suffered and labored with his men. At one time he was helping to lift a gun over some obstacle; again he was urging his tired soldiers to move more rapidly, or rebuking some officer for lack of energy. Stern and energetic, the indomitable leader made his column press forward through appalling difficulties. On January 14th his advanced-guard entered Romney. Kelly's Federal force, far more numerous than Jackson's, had already left the place and had retreated across the Potomac to Cumberland. Large quantities of camp equipments and military stores fell into the hands of the Confederates.

Jackson wished to advance beyond Romney. He had formed a plan to destroy the bridges and the track of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway west of Cumberland as far as Grafton. This result was

within his power, and the breaking of the chief Federal line of communication with the West would have brought untold advantages to the Confederacy. The entire army under Banks was dependent upon this railway for its supplies. If these had been cut off, Banks would have been forced to give up the scheme of invading the Valley of Virginia. Jackson was not able to carry out his plan, however, because of the discontent that had arisen in Loring's division. The sufferings of the men during the march to Romney caused deep murmuring among his regiments and this murmuring was encouraged by Loring himself. In spite of the fact that he was an officer of the old army and had seen much service, he criticised the entire campaign in the most bitter terms and spoke very disrespectfully of Jackson himself. These utterances were boldly and recklessly made in the presence of his soldiers and the latter echoed the words and sentiments of their own immediate commander. Discipline no longer existed in this division; the men were demoralized, and Jackson said that they would not advance farther. He, therefore, left Loring's division in winter-quarters at Romney and led the Stonewall Brigade back to Winchester. The latter lived in tents three miles below the town and were held together under rigid discipline.

Jackson's campaign had been successful. He had driven a large force of the enemy beyond the Potomac, captured vast stores, made a serious breach in the railway near Hancock and saved the loyal Southern people of those counties from the

cruelty of the Federal invaders. The latter had burned the mills and factories and many of the dwelling-houses along the south branch of the Potomac, had shot down cows and oxen and sheep, and had kept their horses in the church buildings. Great joy was felt among the people who lived near Romney when Jackson came to deliver them. There was criticism in many other parts of the country, however, for few were able to understand the advantages secured by the expedition. Nearly all thought only of the physical sufferings of the soldiers. Some of Loring's officers went to Richmond and laid their view of the case before Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of War in the cabinet of President Davis. On the last day in January, therefore, Jackson received this note from Mr. Benjamin :

"Our news indicates that a movement is making to cut off General Loring's command ; order him back immediately." [1]

Jackson obeyed the order at once, but at the same time he sent the following letter to Secretary Benjamin :

"Sir,—Your order, requiring me to direct General Loring to return with his command to Winchester immediately, has been received and promptly complied with.

"With such interference in my command I cannot expect to be of much service in the field and, accordingly, respectfully request to be ordered to

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. V, p. 1053.

report for duty to the superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, as has been done in the case of other professors. Should this application not be granted, I respectfully request that the President will accept my resignation from the army." [1]

Benjamin's order was, of course, a blow aimed at good discipline. It meant that a secretary, seated in his office in Richmond, was attempting to direct the details of military operations in the field. There was no real danger threatening Loring's force. General Johnston, who was Jackson's immediate superior in command, urged him to withdraw his letter of resignation. Johnston suggested that the officers of the army must make sacrifices. "Sacrifices!" exclaimed Jackson in the presence of a friend, Colonel A. R. Boteler; "have I not made them? What is my life here but a daily sacrifice? Nor shall I ever withhold sacrifices for my country, when they will avail anything. I intend to serve here, anywhere, in any way I can, even if it be as a private soldier. But," said Jackson further, "if this method of making war is to prevail, the country is ruined. My duty to Virginia requires that I shall utter my protest against it in the most energetic form in my power, and that is to resign. The authorities at Richmond must be taught a lesson, or the next victims of their meddling will be Johnston and Lee." [2]

Jackson wrote also to John Letcher, Governor of

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. V, p. 1053.
[2] Dabney's *Jackson*, pp. 280–281; Cooke's *Jackson*, p. 96.

Virginia. "I regard the recent expedition as a great success," he said. With reference to the secretary's order, however, he declared that it was in direct conflict with his military plans and implied "a want of confidence in my [his] capacity to judge when General Loring's troops should fall back."[1] Letcher presented this view to Mr. Benjamin and the latter yielded the point at once. He asserted that it was not the intention of the Richmond authorities to interfere with Jackson's plans. The resignation was, therefore, withdrawn. But Jackson's firmness had administered a very salutary lesson to the Confederate government that there should be no meddling with the responsibilities of commanders in the field.

General Loring and a portion of his division were sent elsewhere. Jackson did not mention the affair again, nor would he allow any one to talk about it in his presence. He cherished no personal resentments and some of the officers who had criticised him were afterward among his most trusted subordinates. During the remainder of the winter Jackson enjoyed a rest at Winchester. Throughout the Romney campaign he had manifested no geniality whatever; on the contrary, he was stern and peremptory in his manner. For that reason he had repelled his men, instead of attracting them. In the home of Doctor Graham, however, the soldier manifested another phase of character. There was a relaxation in the severity of his manner; he became genial and sociable. His face was often aglow

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, pp. 232, 233.

with delight when he glanced about him upon the group of friends seated at the fireside. The young officers of the army were given a warm welcome in that home, and sometimes the house was filled with music and merriment. There were young people present with their laughter and games. More than once General Jackson was seen running down the stairs with an urchin on his shoulders, laughing like a schoolboy. "We spent as happy a winter," writes his wife, "as ever falls to the lot of mortals upon earth." [1]

Daily drill was the regular duty laid upon the soldiers of Jackson's command during all those weeks of rain and ice. Then the clouds fled away, the snows melted, and the signs of spring appeared. The enemy gave indications that they were about to move and Jackson sent his wife to a place of refuge in the home of Doctor Robert L. Dabney, a Presbyterian minister, at Hampden Sidney in Virginia. Through correspondence with Mrs. Jackson, a few weeks later, the general persuaded Doctor Dabney to become his chief of staff.

When Banks crossed the Potomac with a large force, Jackson did not retreat. He immediately led his small regiments through Winchester and marched northward to meet the Federal army.

[1] *Memoirs*, by his wife, p. 212.

CHAPTER IX

THE BATTLE OF KERNSTOWN

In the spring of 1862, General McClellan had an army of more than 200,000 men encamped at Washington. With this body of soldiers he expected to defeat the Confederate forces in Virginia and capture Richmond. His first step was to send Banks with 38,000 soldiers and eighty cannon across the Potomac at Harper's Ferry with orders to seize Winchester.

General Joseph E. Johnston decided that the Confederate army was not strong enough to meet the Federal host in the plains of northern Virginia. He, therefore, ordered D. H. Hill to withdraw his detachment from Leesburg and on March 9th, Johnston himself fell back with his own force of 32,000 men, from Centerville to Orange Court-House. At the same time he gave Jackson permission to delay the advance of the enemy at Winchester as long as possible. Jackson urged Johnston to send Hill's troops or some other force to aid him, in order that a severe blow might be given to Banks at Winchester. Johnston, however, did not follow the suggestion. It thus appears that Jackson was already making plans, not to retreat from the Valley, but to deliver a series of vigorous attacks against the enemy. These plans were soon carried out with brilliant success in the famous Valley Campaign.

At that time Jackson had a total force of only 4,600 men. Of these, 3,600 were infantry, 600 cavalry and the rest attached to the six batteries of twenty-seven guns. All were well drilled and efficient soldiers. The artillerists were brave and skilful gunners. The cavalry was made up of splendid horsemen led by Ashby. Most of these troopers were young men, natives of that part of Virginia. At the word of command they would dash through the enemy's bivouac and then away through the fields and forests. "I can't catch them, sir; they leap fences and walls like deer; neither our men nor our horses are so trained." [1] This was the opinion expressed by one of Banks's cavalry officers.

Ashby himself was unrivaled as a leader of light-horse. He was the most daring rider in the army, and could gallop seventy or eighty miles in a day and be fresh at the end of the journey. His coolness under fire was little short of marvelous. "I think even our men," writes a Federal officer, "had a kind of admiration for him, as he sat unmoved upon his horse and let them pepper away at him as if he enjoyed it."

Jackson's infantry was composed chiefly of farmers and farmers' sons from the valley and mountain regions. Nearly all of them were skilled riflemen, trained as hunters from their early youth. Their nerves were steady and their sight was quick. It was not often that one of these hardy woodsmen missed the mark at which he aimed his rifle. As soldiers they were of the rough and ready type.

[1] G. H. Gordon's *Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain*, p. 136.

Most of their garments were homespun and of various colors and patterns. Some wore hunting-shirts, and many of them had short-waisted jackets of gray or brown. A soft hat, broad, solid shoes, a haversack for provisions, a blanket and an India-rubber sheet worn in a roll over the left shoulder, and a frying-pan with the handle stuck in the musket barrel,—such was the outfit of Jackson's foot-soldiers. The claim was made, and rightly made, concerning these soldiers that "none ever marched faster or held out longer."

Banks pushed his advanced-guard forward toward Winchester on March 7, 1862. Just north of the town Jackson drew up his men in line and offered battle. Banks declined to fight and withdrew. Four days later Jackson again offered the Federal commander an opportunity to fight, but again the head of the enemy's column was turned back toward the Potomac. On the morning of the 12th, Banks set the chief part of his army in motion and Jackson thought it prudent to allow the Federal forces to occupy the town. His military stores had been already sent to Mount Jackson, a point halfway up the Valley. He was resolved, however, not to yield Winchester to the foe without a battle. He proposed to make a night march and at a point about four miles north of the town attack suddenly just before daybreak. He, therefore, summoned General Garnett and the regimental commanders of the Stonewall Brigade to meet him in council. While they were assembling, he rode back into Winchester and entered Doctor Graham's house to

make a hasty call. He found the family oppressed with gloom, but Jackson himself was so buoyant and hopeful "that their drooping spirits were revived." "After engaging with them in family worship, he retired, departing with a cheerful 'Good-evening,' merely saying that he intended to dine with them the next day as usual." [1]

When the council met, Jackson learned that some of his staff-officers had made a mistake and had sent the wagon-train to Kernstown and beyond. The soldiers, also, had been marched back to the wagons to get their rations. They were five or six miles away. The council of war disapproved of the night march and Jackson gave up the scheme. He returned at once to Doctor Graham's house to remove from the minds of his friends the impression which he had given them. He explained his plans and the reasons for changing them, at the same time speaking about his reluctance to surrender Winchester without a struggle. "With slow and desperate earnestness he said, 'Let me think—can I not yet carry my plan into execution?'" With these words he seized the hilt of his sword and a fierce light blazed in his eyes. Then he dropped his head and said, "No, I must not do it; it may cost the lives of too many brave men. I must retreat and wait for a better time." [2] As Jackson rode out of Winchester, he paused on a hill to look back, says Doctor McGuire. The fire of a great wrath seemed to be burning within his bosom, and "pres-

[1] Henderson's *Jackson*, Vol. I, p. 229.
[2] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, pp. 241–242.

ently he cried out in a tone almost savage, 'That is the last council of war I will ever hold!'"

Jackson's troops were led to Strasburg and then to Mount Jackson, in the hope of drawing Banks up the Valley. This plan succeeded, for on March 18th the Federal division commanded by Shields, followed him as far as Strasburg. On that day, however, McClellan's movement from Washington down the Potomac to Fortress Monroe was in progress and the order came to Banks to send two of his divisions, led by Williams and Sedgwick, to aid McClellan in his campaign against Richmond. On March 20th, therefore, Shields fell back to Winchester and the rest of Banks's army started to march to Manassas to help McClellan.

On the evening of the 21st, Ashby brought stirring news to Jackson. The enemy were in retreat, he said; a long wagon-train had moved from Winchester across the Shenandoah toward Manassas; there were other indications that Banks's entire army was moving eastward. This meant a concentration of Federal forces against Johnston at some point east of the Blue Ridge. That concentration Jackson resolved to prevent. Immediately, therefore, he moved toward Winchester. On the 22d Ashby's horsemen had a skirmish near that town with a part of Shields's force. Jackson's foot-soldiers marched twenty-two miles on the same day and went into camp at Strasburg. At daybreak on the 23d the Confederates were again in motion and at one o'clock they arrived at the village of Kernstown, three miles south of Winchester. The men

were wearied by the long forced march and many of them had dropped out of the column.

Ashby told Jackson that the enemy's forces consisted of only four regiments of infantry and a body of cavalry. Jackson preferred to postpone his attack until morning, but he found the enemy in position and he, therefore, began the battle at once, fearing that reinforcements would come to their aid.

But Ashby had been mistaken in his estimate of the enemy's numbers. Some of the Federal regiments, supported by their batteries, were drawn up in line across the Valley Turnpike, extending a considerable distance on each side of that highway. Other regiments were held in reserve near Winchester. The total Federal force was 9,000 men. The total force on the field under Jackson's command was about 3,500 men. A sudden blow delivered against the Federal flank was the only hope of success. Jackson determined, therefore, to turn the enemy's right.

Ashby was ordered to hold the roadway near Kernstown. The brigade under Burks remained behind to support the horsemen and the Fifth Virginia occupied the open ground immediately to the left of the turnpike. Jackson himself led his main body, the principal part of the two brigades of Fulkerson and Garnett, to his left. The Confederates were exposed to a storm of shells from the Federal guns, but within twenty minutes they seized a wooded ridge about one mile west of the Valley Turnpike. The three batteries of McLaughlin, Carpenter and Waters were moved to the front.

These took position in a rocky field on the crest of the ridge and opened fire against the Federal batteries. Jackson's guns were supported by two lines of battle. In front, on the right, were the Twenty-seventh and Twenty-first Virginia; in front, on the left, were the Twenty-third and Thirty-seventh Virginia, of Fulkerson's brigade. The Stonewall Brigade formed the second line. A Confederate force of about 2,000 men thus held a position opposite the right flank of the enemy. One half of Ashby's horsemen kept guard on Jackson's left.

The fire of the Confederate cannon was rapid and effective and the Federal guns grew visibly weaker in their reply. Then five Federal regiments, more than 3,000 strong, made a bold advance against the Confederate line on the ridge. The roar of musketry was terrific when the combatants came together in close conflict. At first, Jackson's front line on the right was forced back; but the second Confederate line advanced, regained the position and drove the enemy into the woods beyond. On Jackson's left, the two regiments of Fulkerson made a gallant charge across an open field in the face of the foe, seized a stone wall and routed that portion of the Federal line. The officers of these two regiments, as members of Loring's command, had signed the protest against Jackson at Romney. Their courage and devotion on the ridge at Kernstown won the heart of "Old Stonewall," and from that day onward a mutual affection bound commander and subordinates together.

An additional force of 3,000 men was sent for-

ward by the Federal commander. The Confederates on the ridge were thus outnumbered three to one, but they held their ground. Jackson's cannon were massed on his right and made that flank safe. Against the center of Jackson's position the chief blows of the enemy were directed. Most of the regiments of the Stonewall Brigade were posted there and for two hours and longer they stood defiant, as line after line of Federal infantry was urged to the attack. The crack of their muskets echoed across the hills again and again, as these men of the Valley repulsed the foe. The firing was at close range. The fury of the fighting was fiercer than it had been at the First Manassas. Jackson himself was seen everywhere in the battle, giving encouragement and steadiness to his men. Every company on the ridge was sent to the firing-line. As the day closed, however, and twilight came on, the Confederate ranks were becoming thin. Many of their bravest officers had fallen and ammunition was giving out. But Jackson was confident of victory. He ordered the Fifth and Forty-second Virginia to ascend the slope from the foot of the ridge. With these 600 bayonets he expected to drive the enemy from the hill. A messenger was sent also to bring up the Forty-eighth, his rear-guard. While Jackson was looking after his left flank, however, a fresh Federal force rushed against the Confederate center. For a long time already the men of the Stonewall Brigade had been without cartridges and General Garnett, their commander, gave the order to fall back. The Confederate left had to retire with the

center. Then the Federal regiments made a fierce attack on Jackson's right and the Confederate batteries were forced to withdraw with the loss of one of their guns.

When Jackson saw the soldiers of his old brigade moving back, he was filled with astonishment and anger. He spurred his horse among the men and in imperious tones ordered Garnett to hold his ground. He caught a drummer by the shoulder and dragged him to a high point on the ridge where the men could see and hear him. "Beat the rally!" he said to the boy in a voice of stern command. A storm of bullets filled the air and the shouts of the advancing enemy were drawing nearer. The general stood firm, however, in the midst of the danger and the tumult, and strove to reform his fighting line. But his efforts were vain; the men would not stand with empty guns.

Even yet Jackson hoped for victory. He galloped back to meet the Fifth and Forty-second Virginia in order that he might lead them in person in a sudden counter-stroke against the enemy. The latter might be checked until the Confederate fighting-line was restored and then a vigorous advance might win the field. Garnett, however, had ordered the Fifth Virginia to form upon a wooded height some distance to the rear. There Jackson found his reserve regiments. It was too late to order them forward to make a counter-attack, for darkness was falling upon the scene, the stars were shining and the entire Confederate battle-line was moving slowly to the rear. The Fifth and

Forty-second fought most courageously and held back the numerous regiments of the foe until Jackson's men marched to Newtown, three miles south of the field of battle. There, worn out with marching and fighting, the soldiers of the Valley army threw themselves upon the ground to rest. The Federal soldiers did not pursue. They had been roughly handled and were in great disorder. Ashby's small force of horsemen kept watch near Kernstown while Jackson's riflemen and gunners slept through the night.

When Jackson saw his rear-guard leave the field, he dismounted to warm himself in front of a fire kindled by some of the cavalrymen. A bold young trooper ventured to suggest to the general that the Confederates had been defeated in the battle of the afternoon. "I think I may say I am satisfied, sir!" replied Jackson. Then the commander drew his long cloak more closely about him, mounted his horse and rode away with his chief commissary, Major Hawks. A short distance behind Ashby's outposts the two horsemen turned aside from the road into an orchard. "We shall have to burn fence-rails to-night," said Jackson, as he fastened his horse. The major soon started a roaring fire, and then made a bed of rails in a fence-corner. "You seem determined to make yourself and those around you comfortable," said Jackson.[1] The major knew, however, that Jackson had not tasted food that day. He obtained bread and meat, therefore, from a squad of soldiers whose camp-fire was near,

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, p. 246.

and after the hunger of both was satisfied, they lay down to sleep upon the rude couch. Not long after midnight, the medical director of the army came to tell Jackson that the work of sending the wounded to the rear had been greatly delayed by the lack of wagons. The general ordered him to impress carriages from the people of the community. "But that requires time," said the surgeon; "can you stay till it has been done?" "Make yourself easy, sir," was Jackson's reply; "this army stays here until the last man is removed. Before I leave them to the enemy, I will lose many men more." [1]

The work laid upon the surgeon was quickly accomplished and just before dawn, on March 24th, the Confederates formed a marching column and began to follow their wounded comrades up the Valley to Woodstock. The Federal forces, strongly reinforced, followed slowly and at a comfortable distance from Jackson's rear-guard. In the battle, 1,200 men, killed and wounded, had fallen, and half of these were Confederates. Jackson had also lost two guns and two or three hundred of his men as prisoners. The fact that he had been driven from the field with such severe loss did not, however, disturb him. He knew that he had gained a great advantage in checkmating the plans of the enemy. "Though Winchester was not recovered," he wrote in his official report, "yet the more important object for the present, that of calling back troops that were leaving the Valley, and thus preventing a junction of Banks's command with other

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 324.

forces was accomplished. . . . I feel justified in saying that, though the field is in possession of the enemy, yet the most essential fruits of the battle are ours." [1]

To his wife Jackson wrote thus: "Our men fought bravely but the superior numbers of the enemy repulsed me. Many valuable lives were lost. Our God was my shield. His protecting care is an additional cause for gratitude." [2] Mrs. Jackson wrote in reply, expressing her concern that the general had made an attack on Sunday. "I was greatly concerned, too," ran Jackson's answer; "but I felt it my duty to do it in consideration of the ruinous effects that might result from postponing the battle until the morning. . . . I do hope that the war will soon be over, and that I shall never again be called upon to take the field." [3]

After the battle Jackson relieved General Garnett of his command, placed him under arrest and prepared charges against him. Garnett had fought with conspicuous gallantry, but when the cartridges ran out, he ordered the Stonewall Brigade to retire. Jackson would not accept the lack of ammunition as an excuse. The men had their bayonets, he said, and the Fifth and Forty-second Virginia were at hand. A more resolute stand, he declared, would have won the field. The charges against Garnett were afterward withdrawn, however, and that officer was restored. At Gettysburg he gave

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XII, Part I, p. 382.
[2] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, p. 247.
[3] *Idem*, p. 249.

his life as a testimonial to his courage. Jackson's men, on the other hand, learned a great lesson in discipline. Never again did they retire from a field because the ammunition gave out.

The fierce attack made by Jackson's 3,000 Confederates at Kernstown resulted, it is true, in a tactical defeat. Strategically, however, Jackson won a great victory. Wide-reaching results in favor of the Confederates were gained throughout the field of operations stretching from the mountains of West Virginia to the James River. "The enemy's strength was about 15,000!"[1] This was the message sent to President Lincoln by the Federal commander Shields, at the close of the battle at Kernstown. Then the excitement among the Federal leaders began. During the night that followed the battle, the division under Williams, 8,000 strong, which had crossed the Shenandoah on the way to Manassas, was hurried back to Winchester. Banks himself returned to take charge of his forces in the Valley. Blenker's division of 10,000 men, already under orders to join McClellan's invading army, was sent from Washington to help Frémont in the mountains of western Virginia. McDowell's corps of 37,000 soldiers, which was ready to sail down the Potomac to Fortress Monroe, was ordered by Lincoln to remain at Manassas for the protection of the city of Washington. It thus happened that 46,000 bayonets, those commanded by Blenker and McDowell, were withheld from McClellan at a critical point in his campaign. The latter expected

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XII, Part I, p. 341.

McDowell's corps to move up York River as the right wing of the army that was advancing from Fortress Monroe toward Richmond. The retention of McDowell in front of Washington, however, paralyzed the movement led by McClellan, and kept his army on the Peninsula comparatively inactive for several weeks. To crown all, Lincoln withdrew the forces of Banks and McDowell entirely from the control of McClellan, and there were now four separate and independent Federal armies in the Virginia field of operations; namely, the armies of Frémont, Banks, McDowell and McClellan, and these were made subject to the orders issued by two civilians, President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton. All of these fruits were the direct result of the sudden blow struck at Kernstown against three times their number by Jackson's 3,000 Confederates. Moreover, this battle marked the first stage in that series of routs which led to the defeat of McClellan in front of Richmond in June, 1862.

CHAPTER X

McDOWELL

On the day after the battle at Kernstown, Banks placed himself at the head of his army. Reinforcements brought his numbers up to about 19,000 men. "Push Jackson hard," [1] was the message that came over the wires from McClellan. Banks had received from Shields the impression that Jackson's force amounted to 15,000 bayonets! He was, therefore, cautious. Jackson went into camp near Mount Jackson and Banks marched his column as far southward as Edenburg and Woodstock. During a period of about three weeks Banks sent message after message to Washington, asking for supplies and wagons. Meanwhile the Confederate infantry rested and Ashby's cavalry kept the Federal bivouacs in a constant state of apprehension. "Our stay at Edenburg," writes G. H. Gordon, a Federal officer, "was a continuous season of artillery brawling and picket stalking. The creek that separated the outposts was not more than ten yards wide. About one-fourth of a mile away there was a thick wood, in which the enemy concealed his batteries until he chose to stir us up, when he would sneak up behind the cover, open upon us at an unexpected moment, and retreat rapidly when we replied." [2]

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XII, Part III, p. 16.
[2] G. H. Gordon's *From Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain*, p. 133.

Jackson knew how to secure the best possible results through the use of cavalry. Under his direction they constituted an active body of mounted infantry. Their fleet horses bore them quickly to the point of attack. Then dismounting, their unerring rifles made them formidable as foot-soldiers. Mounting again, they rode away to assail some other vulnerable part of the enemy's line. Or, thrown out as a screen, they hid from observation the movements of Jackson's army.

Through the daring and skill of Ashby, Jackson hoped at this juncture to draw Banks farther up the Valley. At the same time he was asking for reinforcements in order that he might attack the Federal forces. The army of Banks, he wrote on April 5th, should not be assailed in the position which it then occupied. "His position should be turned," he said, "and then attacked in front from this side as he falls back." To this he added, "If Banks is defeated, it may greatly retard McClellan's movements." [1] To Mr. Boteler, a member of the Confederate Congress from the Valley of Virginia, Jackson wrote: "What I desire is to hold the country as far as practicable until we are in a condition to advance; and then, with God's blessing, let us make thorough work of it. But let us start right." To these words he added: "I have only to say this; that if this Valley is lost, Virginia is lost." [2]

On the following day, April 8th, he wrote to Doctor R. L. Dabney, professor in the Theological

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XII, Part III, p. 844.
[2] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, pp. 238–239.

Seminary at Hampden Sidney, Va., offering him the position of adjutant-general, or chief of his staff. "Your rank will be that of major. Your duties will require early rising and industry," he explained to Doctor Dabney.[1] The suggestion was added, however, that the staff-officer would have an opportunity to preach to the soldiers on Sunday. Soon afterwards the new adjutant arrived and on the next Sunday morning Major Dabney stood up in the presence of the troops to preach, the Bible lying open before him upon the head of a bass-drum. "During the sermon of more than an hour, Jackson stood perfectly motionless, with his old cap drawn down to shield his eyes from the dazzling sunlight; and throughout the whole sermon, an officer directly in front of him declares he did not move nor even 'wink his eyes.'"[2]

We are told that three books were always carried in Jackson's haversack. These were the Bible, Napoleon's "Maxims of War" and Webster's Dictionary. His Bible-reading was regular and systematic and the dictionary was called into use when he wrote letters. Napoleon's instructions, however, were studied and obeyed, perhaps, as closely as were the other two volumes. During these days of waiting, Jackson was planning the details of his great campaign in the Valley.

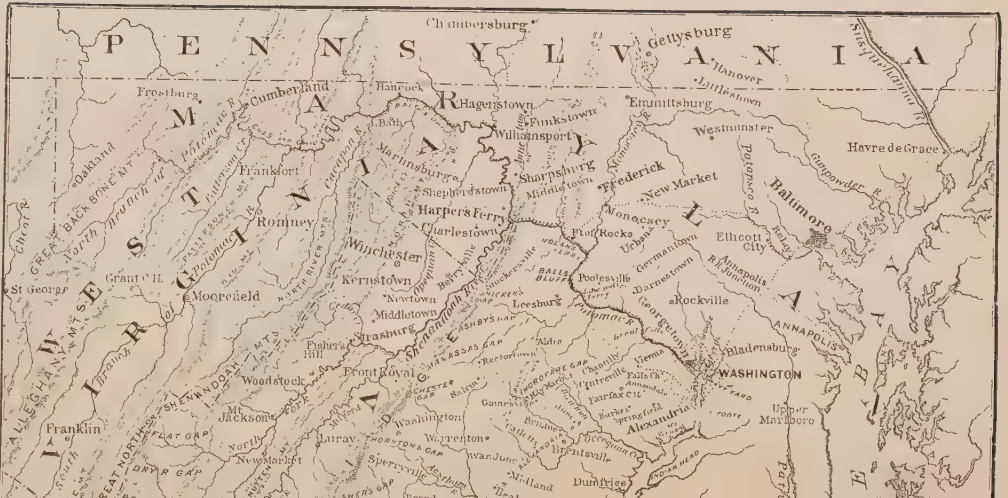
According to Jackson's statement his men were "in excellent spirits." They believed that they had struck the enemy a heavy blow. The Confederate

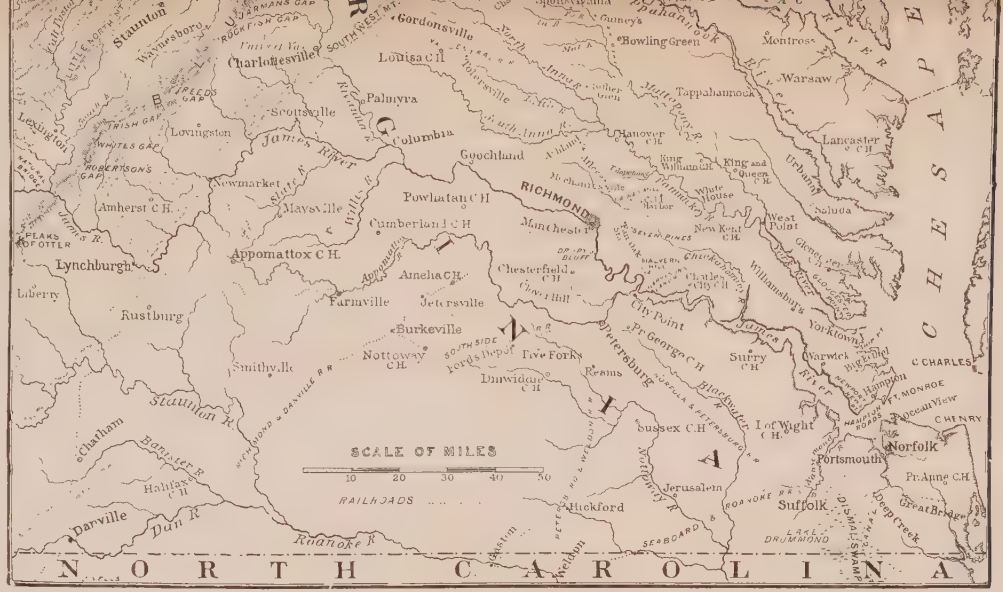
[1] Johnson's *Life of Robert L. Dabney*, p. 177.
[2] Cooke's *Jackson*, pp. 128–129.

Congress thanked them for their gallantry in battle. Recruits came in rapidly. The people of three religious denominations in the Valley refused to fight but Jackson enlisted them as teamsters. He asked for muskets and, when these were not forthcoming, demanded iron pikes. "Under Divine blessing," he wrote, "we must rely upon the bayonet when firearms cannot be furnished." [1] By the middle of April he had a force of 4,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry. Ashby, however, did not hold a strong rein upon his troopers and one half of them were usually roaming over the country, absent from the post of duty. Since Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of War, had given Ashby authority to manage his men as an independent body of soldiers, Jackson was unable to enforce discipline among the horsemen. Their leader himself, however, with a part of his force, was making his name terrible to the enemy.

Early on the morning of April 17th, Banks advanced with his army toward Mount Jackson. One of Ashby's companies was surprised and captured. Banks threw out a brigade toward the flank of Jackson's army. The latter, however, was not strong enough to meet the Federal forces at that point. Jackson, therefore, withdrew through Harrisonburg in the direction of the Blue Ridge, and on the 19th his men went into camp at the foot of Swift Run Gap. During this march Ashby's men played a gallant part as Jackson's rear-guard. A week later Banks crept slowly southward and occupied Harrisonburg.

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XII, Part III, p. 845.


PENNSYLVANIA
MARYLAND
WEST VIRGINIA
VIRGINIA
Chambersburg
Gettysburg
Hanover
Littlestown
Emmittsburg
Westminster
Havre de Grace
Susquehanna R.
Gunpowder R.
Patapsco R.
Baltimore
Ellicott City
Relay
Annapolis Junction
Frostburg
Cumberland
Hancock
Hagerstown
Funkstown
Williamsport
Sharpsburg
Middletown
Frederick
New Market
Monocacy
Frederick Rocks
Urbana
Germantown
Darnestown
Rockville
Georgetown
Poolesville
Leesburg
Potomac R.
Oakland
Frankfort
Romney
Martinsburg
Shepherdstown
Harpers Ferry
Charlestown
Winchester
Kernstown
Newtown
Middletown
Strasburg
Shenandoah R.
Great Back Bone Mt.
North Branch of Potomac R.
Patterson Cr.
Cacapon R.
Opequon Cr.
Beers Valley
Shickers Ville
Balls Bluff
Goose Creek
Catoctin Mts.
Grant C.H.
Moorefield
St George
Fisher's Hill
Front Royal
Massas Gap
Rectortown
Aldie
Bladensburg
Annapolis
WASHINGTON
Woodstock
Mt. Jackson
Shenandoah Mts.
Chester Gap
Salem
Gainesville
Vienna
Falls Ch.
Fairfax Ct.
Springfield
Alexandria
Upper Marlboro
Allegheny Mts.
Franklin
Great North Mt.
Flat Gap
Dry R. Gap
New Market
Luray
Thornton's Gap
Washington
Warrenton
Sperryville
Midland
Bristoe
Brentsville
Occoquan Cr.
Dumfries
Indian Head
Potomac R.
Cheat R.
Tuscarora Cr.
Monocacy R.
Patuxent R.
Patapsco R.
Gunpowder R.
Susquehanna R.



MAP OF GENERAL JACKSON'S CAMPAIGNS

General Johnston had now moved his army from Gordonsville through Richmond to meet McClellan at Yorktown on the Lower Peninsula. Johnston had left General Ewell, however, with a force of 8,000 men on the Upper Rappahannock. Jackson at Swift Run Gap was in close touch with Ewell across the Blue Ridge. It is true that Banks by a vigorous movement might have sent a part of his army to seize the bridge across the Shenandoah and thus hold Jackson at bay near the Blue Ridge while the remainder of the Federal force should march to Staunton and there capture the railway leading to Richmond. Jackson's knowledge of Banks led him to believe that the latter was too cautious to attempt so bold a movement, and that the Federal army would not advance any farther toward Staunton, because it was now possible for the Confederate forces to assail Banks in the rear. A swift march down the south branch of the Shenandoah to Luray and thence across the Massanuttons to New Market would accomplish this end.

Jackson's strategy had thus far been successful. He had drawn Banks into the position which he wished the Federal forces to occupy. To appreciate this fact, let us glance at the map and observe the location of the Massanutton Mountains. This mass of ridges is only about fifty miles in length and occupies the center of the Valley of Virginia from Harrisonburg northward to Strasburg. The range is of equal height with the Blue Ridge and its sides are covered with dense forests of oak and pine. The Massanuttons are practically impassable except at

one point near the middle of the range, where a good road leads through a gap in the ridges from New Market to Luray. The Luray Valley, which lies east of the Massanuttons, and through which flows the South Fork of the Shenandoah, is about ten miles in width and is clothed with heavy forests. A single roadway passes along this valley, crossing the river again and again over wooden bridges. The Valley of the North Fork, lying west of the Massanuttons, is wide and open and three highways are offered to the traveler from Woodstock to Harrisonburg. Banks at the latter point was in daily apprehension. He was afraid to advance toward Staunton. He did not wish to retreat and yet he did not know from what direction, front or rear, Jackson's forces might rush to the attack.

Jackson had to consider a wider field of operation, however, than the Valley of Virginia. The mountains of western Virginia were still filled with his foes. Near the end of the month of April the army of Banks at Harrisonburg had been reinforced until it was 20,000 strong. On the south branch of the Potomac Frémont was leading a force of about 18,000 men toward Staunton. Against Frémont the highway was defended by a Confederate force of 2,800 bayonets under Edward Johnson. When Jackson moved eastward across the Valley to Swift Run Gap, Johnson fell back to West View, a point just seven miles west of Staunton. There was danger that he would be caught between the armies of Banks and Frémont. Jackson, however, was forming plans to deliver Johnson from his place of peril. Frémont

had separated his forces. Milroy's brigade had advanced to McDowell, a village located twenty-seven miles northwest of Staunton; Schenck's brigade was at Franklin; Frémont held another brigade at Romney and Blenker's division was marching toward the latter point. Jackson wished to strike while the Federal brigades were thus far removed from one another.

Jackson established a line of couriers across the Blue Ridge and kept himself in close touch with Ewell. Letters were written nearly every day. Maps were made, roads examined, Ewell's exact route was pointed out and an officer was sent to guide him. Jackson gave his personal attention to all of these matters. No detail escaped him. Ewell was told that he need not make a forced march; that he must encamp at crossroads, rest his troops on Sunday, and bring five days' rations. All of Jackson's plans, however, were kept from his own staff-officers. To them he revealed nothing and one, in chagrin, wrote to a friend: "As sure as you and I live, Jackson is a cracked man and the sequel will show it!"[1]

Lee wrote to Jackson that McDowell was again moving on Fredericksburg in order to threaten Richmond from that point. Jackson, therefore, gave his attention to the operations in progress on the Rappahannock and told Ewell to wait until the enemy's purpose should become more evident. When Banks, therefore, made the movement already mentioned,—namely, the advance from New Market

[1] Henderson's *Jackson*, Vol. I, p. 283.

to Harrisonburg,—Jackson asked for a reinforcement of 5,000 men. "Now, as it appears to me," he wrote on April 28th, "is the golden opportunity for striking a blow."[1]

On April 29th, Jackson wrote to Lee, suggesting that one of three plans should be adopted: "Either to leave Ewell here [Swift Run Gap] to threaten Banks's rear in the event of his advancing on Staunton, and move with my command rapidly on the force in front of General Edward Johnson; or else, coöperating with Ewell, to attack the enemy's detached force between New Market and the Shenandoah [Luray Gap], and if successful in this, then to press forward and get in Banks's rear at New Market and thus induce him to fall back; the third is to pass down the Shenandoah to Sperryville [east of the Blue Ridge], and thus threaten Winchester via Front Royal."[2] Of the three plans, Jackson stated that his preference was for the first; that is, to attack Milroy west of Staunton and then to march against Banks. "If he should be routed," ran Jackson's letter, "and his command destroyed, nearly all our own forces here could, if necessary, cross the Blue Ridge to Warrenton, Fredericksburg, or any other threatened point."[3]

General Lee's answer, dated May 1st, left to Jackson himself the authority to select one of the three proposed plans of operation. Jackson, however, did not wait for a reply. The time was ripe for

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XII, Part III, p. 864.
[2] *Idem*, p. 865.
[3] *Idem.*

action and he began his first movement in the campaign. On April 30th he left his camp and marched up the Shenandoah toward Port Republic. The same afternoon Ewell crossed the Blue Ridge with 8,000 men and occupied Jackson's former position at the western foot of Swift Run Gap.

The advance of Jackson's column was slow. The roads were already soft and a heavy rain began to fall. The wagons sank axle-deep in the mud. Stones and brushwood were thrown into the roadbed but these soon disappeared. "The general and his staff," writes Dabney, "were soon dismounted urging on the laborers; and he carried stones and timber upon his own shoulders, with his uniform bespattered with mud like a common soldier's."[1] The artillerymen had to march at night. One of them tells us that the mud was nearly up to his knees "and frequently over them. The bushes on the sides of the road, and the darkness, compelled us to wade right in. There were swearing and growling, 'flanders and flounders.' An infantryman was cursing 'Stonewall' most eloquently, when the old Christian rode by, and, hearing him, said, in his short way, 'It's for your own good, sir.'"[2] Three days were required for a march of twelve miles. At the end of that time, however, the wagons and guns were lifted from the slough of mud and water to a solid roadway at the foot of Brown's Gap near Port Republic.

On Saturday morning, May 3d, Jackson's col-

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 339.
[2] *Story of a Cannoneer Under Stonewall Jackson*, p. 44.

umn moved eastward along the stony road that led across the Blue Ridge to Charlottesville. The sun was making the earth glad after the long period of rainfall, but the hearts of the Valley soldiers sank within them when they turned their backs upon their homes. They supposed that they were on the way to Richmond to help Johnston. Only one man in the army, the adjutant-general, knew that Jackson's purpose was to move to Staunton over a long circuit, first toward eastern Virginia and thence westward over the railroad. At the close of the day the soldiers went into bivouac at Mechum's River, a station on the Virginia Central Railway, a few miles west of Charlottesville. Long trains of cars were standing on the tracks, ready to carry the men forward on their journey. The dawn of Sunday came clear and soft and Jackson hoped that they might spend the day resting in camp. A message came from Edward Johnson, however, to the effect that he was closely pressed by the enemy west of Staunton. "After hard debate with himself and with sore reluctance," says Dabney, Jackson ordered his soldiers to enter the cars while the guns and wagons proceeded upon the highway. On Sunday afternoon the trains steamed into Staunton and regiment after regiment began to file through the streets. Pickets were posted on every road leading west and north and no person whatever was allowed to pass toward the Federal positions. The hearts of the people of Staunton were filled with joy. They had heard that Jackson's army had left the Valley and they were in momentary expectation of seeing

the forces of both Banks and Milroy enter their streets. Now their own soldiers had suddenly returned and they had a new sense of security. The next day the remainder of Jackson's forces arrived and he was ready, in conjunction with Edward Johnson, to strike a blow at Milroy. On Tuesday, May 6th, the troops were allowed to rest in camp at Staunton.

Meanwhile, Ashby's horsemen had played well their part in concealing Jackson's march. A line of troopers, constantly on guard, kept all accurate news from reaching the Federal camp at Harrisonburg. On the night of April 30th, Banks asked permission of the Washington authorities to leave the Valley in order that he might cross the Blue Ridge toward Gordonsville. "Jackson's army is reduced, demoralized, on half-rations," he wrote. "They are all concentrating for Richmond. The movement suggested [across Blue Ridge] . . . is the most safe and effective disposition possible for our corps. I pray your favorable consideration. Such order will electrify our force." On May 5th, however, Banks folded his tents and moved back to New Market, for his scouts told him that Jackson was marching toward Harrisonburg. At the same time, General McDowell, in command of the Federal forces on the Rappahannock River, east of the Blue Ridge, sent a report to Washington that Jackson was in his neighborhood. Moreover, Milroy was boasting on the 6th that within forty-eight hours he expected to occupy Staunton! All of these Federal officers were soon to be "electrified," as

Banks suggested, but not by an order from Washington.

Early on the morning of May 7th, Jackson's army marched westward from Staunton, with Edward Johnson's regiments leading the way. The Third Brigade, under William B. Taliaferro, moved behind Johnson; the Second, under Campbell, came next; and the rear was brought up by the Stonewall Brigade, under Charles S. Winder. The corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, in bright uniforms, joined the army at Staunton and marched away under their famous teacher to meet the enemy in battle.

At the foot of the Shenandoah Mountain a Federal picket was driven back and a Federal camp was seized. The Confederates went into bivouac on both sides of the mountain. On the same night Milroy concentrated his force of 3,700 men at McDowell, a village at the foot of Bull Pasture Mountain and sent a messenger to hurry up Schenck's brigade from Franklin, thirty-four miles in his rear.

The morning of May 8th found Johnson's six regiments again leading Jackson's advance. The other brigades were coming up in the rear. On the top of Bull Pasture Mountain, the head of the column was halted and Jackson and Johnson rode forward to Sitlington's Hill on the left of the turnpike. From that point they were able to look down upon McDowell, which was located near the base of the hill. In the valley, around the village, the forces of Milroy were encamped.

Johnson's regiments were led forward to Sitlington's Hill and ordered to hold the position.

Jackson kept the remainder of his troops some distance in the rear. He hoped that Milroy was ignorant of his junction with Johnson's forces and that only the 2,800 bayonets of the latter occupied the mountain. Meanwhile, Jackson sent an officer to search for a roadway leading across the Bull Pasture Mountain to the rear of Milroy's position. He expected to move a strong force of artillery and infantry by a circuitous route and thus to strike the road west of the Federal camp and cut off their retreat. Orders were issued by Jackson to this effect, but at half-past four in the afternoon Milroy's brigade advanced boldly against Johnson up the steep slopes of Sitlington Hill. Schenck's brigade had arrived after a forced march from Franklin, and with nearly 7,000 men now under his orders, Milroy considered himself strong enough to take the offensive. Jackson allowed Johnson to direct the fighting on the hilltop. The struggle soon became fierce, for Milroy's front line, 2,500 strong, made up of regiments from Ohio and West Virginia, fought with great courage. Johnson's force of 2,700 men met them at the crest of the hill. Although the Federal troops were ascending a steep acclivity, they had an advantage over their foes, because the Confederate bullets flew over their heads. The Twelfth Georgia, in the center of Johnson's line, stood in front of the crest without protection, and received the fire of the Federal rifles. Johnson attempted to move them back behind the shelter

offered by the ridge itself, but the roar of battle drowned his voice. Then he passed along the ranks and persuaded one wing of the regiment to fall back and take cover, but the men rushed again into the open while he was urging the other wing to recede. "We did not come all this way to Virginia to run before Yankees," said a tall Georgia youth in explanation of the spirit shown by himself and his comrades. Johnson placed the Forty-fourth Virginia in reserve behind his front line, but when the fighting became hot, the men of this regiment left their position and rushed forward to take part in the struggle. Milroy's artillery played upon the Confederates at long range. Jackson, however, did not bring any of his guns into the fight for the reason that he wished to conceal his strength until he could send a force against the enemy's rear.

Johnson was wounded by a musket ball and William B. Taliaferro brought up the Third Brigade and took command of the battle. The additional muskets silenced the enemy's fire and as darkness fell, Milroy retreated from the field. For the space of four hours the fight had been kept up with signal courage on both sides. The Federal loss was 256 killed and wounded ; the Confederate, 498. Most of the latter fell because of the exposed position of the Twelfth Georgia.

While the Confederates were gathering up their wounded comrades, the Federal forces were building camp-fires in the valley beyond. Jackson kept watch on the hilltop until midnight, for he had already countermanded the march of the turning

column. At one o'clock he went to a farmhouse near the battle-field and lay down upon a bed. His servant came with food, for he knew that the general had eaten nothing since morning. "I want none," he said; "nothing but sleep." At dawn he was again in the saddle, but he found that the Federal army had fled under cover of darkness. During the day, therefore, he sent this message to Richmond: "God blessed our arms with victory at McDowell yesterday."

Jackson pressed forward in pursuit of the enemy. The latter set fire to the forests on the mountainside, however, and the narrow passes were filled with smoke. The Confederate advance was, therefore, very slow. When Jackson reached Franklin, he found that Blenker's division had come up and that Frémont's entire force was entrenched at that point. He decided to return at once to the Valley to attack Banks. On May 12th, however, the Confederates were given a rest, according to the following order:

"I congratulate you on your recent victory at McDowell. I request you to unite with me in thanksgiving to Almighty God for thus having crowned your arms with success; and in praying that He will continue to lead you on from victory to victory, until our independence shall be established, and make us that people whose God is the Lord. The chaplains will hold divine service at 10 A. M. on this day in their respective regiments." [1]

Jackson's column returned to McDowell and

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 353.

moved from that point directly toward Harrisonburg. The 16th was spent in camp as a day of prayer and fasting in obedience to the order of President Davis. Jackson blocked all of the mountain passes behind him, by destroying bridges and cutting down trees, so that Frémont was cut off from the Valley.

During this return march, some of the soldiers of the Twenty-seventh Virginia, Stonewall Brigade, demanded their discharge from the army. They had volunteered for twelve months and their term of service had expired. A conscription law had been passed continuing them in service but they refused to accept this law as binding. Their commander, Colonel Grigsby, referred the case to Jackson. The latter's face became stern as he heard the story. "Why does Colonel Grigsby," he said, "refer to me to know what to do with a mutiny? He should shoot them where they stand." [1] When the men learned that Jackson had given orders to that effect, they returned to their duty. This display of iron will had a salutary effect and these same soldiers were faithful ever afterward.

Jackson's success at McDowell might have been much greater, if he had thrown his whole force into the fight. The hasty retreat of Milroy, moreover, thwarted his plan of a flank march around the Federal forces and a renewal of the battle from the front and the rear. But the success of Jackson's entire movement is not to be measured by the mere defeat inflicted upon Milroy. His main purpose,

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 354.

the isolation of Frémont's force of 19,000 men, was completely gained. The latter was now cut off in the western mountains and his most direct pathway to the Valley was blocked. Banks had fallen back to Strasburg, Ewell rode from Harrisonburg to meet Jackson and the way was open for a conjunction of their forces against Banks. Moreover, the news of Jackson's success at McDowell brought a gleam of joy to the defenders of Richmond at the time when Joseph E. Johnston's army was retreating up the Peninsula from Yorktown before the overwhelming force led by McClellan.

CHAPTER XI

WINCHESTER

DARK clouds were hovering over the Southern Confederacy in May, 1862, when Jackson's army returned from McDowell to the Valley of Virginia. More than a month before this time, Albert Sidney Johnston had fallen in battle at Shiloh, Tenn., and his Confederate army had been driven from the field. Then Farragut captured New Orleans; afterward the upper part of the Mississippi River, north of Memphis, had passed under Federal control. The Florida coasts were lost and a part of the North Carolina coast had been seized by Federal troops. McClellan's force of 112,000 men had marched up the Peninsula and on May 16th his advance went into camp at the White House on the Pamunkey, twenty miles from Richmond. McDowell's corps of 40,000 was encamped near Fredericksburg, ready to march to the aid of McClellan. The *Virginia* (*Merrimac*) had been destroyed, Norfolk was abandoned by the Confederates and the Federal gunboats were steaming up the James River to a point not far from the Confederate capital. Johnston's army, threatened by three times its numbers, was the only defence of Richmond.

On May 16th, Lee wrote to Jackson as follows:

"Whatever movement you make against Banks, do it speedily, and if successful, drive him back toward the Potomac and create the impression, as far as practicable, that you design threatening that line."[1] On the following day, however, General Johnston, who was Jackson's immediate superior, ordered Ewell to return to Gordonsville, while Jackson was to watch the movements of Banks. These orders from Lee and Johnston were, of course, contradictory. Ewell rode through the night without escort to Jackson's camp near Mount Solon. The two spent together a portion of Sunday, May 18th. Jackson said with reference to Johnston's order, "Then Providence denies me the privilege of striking a decisive blow for my country; and I must be satisfied with the humble task of hiding my little army about these mountains, to watch a superior force."[2] Upon further conference with Ewell, however, Jackson decided not to give up his plan against Banks without protest. He ordered Ewell to remain in the Valley and a telegram was sent to Lee, requesting authority for the proposed movement. This course was taken at the suggestion of Ewell, whose heart was enlisted in Jackson's scheme. Ewell rode rapidly back to Swift Run Gap and on Monday, May 19th, both he and Jackson moved forward against Banks. The reply to the telegram brought authority from both Johnston and Lee to strike the Federal forces.

The Army of the Valley, now under Jackson's or-

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XII, Part I, p. 494.
[2] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 359.

ders, consisted of about 16,000 men. Jackson's division, 6,000 strong, was made up of the First Brigade, led by Winder; the Second Brigade, led by Campbell; the Third Brigade under Taliaferro; Ashby's cavalry, and twenty-two field-guns. Ewell's division, 7,500 men, was formed from the brigades of Taylor, Trimble, and Stewart. Johnston's division, 2,500 strong, now led by Elzey and Scott, was attached to Ewell's command. The latter had twenty-six guns.

Two marches from Mount Solon brought Jackson's division through Harrisonburg to New Market. He went into bivouac there on the afternoon of May 20th. On the same day Richard Taylor, son of ex-President Zachary Taylor, led his Louisiana brigade from Ewell's camp to join Jackson. Taylor himself describes the arrival of his men at New Market. One of his regiments was made up of Acadians who possessed all the light gaiety of their French ancestors, and whose music and dancing at once attracted the attention of Jackson's mountaineers. Taylor writes:

"A mounted officer was dispatched to report our approach and select a camp which proved to be beyond Jackson's forces, then lying in the fields on both sides of the Valley pike. Over 3,000 strong, neat in fresh clothing of gray with white gaiters, bands playing at the head of their regiments—not a straggler, but every man in his place, stepping jauntily as if on parade, though it had marched twenty miles or more—in open column, with the rays of the declining sun flaming on polished bayonets, the brigade moved down the hard, smooth

pike, and wheeled on to the camping-ground. Jackson's men by thousands had gathered on either side of the road to see us pass.

"After attending to necessary camp details, I sought Jackson, whom I had never met. The mounted officer who had been sent on in advance, pointed out a figure perched on the topmost rail of a fence overlooking the road and field, and said it was Jackson. Approaching, I saluted and declared my name and rank, then waited for a response. Before this came, I had time to see a pair of cavalry boots covering feet of gigantic size, a mangy cap with visor drawn low, a heavy dark beard and weary eyes, eyes I afterward saw filled with intense but never brilliant light. A low, gentle voice inquired the road and distance marched that day. 'Keezletown road, six-and-twenty miles.' 'You seem to have no stragglers.' 'Never allow straggling.' 'You must teach my people; they straggle badly.' A bow in reply. Just then my Creoles started their band for a waltz. After a contemplative suck at a lemon, 'thoughtless fellows for serious work' came forth. I expressed a hope that the work would not be less well done because of the gaiety. A return to the lemon gave me the opportunity to retire. Where Jackson got his lemons 'no fellow could find out,' but he was rarely without one. To have lived twelve miles from that fruit would have disturbed him as much as it did the witty Dean." [1]

Late that night Jackson came to Taylor's campfire and sat for a long time in solemn silence. Beyond some further questions about the marching of the Louisiana men and the statement that the whole force would move at dawn, Jackson said nothing.

[1] Taylor's *Destruction and Reconstruction*, pp. 54–56.

"If silence be golden, he was a 'bonanza,'" says Taylor.[1]

In the gray of the morning, the column was formed and moved northward, the Louisiana brigade in advance. After marching a short distance, the men were turned eastward and began to cross the Massanuttons. This was a surprise, for the soldiers had supposed that they were moving directly toward Strasburg to attack Banks. Jackson, mounted on his famous horse, "Little Sorrel," rode with Taylor. "From time to time," says the latter, "a courier would gallop up, report and return toward Luray."[2] The visor of Jackson's cap was drawn down over his face and he made the journey across the mountains in silence. Not one word of his purpose to move via Front Royal against the flank of Banks's army escaped the general's lips.

At Luray the remainder of Ewell's force, which had marched down the south branch of the Shenandoah, joined Jackson's column. The early dawn of May 22d found the army again in motion, Ewell's division leading the way down the Luray Valley. When the advanced-guard was within ten miles of Front Royal, Jackson's tired soldiers lay down by the roadside to rest through the night.

Jackson was ready to strike a decisive blow just at the moment when McClellan was making final preparations to attack Johnston in front of Richmond. The Federal leaders did not suspect Jackson's presence in the Luray Valley. When he fell

[1] Taylor's *Destruction and Reconstruction*, p. 57.
[2] *Idem*, p. 58.

back from Franklin, it was supposed that he would give no further trouble to Banks. One-half of the latter's force under Shields had been sent across the Blue Ridge to reinforce McDowell at Fredericksburg. Toward this town Lincoln and Stanton set forth on May 23d, for they wished to review McDowell's corps as it was on the eve of departing for Richmond. With McDowell's aid, McClellan would easily capture Richmond and the war would then be over!

In the Valley, Banks had a force of 10,000 men. A body of 7,400 Federal soldiers behind strong earthworks and supported by sixteen guns in position were looking toward Harrisonburg, expecting Jackson to attack in front. A detachment of 1,450 men occupied Winchester. Colonel Kenly with 1,000 men held Front Royal and two companies were watching the line between that point and Strasburg. Geary's brigade, 2,000 strong, was posted on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge, nineteen miles from Kenly's position.

When the sun arose in a clear sky on the morning of May 23d, its beams were reflected from the bayonets of Jackson's army, already moving forward upon Front Royal. A young woman, Belle Boyd, afterward famous as a Confederate spy, dashed out of the forest on horseback and told Jackson the exact location of the Federal forces at that place. He made arrangements, therefore, to attack from two opposite directions.

The cavalry crossed the river on the left and moved down between Strasburg and Front Royal.

The head of the infantry column turned to the right, climbed a steep, rough path until the men came by a circuit to the eastern side of the town. A line of skirmishers suddenly rushed from the forest and assailed Kenly's pickets. The Federal forces retreated through the streets and made a stand upon a ridge near the river, delivering a hot fire from two pieces of artillery. Jackson's troops were advancing in front and on the flank, when the Federal commander heard that Confederate cavalry was galloping down between the rivers in his rear. The two branches of the Shenandoah unite a short distance north of Front Royal, and the Federal forces had to cross both streams in their flight toward Winchester. They fired the bridges as they ran, but Taylor's Louisiana soldiers, making rapid pursuit, rushed into the flames and extinguished them. There was a delay of the infantry at the bridge over the North Fork, however, and Jackson urged four squadrons of the Sixth Virginia cavalry through its swiftly flowing current. He himself rode with the men in hot pursuit down the turnpike. At Cedarville, three miles from the river, Kenly halted his retreating column and turned to meet the pursuers. The Confederates did not pause. When Jackson saw the enemy, at once "he gave the order to charge with a voice and air whose peremptory determination was communicated to the whole party." There were only 250 Confederate horsemen, but Colonel Flournoy led them to the attack. They rode four abreast along the highway, with supporting squadrons on each side charging through

the fields. Pistol shots rang out as they drew near the Federal line. Then sabres were drawn. The Federal gunners were cut to pieces, and the infantry was captured. Flournoy's troopers brought back 600 Federal prisoners and two Parrott guns. It was Jackson's quick eye that recognized the opportunity to strike a deadly blow, but he gave all the credit to the horsemen who made the charge. He declared afterward to his staff, says Dabney, "that he had never, in all his experience of warfare, seen a cavalry charge executed with such efficiency and gallantry." [1]

Kenly's force was practically destroyed and property to the amount of $300,000 was captured, while the Confederates lost only twenty-six men, killed and wounded. The fighting on their side had been carried on by the cavalry and the advanced-guard of the infantry. When Jackson's main army reached Front Royal, night had fallen. During the past five days the men had marched about ninety miles. The long, circuitous journey over the rough hills toward the eastern side of the town had added to their weariness. A courier was sent by Jackson to turn aside his rear brigades from this steep pathway, but the inexperienced boy failed to deliver the message. During the afternoon, however, Ashby's cavalry captured the two Federal companies at Buckton and the way was now open to Strasburg and Winchester.

The news of the capture of Kenly's force was slow in reaching Banks. Jackson's attack was made at

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 368.

one o'clock, but the sleepy hours of the hot summer afternoon were spent in silence in the camp at Strasburg. At four a trooper dashed through the little town to tell the Federal commander that something was astir in the direction of Buckton. A regiment and two guns started in haste toward that point and men began to inquire, "Is it a cavalry raid, or is it Stonewall Jackson?" When further reports came from the field, Banks refused to believe that Jackson was near. At midnight a fugitive from Front Royal sent this message: "Kenly is killed. First Maryland cut to pieces. Cavalry ditto. The enemy's forces are 15,000 or 20,000 strong, and on the march to Strasburg." Banks paid no heed and early on the morning of the 24th, he telegraphed to Washington that Ewell's division had probably marched down the Luray Valley to Front Royal and that Jackson was still in front of him near Harrisonburg. About ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 24th, however, Banks became suddenly aware of the fact that Jackson's army was drawing near his camp. Then the sound of Jackson's guns smote upon his ears, and there was a wild rush of the Federal forces down the turnpike toward Winchester.

When Jackson set his army in motion at Front Royal on the morning of May 24th, he had no easy task before him. He did not know the exact number of men in the army under Banks. Moreover, there were three different ways of escape open to the Federal forces and Jackson did not know which of these Banks would select. The latter might

make a stand at Strasburg in the hope that Frémont would march to his aid; he might retreat to Winchester; or, in case Jackson marched to that place, he might move via Front Royal and pass eastward through Manassas Gap. To meet all three of these contingencies, Jackson's forces marched in the following order: Ashby's horsemen moved directly toward Strasburg; Jackson himself led Taylor's Louisiana brigade to seize Middletown, a village on the turnpike, five miles north of Strasburg, and Jackson's own division came behind Taylor; George H. Stewart's two regiments of cavalry were sent in the direction of Newtown on the turnpike; Ewell, with the remainder of his division, advanced along the roadway leading to Winchester.

Stewart reached Newtown to find the turnpike crowded with wagons moving northward toward Winchester. His attack threw them all into confusion, but the advanced-guard of Banks's army, also on the march northward, soon drove Stewart's horsemen away. The roadway followed by Jackson's main column toward Middletown was rough. His men were worn out by their recent marches, and the horses were jaded. Moreover, Banks sent a strong force of infantry and cavalry along this route toward Front Royal to check Jackson's advance. Heavy skirmishing took place in the dense woods and Taylor's brigade made slow progress toward Middletown. When the Louisiana men reached that point, most of the Federal infantry had already escaped in the direction of Winchester. Just behind the Federal foot-soldiers, however, came

a body of Federal cavalry, 2,000 strong. Jackson's batteries galloped forward and opened upon the column of horsemen. The Louisiana soldiers formed line, ran to the head of the village street and poured in a volley. The Northern squadrons made a desperate dash to escape down the turnpike, but Ashby had now arrived upon the scene and his horsemen, galloping across the fields, headed off the fugitives. Some of Taylor's men from behind the roadside fences delivered their fire at short range. Carnage and destruction reigned in the roadway, which "was literally obstructed," says Jackson's report, "with the mingled and confused mass of struggling and dying horses and riders."[1] About 200 prisoners were taken and the remainder of the Federal horsemen who had not fallen escaped into the hills to the westward.

Jackson now learned that Banks's infantry had, for the time, eluded him. He, therefore, sent Ashby in front and ordered all of his infantry to follow fast down the pike in pursuit of the retreating Federals. At Newtown, Ashby's men caught up with the convoy of wagons, and drove the teamsters in flight, but many of the troopers began to pillage. The rich stores of supplies were more than the half-starving Confederates could resist. Banks organized a strong rear-guard and kept back the small body of cavalrymen who still rode on with Ashby.

Jackson placed the Stonewall Brigade in front on the turnpike and led his entire force in pursuit of

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XII, Part I, p. 704.

Banks. The Federal rear-guard at Newtown was quickly driven away and the Confederates moved forward. Darkness settled down, but Jackson's men tramped wearily along the highway by the light of burning wagons, the fragments of Banks's supply-train. Most of the Confederates had already marched twenty miles and had not eaten since five in the morning. Jackson was determined, however, to press forward through the night until he could seize the hills between Kernstown and Winchester. There was not a moment's pause. The men enlivened the march by songs and cheers, while the general, with a few cavalrymen, rode at the front in the place of danger. General Gordon managed the Federal rear-guard with great skill and courage, and offered resistance to the Confederates on every ridge and at every stream. Again and again Jackson and his escort fell into ambuscades, formed by the Federal riflemen, posted behind the stone fences. "Suddenly the fire appeared," writes Dabney, "dancing along the top of the wall, accompanied by the sharp explosion of the rifles, and the bullets came hissing up the road." At each fresh outbreak of musketry, Jackson's order was given in commanding tones, "Charge them!" At Bartonsville the Federal regiment in the rear made a stubborn fight. The entire Stonewall Brigade had to be deployed and pushed forward in line before Gordon's riflemen withdrew. Then Jackson sent his cavalry to the rear and placed a line of riflemen in front as skirmishers. These moved forward on each side of the turnpike through the fields and across the ditches.

In the midst of the deep darkness the flashes of the enemy's volleys could be seen, but there was no halt. The iron-willed Jackson was still riding at the front, regardless of Federal bullets, filled with the determination that Banks should not escape without a battle. "A long, weary night it was," writes an artilleryman; "the most trying I ever passed, in war or out of it. . . . Step by step we moved along, halting for five minutes; then on a few steps and halt again." [1]

General Taylor says:

"I rode with Jackson through the darkness. An officer, riding hard, overtook us, who proved to be the chief quartermaster of the army. He reported the wagon-trains far behind, impeded by a bad road in the Luray Valley. 'The ammunition wagons?' sternly. 'All right, sir. They were in advance, and I doubled teams on them and brought them through.' 'Ah!' in a tone of relief.

"To give countenance to the quartermaster, if such can be given on a dark night, I remarked jocosely, 'Never mind the wagons. There are quantities of stores in Winchester, and the general has invited me to breakfast there to-morrow.' Jackson, who had no more capacity for jests than a Scotchman, took this seriously and reached out to touch me on the arm. Without physical wants himself, he forgot that others were differently constituted, and paid little heed to commissariat; but woe to the man who failed to bring up ammunition. In advance, his trains were left far behind. In retreat, he would fight for a wheelbarrow." [2]

[1] *Story of a Cannoneer Under Stonewall Jackson*, p. 54.
[2] *Destruction and Reconstruction*, p. 65.

At Kernstown the Federal rear-guard made its last stand, but was soon forced to take flight. It was now three o'clock, only an hour before daybreak. Taylor's men threw themselves by the roadside to snatch a little rest, but the Stonewall regiments were still urged forward past Pritchard's Hill until they struck the Federal pickets near Abraham's Creek. Just beyond the creek stood the ridge that protects Winchester. The army of Banks was now within Jackson's grasp and he told his soldiers to halt.

As the men dropped down by the roadside, the general himself, says Dabney, "without a cloak to protect him from the chilling dews, stood sentry at the head of the column, listening to every sound from the front. . . . When the dawn came, General Jackson, in a quiet undertone, gave the word to march, which was passed down the column; and the host rising from its short sleep, chill and stiff with the cold night-damps, advanced to battle." [1] A courier had been sent by Jackson during the night to order Ewell to attack the enemy. In the gray light of the early morning, therefore, as the main column moved forward on the Kernstown road, Ewell's men were advancing along the Front Royal road, about one mile to the right of Jackson. The Confederates numbered about 15,000. Banks had only 6,500 men but these were arranged behind stone walls in a strong position.

The Stonewall Brigade led the way across Abraham's Creek and seized the first line of hills west of

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 376.

the turnpike. The Second Brigade extended the Confederate line still farther to the left. Three batteries were advanced to the top of the slope and just as the sun arose, lifting the mist from the little stream, Jackson's guns roared out a greeting to the Federal forces. Banks's right wing was posted behind stone fences upon a second row of hills, four hundred yards beyond the Confederate line. Eight rifled guns answered the fire of Jackson's cannon and a fierce artillery duel called both armies to the battle. One of the Confederate batteries sustained such heavy loss that it was withdrawn, but by seven o'clock the eight Federal guns were driven back. Then Jackson sent a strong force to turn the enemy's right flank. This force, made up of the brigades of Taylor, Taliaferro and Scott, eleven regiments in all, filed to the left behind Winder and Campbell. Jackson rode with them. Shells and musket-balls were hissing through the air and when some of Taylor's men dodged, their general with an outburst of profanity rebuked them. Then one of the Louisiana men called out to his brigadier, "Lead us up to where we can get at them and then we won't dodge." [1] Over stone walls and up the slope they moved steadily to the attack. Taylor on the extreme left had a short, sharp struggle with the Federal cavalry, but his advance was not checked. When Jackson saw Taylor and Taliaferro in rapid motion against the Federal flank, he galloped to the center of the position held by the Stonewall regiments and shouted to his officers,

[1] *Story of a Cannoneer Under Stonewall Jackson*, p. 55.

"Forward, after the enemy!" Elzey's brigade moved in close support, and the whole Confederate line advanced in a charge across the ridges. The morning mists had passed away and the bright sunlight was reflected from 10,000 bayonets. The "rebel yell" rang out across the hills and was answered by the yell of Ewell's men on the Front Royal road. Ewell's advanced-guard had suffered a repulse in the early morning, but he threw his regiments around the Federal left flank and drove the enemy back through Winchester. The army of Banks was forced to flee at every point, and with the exception of one of Gordon's Massachusetts regiments, lost all order and rushed wildly through the streets of the town.

Jackson shared the joy and excitement of his men in that moment of victory. He dashed down the rocky slope at a gallop, far in front of his Stonewall riflemen, arose in his stirrups and, waving his cap in the direction of the enemy, shouted to his officers: "Press forward to the Potomac!" He rode to Taylor's side and by a grasp of his hand, expressed thanks for the gallant work of the Louisiana men; but that hand-grasp, says Taylor, was "worth a thousand words from another." The Federal troops scattered themselves in flight across the fields beyond Winchester. When the Confederates entered the streets, the people rushed from their homes to greet the victors. For two months they had been in captivity and now with shouts of triumph and with tears of joy, men, women and children gave welcome to Jackson's men.

It was ten o'clock when the Confederates emerged from the town and looked down the turnpike toward Martinsburg. The entire country was covered with fugitives. "We must press them to the Potomac!" "Forward to the Potomac!" These were Jackson's urgent orders to his officers. The infantry, however, was worn out with marching and fighting; the artillery horses were jaded and five miles below Winchester, Jackson halted his regiments and told them to rest.

He wrote in his official report: "Never have I seen an opportunity when it was in the power of cavalry to reap a richer harvest of the fruits of victory." But the cavalry was not at hand. Ashby had led his troopers to Berryville to prevent, he said, the escape of Banks through a Blue Ridge gap. Stewart had gone far to the right with his two regiments to join Ewell. When Jackson sent a staff-officer to tell him to pursue the enemy, Stewart replied that he was under the immediate command of Ewell and that the order must come through him. When the horsemen at last took up the pursuit, Banks had organized strong rear-guards and thus kept on his way through Martinsburg to the Potomac. After he had placed the river between himself and Jackson, he wrote to Washington that "there were never more grateful hearts, in the same number of men, than when at midday on the 26th we stood on the opposite shore." Although he had lost 2,000 men and had left behind 800 sick soldiers and vast stores, Banks declared that his army "had not suffered an attack or rout, but had

accomplished a premeditated march of near sixty miles in the face of the enemy, defeating his plans, and giving him battle wherever he was found!" [1]

The Confederate soldiers threw themselves down beneath the shade of the trees and sought rest. Jackson himself, refusing food, flung himself upon a couch and slept like an infant. On the following day the general published an order, thanking his men "for their brilliant gallantry in action and their patient obedience under the hardships of forced marches, often more painful to the brave soldier than the dangers of battle." Then he invited the whole army to take part in solemn religious exercises, "to recognize devoutly the hand of a protecting Providence in the brilliant successes of the last three days (which have given us the results of a great victory without great losses), and to make the oblation of our thanks to God for His mercies to us and our country." [2]

Jackson's victory at Winchester wrought marvelous results. A panic seized the people of the North. Lincoln called upon the Northern states to send troops to the defence of Washington and thirteen governors at once responded. "Defeat of General Banks!" "Washington in Danger!" Such were the headlines in the newspapers. Stanton and Lincoln believed that Jackson was marching on the capital. They, therefore, hurried troops from Baltimore and Washington to Harper's Ferry. Frémont, who had started to join the column from the Kanawha

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XII, Part I, p. 573.
[2] Dabney's *Jackson*, pp. 384–385.

River, was called back to the Valley. McDowell, just ready to march from Fredericksburg on Richmond, was ordered to send more than 21,000 men, half of his army, to the aid of Banks. McClellan himself was thus again deprived of an important part of his force and his whole campaign against Richmond was completely paralyzed. At the same time McClellan was told that he must attack the Confederate capital immediately or move back to the defence of Washington.

After the battle, Jackson had sent a messenger to Richmond, giving his view of the situation and asking for instructions. In reply, Lee told him to threaten Washington. On the morning of the 28th, therefore, the Stonewall Brigade marched toward Harper's Ferry, which was defended by a garrison of 7,000 men. After a skirmish at Charlestown with two Federal regiments, Winder's men continued their advance. Ewell's division moved to the support of Winder and on the 29th Jackson's main army was in bivouac near Halltown, with one regiment on Loudoun Heights. Taylor's brigade stood on guard at Berryville, the Twelfth Georgia held Front Royal and Ashby was near Wardensville, watching Frémont. Jackson's scouts brought him the news, however, that McDowell and Frémont were moving up rapidly to cut off his retreat. The division of Shields, the advanced-guard of McDowell, was in Manassas Gap approaching the Valley; Frémont had already marched from Franklin through Moorefield to a point not far west of Winchester. Jackson decided, therefore, to retreat by the Valley turnpike

in order to save the immense stores captured from Banks. On the morning of May 30th, the main body of his army moved back toward Winchester, while the Stonewall Brigade remained in front of Harper's Ferry. Jackson himself returned by railway and as the train drew near Winchester a staff-officer rode up at a gallop and gave the signal to stop. "What news?" said Jackson as the officer approached the railway coach. "Colonel Connor has been driven back from Front Royal." A grim smile played about Jackson's features for a moment; then, leaning forward, he rested his head upon his hands and apparently fell asleep. Within a short time, however, he aroused himself and turning to Mr. A. R. Boteler, who tells the story, said:

"I am going to send you to Richmond for reinforcements. Banks has halted at Williamsport, and is being reinforced from Pennsylvania. Dix [Saxton], you see, is in my front, and is being reinforced by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. I have just received a dispatch, informing me of the advance of the enemy upon Front Royal, which is captured, and Frémont is now advancing toward Wardensville. Thus, you see, I am nearly surrounded by a very large force."

"What is your own, general?" said Boteler.

"I will tell you, but you must not repeat what I say, except at Richmond. To meet this attack, I have only 15,000 effective men."

"What will you do if they cut you off, general?"

Jackson hesitated a moment and then made the

cool reply: "I will fall back upon Maryland for reinforcements." [1]

There was increased excitement in the North and Stanton telegraphed to the various governors this dispatch: "Send forward all the troops that you can, immediately. Banks completely routed. Intelligence from various quarters leaves no doubt that the enemy, in great force, are advancing on Washington." [2] If Jackson had entered Maryland, there seems little doubt that McClellan's entire army would have been recalled from Richmond to Washington.

Early on the morning of May 31st, a body of 2,300 prisoners, under guard, led the way up the Valley toward Strasburg. A double column of wagons, seven miles in length, carried the captured stores. The main body followed behind. An officer was sent to bring up the Stonewall Brigade, with the order to lead it around through the mountains in the event of the Federal troops seizing Winchester. It was a critical moment. The enemy were near at hand on each side of Jackson's pathway. His men marched steadily and rapidly, however, and the Federal leaders had a wholesome fear of the energetic Confederate commander. The prisoners and the wagon-train moved up the turnpike without hindrance and in the afternoon the main body of the Confederates went into bivouac at Strasburg. The Stonewall Brigade was not far behind, for it passed through Winchester and encamped at Newtown for the

[1] Cooke's *Jackson*, pp. 158–159.
[2] *Official Records*, Vol. XII, Part I, p. 617.

night. The Second Virginia had marched, through rain and mud, thirty-five miles, and the other Stonewall regiments twenty-eight miles.

The dawn of Sunday, June 1st, was ushered in by the sound of Frémont's guns as he advanced from the west to strike Jackson's column in flank. Ashby's cavalry and Taylor's brigade formed in line and moved out to hold Frémont in check until Winder's Stonewall regiments could pass through Strasburg. Taylor's Louisiana veterans found their task easy. They rolled back Frémont's column and were eager to strike him a hard blow. "We had a fine game before us," writes Taylor, "and the temptation to play it was great; but Jackson's orders were imperative and wise. He had his stores to save, Shields to guard against, Lee's grand strategy to promote. He could not waste time chasing Frémont." [1]

Sheltered thus by Taylor and Ashby, Winder's men marched across the front of Frémont's army. As Winder passed through Strasburg, Taylor's brigade was withdrawn and fell into the roadway as rear-guard. Jackson's whole army, with prisoners and wagons, moved slowly southward and went into bivouac that night at Woodstock. Frémont followed in pursuit. McDowell's advanced-guard of cavalry, riding from Front Royal, joined Frémont, but Ashby's horsemen formed a screen through which the Federal skirmishers could not penetrate. The crisis was past and Jackson's army was safe.

The work of that army during the fourteen days

[1] *Destruction and Reconstruction*, p. 78.

from May 19th to June 1st is worthy of record. It had marched 170 miles and defeated a body of 12,500 Federal soldiers, had stirred the whole North by threatening invasion, had forced the withdrawal of McDowell's army from Fredericksburg and had captured the vast hospital and supply stores at Front Royal, Winchester and Martinsburg, including about ten thousand stand of small arms. When forces amounting to 60,000 men were advancing on three sides on the morning of May 30th, this Army of the Valley marched nearly sixty miles in two days and carried the vast train through the midst of the enemy without the loss of a wagon. "The waters had been held back," writes Henderson concerning this escape, "and the Confederates had passed through them dry-shod."[1] Only 613 officers and men had been lost in these operations.

With scarcely any rest for himself and with little food during the entire period, Jackson carefully planned every movement. Nearly every detail was carried out under his own eye. He was present everywhere to guide and to give encouragement. During the brief intervals of rest, while his men sought sleep, Jackson in prayer sought the aid of the God of battles.

[1] Henderson's *Jackson*, Vol. I, p. 351.

CHAPTER XII

CROSS KEYS AND PORT REPUBLIC

As the day closed on June 1st, two separate columns of the enemy were moving rapidly in pursuit of Jackson. Frémont, with Bayard's cavalry in advance, came into touch with the Confederate rear-guard at Woodstock. Farther eastward, however, the army of Shields was in motion up the Valley of the South Fork toward Luray. Shields expected to cross the Massanuttons, or to move around their southern end, and cut off Jackson's retreat. The Confederate commander understood intuitively the plan of the Federal leader and acted too quickly for him. Jackson's horsemen were ordered to ride with all speed and burn or hold the bridges across the South Fork. On the night of June 2d, therefore, when the Federal cavalry arrived at Luray, they found that both bridges across the river near that place had been burned by the Confederates and that a swift, swollen stream was rolling between Shields and New Market. The Federal forces were then pushed forward up the Valley but when the advanced-guard reached Conrad's Store at dawn on the 4th, the bridge there had also been destroyed and Shields could not reach Harrisonburg in advance of Jackson's army. Moreover, Shields was forced to halt until his supply-trains could make

their way over the heavy roads to Conrad's Store. Meanwhile, Jackson kept his army in close formation and moved stubbornly and deliberately southward from Strasburg toward Harrisonburg. Ashby's guns and the rapid charges made by his horsemen held in check the advanced-guard of Frémont's army. On June 2d, the Federal cavalry made a bold dash, captured some prisoners, and drove the Confederate horsemen back upon the infantry. Jackson's men continued to burn all the bridges and thus delayed Frémont's march. Near Mount Jackson, on the 4th, after the Confederates had crossed the Shenandoah, Ashby remained behind under a hot fire until he burned that bridge. His famous white horse was slain but the gallant leader escaped without harm. The unbridged river, swollen by recent rains, brought Frémont to a halt for twenty-four hours. This gave Jackson time to ferry his sick and wounded across the river and send them to Staunton. His army passed through Harrisonburg and on the night of the 5th went into bivouac at the village of Cross Keys.

Ashby was now in command of the infantry and cavalry composing the Confederate rear-guard. On the afternoon of the 6th, a body of 800 Federal horsemen charged boldly forward; Ashby's riflemen, strongly posted in the forest upon a ridge, drove them back. Then the Confederate horsemen dashed down the road in pursuit and captured more than thirty cavalrymen, including their leader, Colonel Percy Wyndham, an Englishman. Frémont at once sent out a larger force of cavalry, sup-

ported by two battalions of infantry. Ashby deployed two regiments of infantry with his horsemen and met the enemy. A fierce fight took place near an open field waving with ripe wheat, where Ashby held the front with one of his regiments. The Northern fire was so hot that the Confederate regiment began to waver. The two lines were close together and Ashby rode quickly forward and ordered his foot-soldiers to charge. As he uttered the command, his horse fell to the ground, but in an instant Ashby was on his feet. "Charge, men! For God's sake, charge!" he shouted. They advanced and the second Confederate regiment struck the enemy in flank. The Federal forces fled across the wheat-field and then the Confederate horsemen charged their rear and scattered them. The Federal loss was heavy, but unfortunately for the Confederates, their gallant leader was no more. In the moment of victory, when the Federal line was broken by the charge of the Confederate infantry, Ashby fell, shot through the heart.

Ashby's career was short but it was filled with glorious deeds. When Virginia called her sons into the field, he left his plantation and rode to Harper's Ferry, even before Jackson arrived at that place. "What flag are we going to fight under—the Palmetto, or what?" said one of his friends. Ashby raised his hat and showed in it a Virginia flag. "Here is the flag I intend to fight under," he said. He fought under it to the last. His activities were limited to the Valley of Virginia, but in that region his form and face were more familiar

than those of any other Confederate. His men idolized him, and he managed them in battle with marvelous skill. His daring courage and his wonderful horsemanship caused men to admire him, but the noble traits of his character made them love him. Comrades who knew Ashby well, speak of his great modesty, the maiden purity of his morals, his winning courtesy, the delicacy of his feeling, his generosity, unselfishness and childlike religious faith.

Ashby's death was a blow to the Army of the Valley and no man felt his loss more keenly than Jackson. He had administered a stern rebuke to the cavalry officer because of the lack of discipline manifested among the Confederate horsemen at Middletown, and for a time Ashby had held himself apart from his commander. But his brilliant work as leader of the Confederate rear-guard in the retreat from Strasburg to Harrisonburg had won for him his old place in Jackson's heart. They had become completely reconciled and the latter's tribute to him was that of a friend. When the body of the great cavalry leader was borne to the village of Port Republic, General Jackson came to the room where he lay and entered alone. For a time he remained there in silent communion with the dead, and then "with a solemn countenance," he left. "Poor Ashby is dead," wrote Jackson in an order sent to the cavalry. "He fell gloriously—one of the noblest men and soldiers in the Confederate army." Later, in his official report, Jackson said: "An official report is not an appropriate place for

more than a passing notice of the distinguished dead; but the close relation which General Ashby bore to my command, for most of the previous twelve months, will justify me in saying that, as a partisan officer, I never knew his superior. His daring was proverbial, his powers of endurance almost incredible, his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes and movements of the enemy."

The 6th and 7th of June were spent by Jackson's infantry in the bivouac at Cross Keys. The forests and fields of the Valley were clothed in the beauty of summer. During the principal part of these two days, with the exception of the struggle in which Ashby fell, scarcely a shot was heard along the Shenandoah. Jackson began to think that both Frémont and Shields would hold back their forces and that no opportunity would be given him to strike the Federal army. On the 6th he wrote to Richmond: "At present I do not see that I can do much more than rest my command and devote its time to drilling."

While Jackson was thus waiting near Port Republic eager for battle, Shields was busy at Luray erecting a bridge over the South Fork. He expected to cross the Massanuttons with a part of his force and "thunder down on" the Confederate rear, while his advanced-guard, under Carroll, marched up the river to Waynesboro and cut the railroad. This latter movement, he wrote to Carroll on the 6th, would "be a splendid exploit, and end Jackson." [1] Early on the morning of the 7th,

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XII, Part III, p. 349.

Shields had further news which led him to consider Jackson still nearer to his "end." He, therefore, sent this message to Carroll whose brigade was near Conrad's Store on the South Fork :

"The enemy passed New Market on the 5th ; Blenker's division on the 6th in pursuit. The enemy has flung away everything, [even] knapsacks, and their stragglers fill the mountain. They only need a movement on the flank to panic-strike them, and break them into fragments. No man has had such a chance since the war commenced. Few men ever had such a chance. You are within thirty miles of a broken, retreating enemy, who still hangs together. Ten thousand Germans [Blenker's division of Frémont's army] are on his rear, who hang on like bulldogs. You have only to throw yourself down on Waynesboro before him and your cavalry will capture them by the thousands, seize his train and abundant supplies." [1]

When the day closed on June 7th, Frémont's army was resting quietly at Harrisonburg ; Ewell's division at Cross Keys was awaiting Frémont's advance, while the main body of the Confederates had moved forward to a point near Port Republic ; the army of Shields was moving up from Luray, with the advanced-guard, under Carroll, not far from Port Republic.

The South Fork of the Shenandoah is formed by the junction of two streams known as North River and South River ; upon the neck of land between these two lies the village of Port Republic. Near the junction a bridge is thrown across North River,

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XII, Part III, p. 352.

but the roadway passes South River by a difficult ford. On the night of the 7th Jackson made his headquarters in the village and sent cavalry scouts down the eastern bank of the river to watch for the coming of Shields. The two armies of Frémont and Shields formed an aggregate force of about 25,000 men. It was Jackson's plan, however, to hold apart the two armies that were already separated by the river and to offer battle to each one at a different time.

The morning of Sunday, June 8th, dawned bright and peaceful. Jackson intended to give his men the entire day for rest and worship. Soon after the sun had climbed above the eastern mountain, however, the sharp rattle of musketry was heard in the direction of Ewell's camp. The general mounted his horse to ride toward Cross Keys, but just at that moment rifle shots were heard on the eastern bank of the river and a messenger rushed into Port Republic with startling news. The Confederate horsemen on outpost duty had been attacked and scattered and the advanced-guard of Shield's army was even then plunging through South River and entering the streets of the village. There was barely time for Jackson to put spurs to his horse and to pass the bridge over North River at a gallop, when a squadron of Federal cavalry, accompanied by a field-gun, trotted into Port Republic. Two members of Jackson's staff were captured and the Federal gun was placed in position to command the bridge. Another Federal gun from beyond South River opened fire on the town and the

Federal horsemen rode toward Jackson's wagon-train which stood in the fields between the rivers.

Major R. L. Dabney, however, rallied some scattered Confederates, dragged two guns into position near the head of the village and drove back the Federal horsemen. Thus Dabney saved the wagon-train. Meanwhile, Jackson rode to the northern bank of North River and found Taliaferro's brigade drawn up for inspection. At the general's command, Taliaferro at once moved his leading regiment, the Thirty-seventh Virginia, toward the bridge. A six-pounder from one of the Confederate batteries also galloped forward. As they reached the top of the river bank, a gun was seen on the other side, posted in the village street to command the mouth of the bridge. It was not clear whether this gun was Federal or Confederate. "Bring that gun up here!" shouted Jackson in a loud voice. Receiving no reply, he called out across the stream in a still more angry tone, "Bring that gun up here, I say!" Then the gunners began to move its trail in order to send a shot at Jackson. At once the latter called out, "Let 'em have it!" and with the words a shot from one of the Confederate guns went crashing among the Federal cannoneers. At the same moment the Thirty-seventh Virginia charged with a yell through the bridge. A heavy load of canister was aimed at the faces of the Confederates as they were rushing forward, but the Federal gunners were excited and their shot flew high. Another moment passed, and the gallant Thirty-seventh had the gun in their possession.

The Federal cavalry was driven from the village and Jackson's staff-officers were set free. The Confederate guns on the river bluff threw their shot across the stream and drove back the infantry of the enemy's advanced-guard. Three other Federal guns were also captured.

When Shields's men disappeared among the pines on the eastern bank of the Shenandoah, the guns of Ewell were roaring out their defiance to Frémont, and Jackson, leaving two brigades to guard the bridge, rode rapidly to Ewell's field of battle at Cross Keys.

As early as 8:30 on the morning of June 8th, Frémont sent his skirmishers forward to open the attack. They were supported by a body of 10,000 Federal infantry, 2,000 cavalry and twelve batteries. To withstand this large force, Ewell had only about 6,000 infantry, 500 horsemen and five batteries. These were drawn up in line along the crest of a wooded ridge; just beyond, there was an open valley through which flowed the small stream known as Mill Creek. At 10 A. M. Frémont's batteries were pushed forward in the centre and opened a heavy fire. Ewell's guns, fewer in number, replied with spirit and for hours the sound of a fierce cannonade rolled across the hills. Meanwhile, Blenker's Germans advanced to assail the Confederate right, which was held by Trimble's brigade. These three Confederate regiments lay still among the oaks on the ridge and watched the approach of the enemy through an open field in front. When the German regiments had passed the field and were

marching up the slope in the midst of the forest, a sheet of fire ran along the ridge's crest and the sound of the Confederate rifles rang through the woods. Great gaps were made in the Federal line and the Germans fled back through the field. Trimble dispatched one of his regiments on a circuit against the Federal left flank; then he pressed forward in front with the other two, supported by six regiments sent into the fight by Ewell. The entire left wing of the enemy was routed and driven back upon the line of his batteries. At the same time, Frémont called back his right wing also and stood with his whole army on the defensive. The Federal loss in killed, wounded and missing was 684; the Confederate loss was only 288.

Ewell was eager to advance and complete his victory, but Jackson thought wise to refrain from further battle, for Shields must yet be dealt with. Jackson brought up two brigades from Port Republic to support the Confederates at Cross Keys, but beyond that he did not interfere with Ewell's arrangements. "Let the Federals get very close before your infantry fire; they won't stand long." This was his only order to Ewell on the field that day. To the latter belonged the honor of the victory and Jackson generously gave him the credit. No man ever loved the excitement of battle more than "Dick" Ewell, as he was called. The fighting line had great charms for him. General Taylor tells us, that, on two occasions in this Valley Campaign, during the temporary absence of Jackson, Ewell "marched forward amongst the skirmishers, where sharp work

was going on. Having refreshed himself, he returned with the hope that 'Old Jack would not catch him at it.'" [1]

The night after the battle at Cross Keys was full of work for Jackson. He looked after the feeding of his men and the arrangement of his trains. At midnight, just as the moon appeared over the Blue Ridge, the general went to the South River to superintend the building of a foot-bridge across the stream. Two hours later he sent for Ewell and also for Trimble and Patton, brigade commanders in Ewell's division, and told them his plans. He said he expected to fight two battles during the coming day. He would first cross to the eastern side of the river and defeat Shields; then he would return to the northwestern bank of the Shenandoah and drive home the attack against Frémont. Patton and Trimble were ordered with their two brigades to hold Frémont in check. "Make a great show," said Jackson, "so as to cause the enemy to think the whole army are behind you. Hold your position as well as you can, then fall back when obliged; take a new position, hold it in the same way, and I will be back to join you in the morning." When Patton asked how long Frémont must be held in check, Jackson replied: "By the blessing of Providence, I hope to be back by ten o'clock." [2]

An hour before daybreak on the morning of June 9th, Major Imboden, looking for a staff-officer, en-

[1] *Destruction and Reconstruction*, p. 39.
[2] Cooke's *Stonewall Jackson*, p. 185.

tered by mistake the room occupied by the general. Imboden says:

"I opened the door softly and discovered Jackson lying on his face across the bed, fully dressed, with sword, sash, and boots all on. The low-burnt tallow-candle on the table shed a dim light, yet enough by which to recognize him. I endeavored to withdraw without waking him. He turned over, sat upon the bed, and called out, 'Who is that?'

"He checked my apology with, 'That is all right. It's time to be up. I am glad to see you. Were the men all up as you came through camp?'

"'Yes, general, and cooking.'

"'That's right; we move at daybreak. Sit down. I want to talk to you.'

"I had learned never to ask him questions about his plans, for he would never answer such to any one. I therefore waited for him to speak first. He referred very feelingly to Ashby's death, and spoke of it as an irreparable loss. When he paused, I said, 'General, you made a glorious winding-up of your four weeks with yesterday.' He replied, 'Yes, God blessed our army again yesterday, and I hope with His protection and blessing, we shall do still better to-day.'"[1]

While darkness still lingered in the shadow of the mountain, the Stonewall Brigade, 1,200 strong, with two batteries, crossed South River and moved down the eastern bank toward the position held by the advanced-guard of Shields. Behind the Virginians marched the Louisiana men under Taylor. At the distance of a mile and a half from Port Republic, the Confederates came in contact with the Federal

[1] *Battles and Leaders*, Vol. II, p. 293.

pickets and drove them in. Near the Lewis House, two brigades of Federal infantry and sixteen guns, —about 4,000 men all told,—held a strong position awaiting Jackson's attack. Seven guns, posted upon the point of a ridge high up on the mountain-side, swept the fields below, over which the Confederates were advancing. In the dense forest around these guns were hidden three regiments of riflemen constituting the Federal left wing. The Federal right rested on the river, supported by some of the guns. The other Federal cannon were placed near the Lewis House. From the latter point, a hollow road, strongly fenced, ran to the river. In this road was posted the main body of Federal infantry. The Federal commander on the field was Tyler, for Shields was still in the rear with a part of his force. The Federal soldiers who held the line of battle were from West Virginia and Ohio and were all sturdy fighters. A hard task, therefore, rested upon Winder's brigade of 1,200 men, when Jackson ordered them to drive back that body of 4,000 Federal troops.

Winder's batteries moved forward to test the Federal guns. The latter were aimed with great accuracy and proved too strong for the Confederate cannon ; it became necessary, therefore, to send in the Confederate infantry. Two of Winder's regiments marched to their right and advanced through the forest on the mountain slope to outflank the Federal battery of seven guns. These guns poured grape-shot into the Confederate ranks. Three regiments of Federal riflemen in the thicket added their fire,

and Winder's men were driven back. At the same time, the left end of his line was failing to make progress on the plain near the river. The Federal cannon and rifles, hidden behind the embankment furnished by the hollow road, swept the level fields with their fire and held back the Confederate line. Taylor's brigade was still some distance from the scene and Ewell's men were two miles away, making the passage over South River on the narrow foot-bridge.

When Taylor rode forward, he found Jackson in the roadway, "a little in advance of his line, where the fire was hottest, with reins on his horse's neck, seemingly in prayer."[1] Bringing his arm with a sweeping motion around in the direction of the Federal guns on the mountain, Jackson said in his quick way to Taylor, "That battery must be taken!" A staff-officer guided Taylor's column up the slope and into the forest, where the men of Louisiana began to follow the narrow path that led to the Federal left flank.

Meanwhile, Winder's regiments and batteries were without support in the fields near the river. Tyler's numbers being far in excess of the Confederates, the Federal regiments boldly advanced from the hollow road to attack Winder's thin line. A fierce struggle took place on the plain. Every man of the Stonewall Brigade was at the front and the fighting was at close range. The long blue line swept forward with loud cheers, captured one of the Confederate guns, and forced the others to limber

[1] *Destruction and Reconstruction*, p. 90.

up and hurry from the field. As the Confederate infantry line began to fall back, Jackson spurred his horse among his troops and called upon them to stand. All in vain. Without assistance they could not hold the ground against Tyler's courageous men.

But where was the remainder of Jackson's army? The answer is that most of the Confederates were delayed by the difficulty of crossing the South River at Port Republic. The running gear of wagons had been placed in the stream and upon these were laid wide planks to form the foot-bridge. Near the deepest part of the river some of these broke from their fastenings and at that point the bridge was limited to a single plank. Ewell's division passed across, therefore, in single file, for the officers refused to obey Major Dabney's order to make their men wade through the breast-high water. When Ewell's two advanced regiments reached the field of battle, therefore, Winder's brigade was falling back, and along with that brigade, also the Seventh Louisiana, which had been called from the rear of Taylor's column to stem the tide of Federal success near the river. Even Ewell's two regiments did not check the Federal advance. Tyler's line was sweeping on, when it was, however, suddenly brought to a halt by the sound of heavy musketry and the "rebel yell" from the thickets high upon the mountain slope. Taylor's Louisianians had stumbled through the undergrowth and splashed through the mountain rivulets until they found the Federal left flank. They threw themselves upon

Tyler's men and a desperate struggle took place around the Federal guns. For a part of the time the fighting was hand to hand. Twice the Confederates seized the cannon, only to lose them. Then Taylor sent some of his companies to make another circuit and these rushed with fixed bayonets upon the guns from the rear, and captured them. Only one cannon escaped ; the other six were turned against the enemy. Ewell himself seized a rammer and enjoyed to the full the hot work of loading one of the guns which sent rapid discharges of canister into the ranks of the retreating Federals.

Jackson's eye had seen the key of the entire position and when Taylor seized it, the battle was practically won. Tyler called back his line from the fields south of the Lewis House. It was too late even for that, for by this time the remainder of Ewell's division had arrived and was rushing to the attack. Winder's men turned back also, and Taliaferro's brigade reached the field in time to give a parting volley to the retreating Federal troops. Down the Valley, along the river-road, fled Tyler's defeated regiments, with the Confederate horsemen in hot pursuit.

The hour of half-past ten had arrived when Jackson saw the triumph of his battalions. Victory had been delayed, however, because the two Federal brigades had made a gallant fight for five hours against the brigades of Winder and Taylor. About nine, therefore, when Winder's men were falling back, Jackson sent a messenger with an order for Trimble and Patton to withdraw from Frémont's

front, cross North River, and burn the bridge. The battle against Tyler was so severe that Jackson did not think it wise to lead his army into a second engagement on the same day. Frémont crept cautiously forward, and, about two hours after the retreat of Tyler, his advanced brigades reached the river bluffs near Port Republic. The Confederate dead and wounded had already been removed from the field and Confederate soldiers were then engaged in the humane work of giving relief to the wounded Federals. Frémont, filled with wrath, no doubt at the manner in which Jackson had defeated both Federal armies, massed his guns near the bank of the Shenandoah and threw shot and shell at the Confederate ambulances scattered over the field of battle near the Lewis House. The ambulances retired, of course, and the poor wounded Federals were thus forced to endure their suffering under the heavy rain that was now falling, until Frémont ceased to fire off his guns and retreated to Harrisonburg.

The number of Confederates engaged in the battle of Port Republic was 5,900. Of these, 804 were killed and wounded. Out of Tyler's force of 4,000, the total loss, including 450 prisoners, amounted to 1,001, or one-fourth of his army. Tyler's flight was checked at Conrad's Store by the arrival at the latter point of the remainder of Shields's regiments.

At the close of the day, Jackson led his army up the mountain slope into Brown's Gap and gave his men an opportunity to rest. Frémont fled down the Valley and Colonel T. T. Munford, worthy successor

of Ashby as leader of the Confederate cavalry, took possession of Harrisonburg. Moreover, for the third time McDowell's corps was held back from marching to Richmond; for Shields was ordered to tarry at Luray and Rickett's (Ord's) division was told to remain in the Valley at Front Royal. The two victories at Cross Keys and Port Republic thus again paralyzed McClellan's plans for the capture of Richmond.

On June 12th, Jackson led his regiments into a beautiful grove near Mount Meridian between the two rivers. There the men found repose beneath the shade of the trees or bathed in the sparkling waters of the Shenandoah. Saturday, June 14th, was set apart for thanksgiving and prayer. He wrote that day to his wife: "Our God has again thrown His shield over me in the various apparent dangers to which I have been exposed. This evening we have religious services in the army, for the purpose of rendering thanks to the Most High for the victories with which He has crowned our arms; and my earnest prayer is that our ever kind heavenly Father will continue to crown our arms with success, until, through His Divine blessing, our independence shall be established."

On the following day, Sunday, June 15th, a general communion was observed in the camp of Taliaferro's brigade, and the elements of the Lord's Supper were dispensed in the grove to a great company of Christian soldiers, of every religious denomination, from the entire Army of the Valley. "At this solemnity," says Dabney, "the general

was present as a worshiper, and modestly participated with his men in the sacred feast. The quiet diffidence with which he took the least obtrusive place and received the sacred emblems from the hands of a regimental chaplain, was in beautiful contrast with the majesty and authority of his bearing in the crisis of battle."[1] After thus solemnly dedicating themselves to the service of their God and their country, Jackson and his men silently moved away two days later, on June 17th, to enter a larger field of activity around Richmond.

Jackson's fame as a military leader was most surely established in his own country and in Europe by the operations of the forty-two days from April 29th to June 9th. During that period his army marched more than four hundred miles, fought five battles and numerous combats, and won all of them. With only 16,000 men he had kept 70,000 Federal troops, —those of Banks, Frémont and McDowell,—engaged in the Valley, had thwarted their movements and had kept them from aiding McClellan at Richmond. He had taken 3,500 prisoners, great quantities of stores, nine guns and 10,000 rifles, while 3,500 Federal soldiers had been disabled. These results were all accomplished at comparatively small cost to the Confederates. To this campaign there is no parallel in history, unless it be Napoleon's campaign in Italy in 1796. "And it may even be questioned," writes Colonel Henderson,[2] "whether, in some

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 430.
[2] *Life of Jackson*, Vol. I, pp. 419–420.

respects, it was not more brilliant. The odds against the Confederates were far greater than against the French. Jackson had to deal with a homogeneous enemy, with generals anxious to render each other loyal support, and not with the contingents of different states. His marches were far longer than Napoleon's. The theatre of war was not less difficult. His troops were not veterans, but, in great part, the very rawest of recruits. The enemy's officers and soldiers were not inferior to his own. . . . Moreover, Jackson was merely the commander of a detached force, which might at any moment be required at Richmond. The risks which Napoleon freely accepted he could not afford. He dared not deliver battle unless he were certain of success."

In order to attain success, Jackson devoted every mental faculty to the consideration of the military problems before him. Every movement possible to the enemy was planned in advance. Every risk was weighed. His topographical engineer, Major Hotchkiss, prepared careful and elaborate maps of the chief portions of the Valley of Virginia; special drawings were made of the districts in which Jackson's principal battles were fought. To these maps, marked even with foot-paths and mountain rivulets, the general gave hours of study. For this reason his knowledge of the country was so wonderful that his men declared that Jackson "knew every hole and corner of the Valley as if he had made it himself." It is not strange, therefore, that, as Dabney writes, "nothing emerged which had not been con-

sidered before in his mind ; no possibility was overlooked ; he was never surprised." [1]

While Jackson was an eager student of Napoleon's campaigns, he was not a blind imitator of that great leader's movements. He adapted Napoleon's methods of warfare to the conditions that surrounded him in the Valley. He developed rules and maxims that must henceforth be accepted as fundamental principles for the guidance of every soldier. General Imboden tells us that he often heard Jackson say that there were two things never to be lost sight of by a military commander. "Always mystify, mislead and surprise the enemy, if possible," said Jackson ; "and when you strike and overcome him, never give up the pursuit as long as your men have strength to follow ; for an army routed, if hotly pursued, becomes panic-stricken, and can then be destroyed by half their number. The other rule is, never fight against heavy odds, if by any possible manœuvring you can hurl your own force on only a part, and that the weakest part, of your enemy and crush it. Such tactics will win every time, and a small army may thus destroy a large one in detail, and repeated victory will make it invincible." [2] Jackson said further : "To move swiftly, strike vigorously, and secure all the fruits of victory, is the secret of successful war."

We have seen already how he led his men along forest roads and over farm tracks, wherever the route was concealed from the enemy. Moreover,

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 68.
[2] *Battles and Leaders*, Vol. II, p. 297.

his own soldiers and officers were often "mystified," for to the latter he usually refused to communicate his plans. This course at first made his subordinates angry. General Ewell is reported to have said concerning Jackson's Valley Campaign: "Well, sir, when he commenced it I thought him crazy; before he ended it I thought him inspired."

Jackson's men and officers coöperated with him in the most admirable manner to win the successes of the Valley. Oftentimes the men moved forward and remained in the fight after their officers had fallen, thus showing, upon many a field, that they were not in need of leaders. Under Jackson's personal instruction and guidance this army became a marvelous military machine. Often without food and without shoes, they would make long marches and follow these up by fierce attacks against the enemy. "One male a week and three foights a day," said an Irishman in the ranks, was the rule in Jackson's army. The men showed marvelous powers of endurance and wonderful courage. Nevertheless, this was due in part to their faith in their leader. Jackson, moreover, was careful to preserve the strength of his soldiers, and only four times during the Valley Campaign did he make forced marches. "He never broke down his men by long-continued movement. He rested the whole column very often, but only for a few minutes at a time. He liked to see the men lie flat on the ground to rest and would say, 'A man rests all over when he lies down.'"[1]

[1] *Battles and Leaders*, Vol. II, pp. 297–298.

The infantry and artillerists always fought under the eye of Jackson. As to the cavalry, he made better use of that part of the army than any other commander on either side during the war. To find out the enemy's plans, to screen all the movements of the main body, to rush into the fight at a critical moment and to pursue the broken enemy after the battle,—this was the service required of the horsemen. It must needs be said, of course, that this service was rendered the more efficient by the daring and skill of Jackson's two great cavalry leaders, Ashby and Munford.

Jackson lived on the same plain food that was furnished to his private soldiers. He continued to wear the same old faded and sunburnt uniform. He made his headquarters in an ordinary bell-tent or in the room of a house. If these were not convenient, he would wrap himself in his blankets and lie down under a tree or in a fence-corner. Sleep came readily to him anywhere, in the saddle or in church during the sermon. In camp his manner was always courteous and kindly and he never posed there as the commander-in-chief. If men and officers failed in duty, no man was ever more stern and severe than Jackson in imposing a punishment. The higher the rank of the offender, the heavier was the penalty, for Jackson had no respect for persons in the administration of discipline. He never imposed upon the men hardships which he himself was not willing to endure. They saw him pass hours on the march without food. They often saw him ride to the front under the hottest fire and sit

there upon his horse, the coolest man in the army. His soldiers had a passionate admiration for "Old Jack," as they called him, and were ready to follow him in the most desperate encounter. "I never saw one of Jackson's couriers," said Ewell, "approach without expecting an order to assault the North Pole." If such an order had been given in June, 1862, Ewell and all the rest of Jackson's army would have started at once to make the movement.

As a soldier, with a military duty resting upon him, Jackson was stern and imperious in giving orders and inflexible in maintaining discipline. As a man among his staff-officers and other near comrades, he was full of all gentleness. Tender sympathy was always offered by him to any one in sorrow or trouble. Moreover, according to Dabney, "if he found in an officer a hearty and zealous purpose to do all his duty, he was the most tolerant and gracious of superiors, overlooking blunders and mistakes with unbounded patience, and repairing them through his own exertions, without even a sign of vexation." When Dabney told the general about the delay at the bridge on the morning of the battle of Port Republic, a delay that frustrated the plan of fighting two battles that day, Jackson received the report quietly, ascribing the accident as "due to the will of Providence and, therefore, to be accepted without complaint." [1]

During the Valley Campaign, it became apparent to the soldiers of his army that Jackson was a man

[1] *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XI, p. 152.

of unusual piety. This fact was forced upon the knowledge of the men, not by Jackson's words but by his conduct. They were all impressed with the sincerity and consistency of his Christian faith. All knew that he was a man of prayer and all believed in him. He made no parade of his religious faith. Whenever possible, he sought a private place for prayer. He did not pose as a Christian who had attained unto perfection. His conversation was as much devoid of cant as his uniform was free from gold-braid. In one respect only can Jackson be called a Puritan, and that is, that his nature was saturated with the Biblical conception of life. He had an intense sense of God's presence with him. The Word of God was ringing in his ears continually day and night, and his letters are filled with quotations from it. In every incident of life he saw the visible finger of God. Every victory won was ascribed to the Providence of God. To speak thus is not an indication of fanaticism; it only makes manifest the fact that Biblical ideas and expressions formed the basis of Jackson's natural speech. What the ordinary Christian feels only during the earnest moments which he spends upon his knees, Jackson felt as a second nature in the full tide of daily life;—in camp, throughout the march, or on the field of battle. Thus was his sagacity intensified.

Jackson was insensible to every form of danger. When he reached a determination, his resolution became firm down to the very roots of his soul. His will was aroused to a white heat be-

cause he knew that he was God's chosen instrument to labor and to fight in defence of his country. This sense of dependence upon God, however, did not make him relax in his dependence upon his own exertions. Sleepless vigilance, rapid marches and bold assaults with the bayonet were necessary agencies in achieving victory. To quote again a portion of his own words concerning his two rules of warfare, given above from Imboden, "Such tactics will win every time." Doctor Dabney writes as follows :

"It was not unusual to see him pale and tremulous with excitement at the firing of the first gun of an opening battle. But the only true courage is moral courage, and this was so perfect in him, that it had absolutely changed his corporeal nature. No man could exhibit a more calm indifference to personal danger, and more perfect self-possession and equanimity in the greatest perils. The determination of his spirit so controlled his body that his very flesh became impassive ; the nearest hissing of bullets seemed to produce no quiver of the nerves ; and when cannon-balls hurtled across his path, there was no involuntary shrinking of the bridle-hand. The power of concentration was of unrivaled force in his mind, and when occupied in profound thought, or inspired with some great purpose, he seemed to become almost unconscious of external things. This was the true explanation of that seeming recklessness with which he sometimes exposed himself on the field of battle. The populace, who love exaggerations, called him fatalist, and imagined that, like a Mohammedan, he thought natural precautions inconsistent with his firm belief in an overruling Providence. But nothing could be more untrue. He always recognized

the obligations of prudence, and declared that it was not his purpose to expose himself without necessity." [1]

It has been supposed that his selection of a Presbyterian minister as chief of staff was an indication of religious fanaticism on Jackson's part. This is an utterly mistaken view. Jackson knew that Doctor Dabney had been brought up, like himself, on a plantation; that he was vigorous in the management of practical affairs; that he had fine sense and unusual strength of intellect; and that he was moreover a man of the highest integrity. "Your duties would be such that you would not have an opportunity of preaching, except on the Sabbath," Jackson wrote, when he offered the position. Dabney was chosen for stern work and well did he meet the requirements of his office. His energy was only a degree less fiery, perhaps, than that of Jackson himself; his strong, brilliant mind retained Jackson's orders in the exact form in which they were given and they were always promptly and faithfully delivered. While Dabney's health lasted there was no more efficient staff-officer than he in the Confederate service.

Perhaps there was a touch of humor in Jackson's conduct, one day, not long after Dabney's arrival at headquarters. The latter was dressed in a long, black coat, wore a high hat and carried an umbrella. As Jackson and his staff rode past the column, the men began to call out to the new adjutant: "Come out from under that umbrella! I know you

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 738.

are under there; I see your feet shaking!" Jackson paid little heed at first, but when he at last learned the source of the merriment, he said, "Gentlemen, let us ride!" Putting spurs to his horse the general dashed through an adjacent piece of thick wood, followed by all the members of his staff. He soon headed for the roadway again and when they rejoined the column, the major's umbrella was seen to be in fragments, while the hat and coat had received rough treatment from the low branches of the trees. In this manner the adjutant was initiated into his office. Major Dabney showed his mettle, however, and vindicated the wisdom of Jackson's choice, for not long afterward one of the officers of the Stonewall Brigade made this rather profane remark: "Our parson is not afraid of Yankee bullets, and I tell you he preaches like hell."

Jackson did not thrust his religion upon the attention of unwilling listeners. Morning and evening prayers were regularly offered at his headquarters, but when any member of the staff preferred not to attend, Jackson never made any reference to the matter. Sunday was observed, whenever possible, as a day of rest and worship, and all of the men were invited to be present at the religious services conducted by the chaplains. It is well to remember, however, that each of the six Sabbaths that fell within the period of the Valley Campaign, except a portion of one, was spent in the most strenuous marching and fighting.[1]

[1] On Sunday, March 23d, he fought the battle of Kernstown; Sunday, May 4th, made a rapid march to Staunton; Sunday,

Jackson would not permit any unclean remark made in his presence to go without rebuke. When any of his officers broke out into profanity before him, his chiding was always given in the most kindly manner. General Taylor tells us that, when he was deploying his Louisiana brigade for the charge, on the morning of the battle at Winchester, Jackson rode beside him. The air was so filled with whistling shells and bullets that the men in the columns began to jerk down their heads. Taylor forgot Jackson's presence for the moment and "ripped out" an oath, asking the men why they were dodging. "The sharp tones of a familiar voice," says Taylor, "produced the desired effect, and the men looked as if they had swallowed ramrods; but I shall never forget the reproachful surprise expressed in Jackson's face. He placed his hand on my shoulder, said in a gentle voice, 'I am afraid you are a wicked fellow,' turned, and rode back to the pike." After the brigade had made a gallant attack and was driving the enemy through Winchester, Jackson came up and gave Taylor that grasp of the hand which, says the latter, as already quoted in this volume, was "worth a thousand words from another." [1]

May 11th, made a forced march to Franklin; Sunday, May 18th, rested in camp but held important conferences with Ewell and telegraphed message to Lee; Sunday, May 25th, fought Banks at Winchester; Sunday, June 1st, fought Frémont near Strasburg and marched to Woodstock; Sunday, June 8th, fought battle of Cross Keys.

[1] *Destruction and Reconstruction*, p. 84.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MARCH FROM THE VALLEY TO RICHMOND

We have now reached that point in the story of General Jackson's career, when attention must be given to his share in military movements that took place upon a field wider than the Valley of Virginia. It must be remembered that from the summer of 1861, after the close of the first battle of Manassas, Jackson never ceased to advocate an invasion of the North. When he was in command of Harper's Ferry, he crossed the Potomac upon his own authority and fortified Maryland Heights. During the campaign of 1862 he was continually asking for reinforcements in order that he might threaten or assail the enemy's forces beyond the Potomac. Full credit must be ascribed to Joseph E. Johnston for permitting Jackson to remain in the Valley when McClellan moved his army to the Peninsula, and for giving expression to the idea that the Federal troops must be kept away from Richmond. This idea in even a more definite form was in Lee's mind, for he allowed Jackson to retain Ewell in the Valley to aid in striking Banks a decisive blow. The commander-in-chief was most generous in aiding Jackson and in commending his work. At Richmond, Lee was looking upon the whole field of operations from the James River

northward to the Susquehanna and within that field he was conducting a masterly game of military strategy. But the same strategical ideas were also in Jackson's mind. He talked and wrote about them during the entire period of his campaign. The instructions he received were the instructions which he would have asked for, and which in many cases he did ask for. These were always general in character. The marking out of specific plans and their execution were left to Jackson. The secret march to McDowell, the surprise of Front Royal, the unwearied pursuit of Banks until the latter was overthrown, the successive victories over Frémont and Shields,—all these were due to Jackson's marvelous strategy and brilliant tactical arrangements. In the most essential and important sense, the Valley Campaign must be accredited entirely to Jackson.

After the defeat of Banks at Winchester, Jackson asked his friend, Alexander R. Boteler, to tell the authorities at Richmond that if they would send him reinforcements, he would undertake to capture Washington. "Tell General Jackson," was the reply of General Lee, "that he must first help me to drive these people away from Richmond." [1] After the victory of Port Republic, on June 9th, the danger of the Confederate capital was still more imminent. On May 31st and June 1st, Johnston had attacked two of McClellan's corps at Seven Pines on the southern bank of the Chickahominy, with only moderate success. McClellan placed all but one of his army corps in position on the Rich-

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 431.

mond side of the Chickahominy and was again waiting for McDowell's approach from Fredericksburg in order that he might seize the city. The situation of the Confederates was critical; nevertheless, on June 8th, while Jackson was fighting at Cross Keys, Lee wrote to him: "Should there be nothing requiring your attention in the Valley, so as to prevent you leaving it in a few days, and you can make arrangements to deceive the enemy and impress him with the idea of your presence, please let me know, that you may unite at the decisive moment with the army near Richmond."

At the same time Lee sent 7,000 soldiers under Lawton and Whiting, to reinforce Jackson. Care was taken in Richmond that some Federal prisoners should see these Confederates on board the trains and should learn that they were on the way to the Valley. The prisoners were then released on parole and allowed to carry the news to the Federal commanders. Thus was begun the game of deceiving the enemy. On June 11th, Lee wrote to Jackson concerning Cross Keys and Port Republic:

"Your recent successes have been the cause of the liveliest joy in this army as well as in the country. The admiration excited by your skill and boldness has been constantly mingled with solicitude for your situation. The practicability of reinforcing you has been the subject of gravest consideration. It has been determined to do so at the expense of weakening this army. Brigadier-General Lawton with six regiments from Georgia is on his way to you, and Brigadier-General Whiting with eight veteran regiments leaves here to-day. The

object is to enable you to crush the forces opposed to you. Leave your enfeebled troops to watch the country and guard the passes covered by your cavalry and artillery, and with your main body, including Ewell's division and Lawton's and Whiting's commands, move rapidly to Ashland by rail or otherwise, as you may find most advantageous, and sweep down between the Chickahominy and the Pamunkey, cutting up the enemy's communications, etc., while this army attacks McClellan in front. He will then, I think, be forced to come out of his intrenchments, where he is strongly posted on the Chickahominy, and apparently preparing to move by gradual approaches on Richmond." [1]

On the 16th, Lee wrote again that if Frémont and Shields were still retreating, "the sooner you unite with this army the better. McClellan is being strengthened. . . . There is much sickness in his ranks, but his reinforcements by far exceed his losses. The present, therefore, seems to be favorable for a junction of your army and this. If you agree with me, the sooner you can make arrangements to do so, the better. In moving your troops, you could let it be understood that it was to pursue the enemy in your front. . . . To be efficacious, the movement must be secret."

Before this letter reached Jackson, however, he had begun to make preparations for the march to Richmond. On the 13th he told Munford to press down the Valley toward New Market with his entire force of horsemen and make upon the enemy the impression that a "heavy advance" of the entire

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XII, Part III, p. 910.

Army of the Valley was about to take place. Jackson himself maintained the utmost secrecy about his plans. He did not breathe them to any one beside Colonel Munford; not even his staff-officers were taken into his confidence. The most elaborate care was exercised to blind the eyes of both friend and foe and to give to everybody the impression that reinforcements were on the way to the Valley to enable Jackson to drive the enemy beyond the Potomac and to threaten Washington. A close line of cavalry was drawn between the two armies; no civilians were allowed to pass; the bearers of flags of truce were all given the idea that the Confederates were about to move forward in great force.

On the 17th of June, Jackson was full of activity. There was an air of secrecy about every act and every order. "General Jackson, somewhere,"—this was the direction on the letters that were coming to him, written in that manner according to his previous instruction. In the afternoon Ewell was ordered to lead his division through Brown's Gap toward Charlottesville; the rest of the Valley troops were told to follow Ewell the next morning. The officers were all greatly angered because Jackson did not explain the purpose of the march across the Blue Ridge. On the day before, Whiting had galloped from Staunton to Jackson's camp near Port Republic to see the general. About midnight Whiting returned to Staunton and there Imboden saw him "in a towering passion." He "declared that Jackson had treated him outrageously." "How is that possible, general?" said Imboden;

"He is very polite to every one." "Oh, hang him!" said Whiting, "he was polite enough. But he didn't say one word about his plans. I finally asked him for orders, telling him what troops I had. He simply told me to go back to Staunton, and he would send me orders to-morrow. I haven't the slightest idea what they will be. I believe he has no more sense than my horse." [1] The next day (17th), while Ewell was leaving the Valley, a courier came from Jackson to order Whiting to march down the Valley toward Harrisonburg! Another courier followed instructing his troops to halt and go into camp! The next order sent to Whiting and Lawton commanded them to take the cars at Staunton and move to Gordonsville. At the close of the 17th, Jackson sent a message to Munford to meet him at Mount Sidney that night at ten o'clock. "I will be on my horse at the north end of the town," he wrote, "so you need not inquire after me." [2] At the appointed hour, Munford rode to the village. The moon was shining and at the head of the street he saw a solitary figure. "Ah, colonel, here you are," said Jackson; "what news from the front?"

"All quiet, general," said Munford.

"Good! now I wish you to produce upon the enemy the impression that I am going to advance." [3] Then Jackson rode through the night to Staunton and on the morning of the 18th suddenly appeared before

[1] *Battles and Leaders*, Vol. I, p. 297.
[2] *Official Records*, Vol. XII, Part III, p. 927.
[3] Cooke's *Jackson*, p. 203.

Whiting and Lawton and ordered them to move by train to Gordonsville.

Jackson himself went by train to Mechum's Station near Charlottesville. There he called Dabney into a room, locked the door and told his adjutant that he was moving toward Richmond to attack McClellan. He bound Dabney over to secrecy, however, and, boarding the train, proceeded on his way eastward. Ewell, second in command, was filled with wrath, for Jackson had gone, he said, leaving him without orders and without a suggestion as to the purpose of the movement.

The march of Jackson's army was concealed, as far as possible, by the movements of the calvary. A column of horsemen rode some distance in front and prevented civilians from preceding them to Richmond. Far out on each flank, squads of calvarymen rode along ; a heavy body of horsemen came behind to move forward all stragglers. The roads were strongly picketed at night and the men were ordered to hold no communication with the people of the country through which they were marching. They were instructed to make to all questions just this answer : "I don't know." At a later period in the march, when Jackson had rejoined the column, one of Hood's men left the ranks and was moving toward a cherry-tree near the roadside.

"Where are you going?" said the general, as he rode by.

"I don't know," said the soldier.

"To what command do you belong?"

"I don't know."

"Well, what state are you from?"

"I don't know."

"What is the meaning of all this?" inquired Jackson of another soldier.

"Well," replied the man, "'Old Stonewall' and General Hood gave orders yesterday that we were not to know anything until after the next fight."

Jackson laughed and rode forward.[1]

Jackson's soldiers all remained in the dark with reference to their leader's plans. At Charlottesville, the report was passed from lip to lip that the army was to march to Culpeper Court-House to meet Banks. When they reached Gordonsville, the men were saying that the next movement would be toward Washington. Meanwhile the railway trains were moving backward and forward along the route, picking up the rear brigades in succession and sending them in turn to the head of the column. At Frederickshall, a station fifty miles from Richmond, the assistance rendered by the cars was terminated. Beyond that point the railway track had been injured by the Federal cavalry and trains could not run.

Jackson's journey eastward was arrested by a report that the enemy was advancing from the Rappahannock. On Sunday, June 22d, the Valley army rested at Frederickshall. At 1 A. M. on Monday morning, Jackson resumed his journey toward Richmond to hold a conference with Lee. He was accompanied by a single courier and carried a pass

[1] Cooke's *Jackson*, p. 205.

issued to him by General Whiting. Jackson had been invited to breakfast, but when a messenger was sent the next morning, he was met by Jim, the colored servant, who said, "You don't 'spec' to fin' de gineral heah at dis hour, does you? He lef' heah 'bout midnight, and I 'spec' by dis time he whippin' Banks in de Valley."

A few miles from the starting-point Jackson came upon one of his own outposts. The soldier on picket duty would not let him pass, and the captain of the outpost had to be called. The latter recognized his commander, who praised both for their fidelity, bound them to secrecy and rode on. A little later the horses broke down and the general and his courier stopped at a plantation and asked the owner to lend horses for the use of an officer on important duty. This being refused, two fresh horses were, therefore, taken from the stables without the consent of the owner, and the two wearied animals were left as a guarantee that the others would be returned.

Jackson rode on through Richmond and at three o'clock the same afternoon he reached the headquarters of the chief commander. A dust-covered figure, wearing the old, faded coat and the cap that had been turned yellow by the sun, dismounted from his horse and entered the house. It was the first meeting between Lee and Jackson since the outbreak of the war. Lee offered a glass of buttermilk as the only refreshment and then the conference began. Longstreet, A. P. Hill and D. H. Hill, commanders of divisions in Lee's army, were

also present. Lee explained the plan of attack which he had arranged and then, withdrawing from the room, left the four major-generals to discuss the details. Jackson's army was expected to pass through Ashland on the 25th, encamp that night near the Virginia Central Railway and on the 26th move against McClellan's right flank and rear. On the day after the conference with Lee, the 24th, Jackson rode back to his army and joined the column near Beaver Dam Station. With restless energy he urged the men forward, but he met difficulty after difficulty which he could not have foreseen, and which should have been anticipated by the military leaders at Richmond. The responsibility for Jackson's slight delay in arriving at Ashland can certainly not be laid upon Jackson himself; it rests upon Lee and his subordinates at the capital. Jackson was not supplied with maps of this region of tangled undergrowth, and had to seek out his own guide; the bridges had been destroyed and the roads blockaded by the enemy; and the provisions sent out to the Valley army from Richmond were tardy in their arrival. For these reasons, Jackson's forces were unable to march beyond Ashland on the 25th. As the day closed, they went into bivouac at that point, having made the distance of 120 miles from near Port Republic in seven marching days.

During these days Jackson's movements had been so well concealed that the Federal leaders were still in absolute ignorance as to where he was. Munford's horsemen did their work so well in the Val-

ley, holding the picket line near the enemy so firmly, that Frémont, Shields and Banks were every day expecting Jackson to make an assault against them. The atmosphere along the upper Potomac was filled with rumors. The Federal leaders had a most wholesome fear of Stonewall. "Where is he?" "What are his plans?" Such questions as these were constantly passing from mouth to mouth among the Northern commanders. "Jackson has been reinforced to the number of 35,000 men," wrote Banks on the 12th, and a later rumor placed the strength of his army at Port Republic at 60,000, with seventy guns!

On June 13th, McDowell thought that Jackson might be approaching Fredericksburg. "Jackson is either coming against Shields at Luray," he wrote, "or King at Catlett's, or Doubleday at Fredericksburg, or is going to Richmond." The excitement became more intense as time went on. On the 16th it was asserted positively that Jackson was near Front Royal. On the 18th, it was said that he had marched to Richmond but that Ewell had remained in the Valley with 40,000 men. Jackson is coming down the Valley again "with 30,000 or more," wrote Banks on the 19th. On the 20th, he was reported east of the Blue Ridge and on the 22d was said to be moving to make an attack in the Valley and at Moorefield, west of Winchester. On the 25th, when Jackson's army was going into camp at Ashland, Stanton was sending this message to McClellan: "We have no definite information as to the numbers or position of Jackson's force.

. . Neither McDowell nor Banks nor Frémont appear to have any accurate knowledge of the subject." Then on the 28th, two days after Jackson had struck McClellan's flank, Banks wrote that the Confederate leader was "preparing for an attack on Middletown" in the Valley! On the 26th, however, the day when McClellan first learned that Jackson was about to attack his army, the Federal commander at Richmond was informed that the forces led by McDowell, Banks and Frémont were to be consolidated under General Pope and sent toward Charlottesville to overcome Jackson's army![1]

Jackson's campaign in the Valley, ending with the defeat of Shields at Port Republic, virtually saved Richmond, as we have already seen. This result was accomplished by keeping McDowell's forces away from McClellan's army at critical stages in the Peninsular Campaign. The secret march to Richmond was still accomplishing the same great end. On June 26th, when Jackson suddenly appeared on the Chickahominy, "Banks, Frémont, and McDowell were still guarding the roads to Washington, and McClellan was waiting for McDowell. One hundred and seventy-five thousand men absolutely paralyzed by 16,000! Only Napoleon's campaign of 1814 affords a parallel to this extraordinary spectacle."[2]

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XI, Part III, and Vol. XII, Part III.
[2] Henderson's *Jackson*, Vol. I, p. 413.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SEVEN DAYS: GAINES' MILL

DURING the early days of June, 1862, McClellan's army of more than 105,000 men lay intrenched on the banks of the Chickahominy. Of these, 30,000 were north of the stream, waiting for the coming of McDowell. The Federal soldiers on the southern bank were so near to Richmond that they could hear the city clocks striking the hour. On June 12th, J. E. B. Stuart led 1,200 Confederate horsemen on a circuitous march around the right flank of the enemy's forces. These bold riders moved toward the rear of the Federal encampments, and proceeded thence on their way until they passed around the Federal left flank. Stuart thus made a complete circuit of McClellan's entire army and returned to Richmond on the third day after beginning the march. This daring reconnaissance furnished Lee with information concerning the position of the enemy and on the 24th, after the conference with Jackson, the commander-in-chief issued the following order for the proposed attack against the Federal right wing on the north bank of the Chickahominy:

"I. General Jackson's command will proceed tomorrow (June 25th) from Ashland toward the Slash

[Merry Oaks] Church, and encamp at some convenient point west of the Central Railroad. Branch's brigade of A. P. Hill's division will, also, to-morrow evening, take position on the Chickahominy, near Half Sink. At three o'clock, Thursday morning, 26th instant, General Jackson will advance on the road leading to Pole Green Church, communicating his march to General Branch, who will immediately cross the Chickahominy, and take the road leading to Mechanicsville.

"As soon as the movements of these columns are discovered, General A. P. Hill, with the rest of his division, will cross the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge, and move direct upon Mechanicsville. To aid his advance the heavy batteries on the Chickahominy will at the proper time open upon the batteries at Mechanicsville. The enemy being driven from Mechanicsville and the passage of the bridge being opened, General Longstreet, with his division and that of General D. H. Hill, will cross the Chickahominy at or near that point; General D. H. Hill moving to the support of General Jackson, and General Longstreet supporting General A. P. Hill; the four divisions keeping in communication with each other, and moving *en échelon* on separate roads if practicable; the left division in advance, with skirmishers and sharpshooters extending in their front, will sweep down the Chickahominy, and endeavor to drive the enemy from his position above New Bridge, General Jackson bearing well to his left, turning Beaver Dam Creek, and taking the direction toward Cold Harbor.

"They will then press forward toward the York River Railroad, closing upon the enemy's rear, and forcing him down the Chickahominy. An advance of the enemy toward Richmond will be prevented by vigorously following his rear, and crippling and arresting his progress."

The divisions of Huger and Magruder were by the same order commanded to hold their positions between the enemy and Richmond. Holmes's division was on the James below Richmond. Moreover, Stuart's cavalry was ordered to take position on Jackson's left and keep the latter "informed of the movements of the enemy on his left." [1]

In this manner Lee set forth his plan of dividing his force of 85,000 men, retaining about 33,000 on the Richmond side of the Chickahominy and sending about 52,000 against the Federal right on the north bank of that stream.

Jackson spent the night of the 25th at Ashland. His ardent soul, says Dabney, was "on fire" with anticipations of success in the approaching struggle. The delays enforced upon him, however, by the difficulties of the march from Frederickshall to Ashland, imposed heavy responsibilities. The duties connected with his position "forbade rest or sleep for him on this important night. He deliberately devoted the whole of it to the review of his preparations and to prayer." He gave orders that the men should make ready their rations for three days. He summoned the commanders of the different divisions and issued instructions concerning the route to be followed. It was after midnight when two of his chief officers came to suggest that he should move the army by two columns on parallel roads. He listened patiently and asked them to wait until morning for his decision. As they were going away, one of them said to the other, "Do you know why General

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XI, Part I, p. 490.

Jackson would not decide upon our suggestion at once? It was because he has to pray over it, before he makes up his mind." The second officer had left his sword in Jackson's quarters and when he returned, a few moments afterward, to secure it, he found the general bowed upon his knees, evidently seeking heaven's guidance in the midst of the duties of this critical hour.[1]

Early on the morning of June 26th, Whiting led the advance of the Valley army from Ashland. He followed the Ashcake road and at 9 A. M. the head of his column began to cross the Central Railway. At 10:30 A. M., Branch, having received a message from Jackson, crossed the Chickahominy at Winston's Bridge and pressed down the northern bank. An hour later Jackson sent another message reporting progress. The columns of both Jackson and Branch were five or six hours later in advancing than the time prescribed in the order of battle of the 24th. This was due to the unavoidable causes already mentioned. Jackson now kept well to the left, in accordance with instructions; but there was constant skirmishing with the Federal cavalry. There were no maps of the country through which his forces were marching and broken bridges had to be rebuilt. Moreover, that necessary combination between the four Confederate divisions, which should have been ensured by the headquarters staff at Richmond, was not established. Not a single courier reached Jackson during this entire day to tell him about the movements of the other divisions.

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, pp. 439–440.

On the other hand, Branch did not communicate to A. P. Hill Jackson's two messages of the morning. At 3 P. M., therefore, Hill, being still without news from his colleagues, became impatient. Fearing that further delay might result in the failure of the whole plan, he crossed Meadow Bridge, drove away the enemy's pickets at Mechanicsville and formed a line of battle in front of the Federal position at Beaver Dam Creek. Longstreet and D. H. Hill began to cross the Chickahominy, when A. P. Hill, acting under what he supposed to be the necessities of the situation, ordered his division to assail the enemy's front. A messenger, sent by Lee to order him to advance no farther, did not arrive in time and the Confederates rushed bravely to the attack. A long line of Federal batteries, posted in a strong position, wrought heavy losses upon Hill's division and repulsed it.

But where was Jackson while Hill was engaged in battle? Why did the Valley army not move to Hill's support? During the afternoon Jackson reached the north bank of the Totopotomoy Creek, which he found defended by Federal infantry and artillery. Confederate guns were moved forward to drive the enemy away. The sound of this cannonade, rolling through the forests, announced to Jackson's colleagues that he was approaching the Federal rear. About 6 P. M. Jackson's forces crossed the creek and went into bivouac at Hundley's Corner. After this time, and just a little while before sunset, the roar of the Federal guns at Beaver Dam Creek was heard. This fierce outburst of artillery fire did

not last long. Moreover, the bivouac of the head of Jackson's column was more than three miles in a straight line through the thickets from Hill's battlefield. By the road the distance was still greater. It was impossible to come to the aid of Hill without making a night march through a difficult region and even then Jackson would have arrived too late.

Beyond all this, the only information available to Jackson concerning A. P. Hill's position was contained in Lee's order of the 24th. According to that order, Hill was in close touch with Longstreet and D. H. Hill; they could more readily furnish aid. Moreover, when A. P. Hill crossed at Meadow Bridge, the Confederate batteries on the Chickahominy were to open upon the batteries at Mechanicsville. Jackson doubtless supposed that the roar of the guns from the southwest meant only that the other Confederate divisions were crossing the Chickahominy to place themselves in touch with the Valley army. He, therefore, halted at Hundley's Corner to establish communication with the other Confederate divisions before continuing his advance.[1]

[1] In General E. P. Alexander's *Memoirs*, p. 116, it is asserted that, on the afternoon of the 26th, Jackson lost "the opportunity to cut off Porter's corps at Beaver Dam." But it was not so easy a task thus to surround Porter. Beaver Dam Creek was held by only about one-third of Porter's corps; namely McCall's division; the rest of the corps was near Gaines' Mill. Moreover, McCall was not "cut off" on the morning of the 27th, for he retired rapidly upon the other division when he learned of Jackson's approach. Alexander declares, also (p. 119), that A. P. Hill's attack was based upon "haste and poor judgment." This means, of course, that Hill should have postponed his attack until the next morning, thus giving Jackson reasonable time to make the circuitous march assigned him.

During the night the Federal forces, led by McCall, withdrew from Beaver Dam Creek, and took position at Gaines' Mill with the remainder of the Fifth Army Corps under the command of General Porter. A. P. Hill's gallant regiments moved early in the morning in pursuit of the enemy, supported by Longstreet's division. Jackson rode across Beaver Dam Creek and met Lee on the roadway near Walnut Grove Church. It was there that Lee's staff-officers, pressing eagerly forward, had their first glimpse of the leader of the Valley army whose fame had come before him to the army at Richmond. The commander-in-chief ordered Jackson, with D. H. Hill in support, to move by a circuitous route to Old Cold Harbor and there to strike the enemy in flank after Hill and Longstreet should drive them in that direction.[1]

Porter's corps, 36,000 strong, occupied, at Gaines' Mill, a plateau on the north bank of the Chickahominy. Behind Porter were two bridges furnishing an easy connection with McClellan's main body on the south bank. A fringe of trees and undergrowth along the crest of the plateau gave shelter to the Federal soldiers. Sixty feet below the crest, north and west of the plateau, flowed the sluggish Powhite Creek, bordered by swamps and thickets. Through this tangled wilderness the Confederates must advance to the attack. Three tiers of Federal riflemen awaited them ; one behind the steep bank of the creek, a second half-way up

[1] Lee's official report says that Jackson was sent to Old Cold Harbor "to intercept his [enemy's] retreat in that direction."

the face of the bluff and a third at the crest. A dozen batteries, numbering about eighty rifled guns, swept the ground over which Lee's regiments must approach Porter's position.

At twelve o'clock A. P. Hill's advanced regiments arrived at Gaines' Mill and at once became engaged with Porter's skirmishers. Hill's four batteries moved up and an artillery duel began to roar out its summons to the other divisions of both armies. Longstreet's column reached the field and at 2:30 P. M. Hill's infantry was sent through the woods to make an attack in force near New Cold Harbor. A bloody conflict followed. The Confederates swept forward in gallant style and assailed the Federal centre. They crossed the swamp, drove back the first Federal line and started up the slope of the plateau. The hail of iron from the guns on the crest and the storm of bullets cut down Hill's soldiers by the hundreds. The Confederate assault gradually abated in force and Longstreet's division was sent in on Hill's right.

Jackson's march eastward from Walnut Church was delayed by timber felled across the roadway, and by Federal sharpshooters. His division moved around by Bethesda Church and D. H. Hill was allowed to take a shorter route, thus becoming the leader of Jackson's column. At 2 P. M. Hill's advanced-guard reached Old Cold Harbor and Jackson sent forward a battery to test the Federal position. So fierce a reply was drawn from the Federal guns that the Confederate cannon were

moved back. A. P. Hill's attack at 2 : 30 P. M. now began to make the forests resound with the crash of musketry and Jackson deployed his advanced regiments in the fields near Old Cold Harbor.

General Lee held the opinion that McClellan would retreat down the Peninsula to Fortress Monroe. In the order of the 24th Jackson was commanded to outflank the Federal right and cut it off from the White House, while the other Confederate divisions were to drive McClellan down the Chickahominy. On the morning of the 27th in the interview at Walnut Church, as we have seen, Lee ordered Jackson to draw up his brigades in line at Old Cold Harbor and wait there until Hill and Longstreet should drive the Federal forces toward him. But the latter were not easily driven. They did not wish, in fact, to move toward the York River at all, for McClellan had already determined to change his base of supplies from the White House to Harrison's Landing on the James River. He was even planning for a retreat across the Peninsula to the latter point. Porter's corps at Gaines' Mill proposed, therefore, first of all, to make a stout fight to maintain its position and, if defeated, to retire across the Chickahominy by the two bridges in the rear.

Jackson listened to the sound of A. P. Hill's attack and when it began to diminish, he understood that the Federal forces were not to be driven by Hill and Longstreet. The sun was already sinking. There was no time to be lost in manœuvres around the enemy's flank. A front

attack must be made and that at once if Porter was to be defeated on that day. Jackson, therefore, ordered his entire army to advance immediately against the Federal stronghold. D. H. Hill was instructed to attack the extreme right of the Federal line. Ewell was told to move forward through the woodland on Hill's right. Whiting, Lawton, and Winder, in the order named, were to lead their divisions into the gap between Ewell's right and A. P. Hill's division.

The forest through which Jackson's soldiers advanced was filled with tangled undergrowth. None of the men knew the country and many of them lost their way. One regiment began to cross the pathway of another, and the line of attack soon lost its solid form. The regular soldiers of the Federal army held the right end of Porter's line and with steady courage they met the attack of D. H. Hill. Heavy guns and muskets poured a terrific fire upon the Confederates in the thickets. Hill's men made a gallant struggle but they had to fall back. Ewell moved boldly forward on Hill's right but he could not scale the side of the plateau. Ewell also was forced to withdraw.

Jackson's remaining divisions, those of Whiting, Lawton and Winder, had not yet entered the conflict. The young staff-officer through whom Jackson sent the verbal order commanding these three bodies of troops to advance, misunderstood the general's meaning and told the soldiers to remain at rest and await further instructions. Major Dabney, chief of the staff, always vigilant, dis-

covered the mistake and corrected it by sending the brigades forward. Whiting led the way but he did not reach the part of the field which Jackson expected him to cover, for Lee met Whiting and sent him to support A. P. Hill. Lawton's Georgians advanced to the aid of Ewell. Two of Winder's brigades lost their way in the forest, moved far to the Confederate right and added their strength to Longstreet's division. The Stonewall Brigade reinforced the broken line of D. H. Hill. Six of Jackson's batteries also moved forward to the aid of Hill and began to hurl their shot and shell among Sykes's regulars on the plateau.

The lull in the battle had made Jackson anxious. He did not know that his three rear divisions had not entered the fight. For the only time in his career, he was seen riding restlessly to and fro. When the sun was within a half-hour of the horizon, Jackson's "cheek and brow were blazing with the crimson blood," says Dabney, "and beneath the visor of his old drab cap, his eye glared with a fire before which every other eye quailed. . . . Unconscious that his veteran brigades were but now reaching the ridge of battle, he supposed that all his force had been put forth, and (what had never happened before) the enemy was not crushed." Then Jackson called his staff about him and sent his last orders to the commanders of his divisions, in these words: "Tell them this affair must hang in suspense no longer; let them sweep the field with the bayonet." [1] The couriers sped away but before

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 455.

they could deliver the message, Stonewall's brigades were sweeping forward to the attack. About the same time Lee gave the order for a general advance, and the Confederate infantry in every part of the field rushed toward the Federal stronghold with fixed bayonets. "Jackson's men are here!" "Stonewall Jackson!" These were the shouts that ran along the line as the brave Southern soldiers made their way through the swamp to the foot of the plateau. On the Confederate right, Longstreet's men charged in gallant style up the slope of Turkey Hill. On the left, D. H. Hill rallied his regiments and, aided by the Stonewall Brigade, assailed the Federals in both flank and front and gained a foothold on the ridge. "Hurrah for Georgia!" shouted General Ewell, as Lawton's 3,500 muskets rushed across the creek to drive back the regulars. Against the Federal center a gallant assault was made by Whiting's division. This was composed of Hood's brigade of Texans, on the left, and Law's brigade of Alabamians and Mississippians on the right, each 2,000 strong. The men were formed in two lines; with desperate courage they swept over the enemy's intrenchments under a withering fire from the Federal troops and made a great gap in the center of Porter's line on the crest of the plateau. Then on the right and left Porter's regiments were forced back and, abandoning twenty-two of their guns, his troops poured across the two bridges to the southern bank of the Chickahominy. Jackson himself, in his official report, spoke as follows concerning the charge made by Whiting's men:

"On my extreme right General Whiting advanced his division through the dense forest and swamp, emerging from the wood into the field near the public road and at the head of the deep ravine which covered the enemy's left. Advancing thence through a number of retreating and disordered regiments he came within range of the enemy's fire, who, concealed in an open wood and protected by breastworks, poured a destructive fire for a quarter of a mile into his advancing line, under which many brave officers and men fell. Dashing on with unfaltering step in the face of these murderous discharges of canister and musketry, General Hood and Colonel Law, at the heads of their respective brigades, rushed to the charge with a yell. Moving down a precipitous ravine, leaping ditch and stream, clambering up a difficult ascent, and exposed to an incessant and deadly fire from the intrenchments, those brave and determined men pressed forward, driving the enemy from his well-selected and fortified position. In this charge, in which upward of 1,000 men fell, killed and wounded, before the fire of the enemy, and in which fourteen pieces of artillery and nearly a whole regiment were captured, the Fourth Texas, under the lead of General Hood, was the first to pierce these strongholds and seize the guns. Although swept from their defences by this rapid and almost matchless display of daring and valor, the well-disciplined Federals continued in retreat to fight with stubborn resistance."[1]

The Federal troops fought throughout the day with distinguished courage, and Porter managed his battle with fine judgment. He was defeated by the extraordinary resolution of the Southern riflemen

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XI, Part I, pp. 555–556.

who scaled the Federal breastworks in the face of an appalling fire, with little aid from the Confederate cannon. Ravines, tangled swamps, heaps of logs, earthworks, blazing cannon and a crashing musketry fire did not hold in check the rush of the Confederate soldiers, although they were resisted at most points by equal numbers and in some places by more numerous foes. The forest was so dense that the large guns of the Southerners could not get into position except on the left. The victory was won, therefore, by musketry fire and bayonet charges. A heavy price was paid, however, for this success. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was more than 6,000. Of this number about 3,700 belonged to Jackson's forces. The Federal loss in killed and wounded was 4,000, with 2,837 men taken prisoners.

As the Federal regiments, in the gathering darkness, fled from the plateau, they were met by two Federal brigades, about 6,000 strong, which McClellan had sent to Porter's aid. During the day, the Confederate divisions of Magruder and Huger had made demonstrations of so bold a character in McClellan's front, that the latter was afraid to detach any more of his troops for the battle on the north bank of the Chickahominy. He, at last ordered the two brigades across the stream, but Porter's battle was then lost and his broken lines were in retreat southward. When Jackson went to the front on the captured plateau, darkness had fallen and his advanced-guard had halted. It was too late to reform his line of battle and pursue the

enemy through the tangled forests. Stuart's cavalry was far to the left, awaiting the retreat of the enemy down the Chickahominy. Jackson himself, however, accompanied by a small number of aides, rode so far forward that he came suddenly upon a Federal outpost. Without a moment's hesitation he spurred his horse among the soldiers and ordered them to surrender. They yielded without question, and the group of about twenty prisoners, as they marched to the rear, announced to all whom they met that they had had the honor of being taken by Stonewall Jackson.

CHAPTER XV

THE SEVEN DAYS: FRAZIER'S FARM AND MALVERN HILL

When Lee's scouts examined the field of Gaines' Mill on the morning of June 28th, they found that the Chickahominy bridges had been destroyed and that McClellan's forces had all withdrawn to the southern bank of that stream. It was evident that McClellan meant to retreat. The victory of the 27th had, therefore, wrought the deliverance of Richmond from an immediate attack. The problem before the Confederate leader, however, was the discovery of the route to be followed by the Federal army in its withdrawal. It was possible that McClellan might again cross to the north bank of the Chickahominy by the lower bridges and march with all his forces toward the York River. In view of this possibility, Lee sent Stuart's horsemen and Ewell's division of infantry down the river to guard the railway bridge and Bottom's Bridge. The enemy themselves, however, burned the railway bridge; then Stuart made a dash for the White House and at that point, on the 29th, destroyed large quantities of Federal stores. This movement kept the cavalry from sharing in the work of pursuing McClellan, for Stuart did not again join Lee until after the conflict at Malvern Hill.

Although the upper bridges were all destroyed, McClellan might retire down the river and recross by the lower bridges on his way to Fortress Monroe. For this reason the Confederate army remained inactive on the field of Gaines' Mill during the entire day after the battle. Late in the afternoon of the 28th, it was learned that McClellan's column was moving through White Oak Swamp toward the James. Lee, therefore, issued orders that his brigades should follow in pursuit on the morning of the 29th.

From the southern edge of the swamp, only the distance of six miles lay before McClellan's column until it could reach a shelter near the Federal gunboats on the James. He had gained an entire day for the movement of his trains. The Confederates must march rapidly if they were to strike a decisive blow. Even yet it was possible to assail the Federal army in the flank, as it crept slowly across the Peninsula toward the James.

A body of 26,500 Confederates, under Magruder and Huger, was already on the south bank of the Chickahominy in close touch with McClellan. After sunrise on the 29th they were ordered to move,—Magruder on the Williamsburg road and Huger on the Charles City road,—to assail the enemy in the rear and flank. Longstreet and A. P. Hill were to proceed across the Chickahominy at New Bridge, which had been rebuilt by Magruder. Thence they were to follow the Darbytown road in the direction of Charles City crossroads. Near that point they would be in position to assail McClellan's column as it emerged from the road

across White Oak Swamp. While Longstreet and Hill were assigned the longest march, Jackson was given the most difficult route to pursue. He was ordered to cross at Grape Vine Bridge, proceed down the southern bank of the Chickahominy and follow in the track of McClellan's army through White Oak Swamp.

The four Confederate columns, widely separated, were not brought into close coöperation at any time during the 29th. The Grape Vine Bridge had been destroyed and D. H. Hill's engineers, working vigorously, spent the entire day in rebuilding it. Two or three hours after midnight, Jackson's troops crossed to the southern side.[1] On the afternoon of the 29th Magruder made two attacks against the Federal rear-guard near Savage Station, but was repulsed. Longstreet and Hill marched only twelve

[1] E. P. Alexander's assertions (*Memoirs*, p. 145) that "the rebuilding of Grape Vine Bridge was not a serious matter" and that "Jackson excused not only himself, but his troops, also, because it was Sunday," are not supported by the evidence. In the first place, it would require more than mere conjecture to establish the charges that, in order to rest on Sunday, Jackson wilfully disobeyed Lee's instructions, and then attempted to excuse the disobedience by pretending that he was working on the bridge! The story of the Valley campaign has shown us that Jackson did not allow his respect for Sunday to interfere with a military duty. Moreover, in his official report, Jackson gives us his own statement that the day was necessarily taken up in rebuilding the bridge. D. H. Hill's report supports this statement, for Hill's engineers were engaged in the work. Ewell's division of Jackson's corps was marching all day on this particular Sunday. Lee's order to move was not given until after sunrise; Hill's division marched to the broken bridge and went to work on it; Winder's division marched to the stream and then back again. Moreover, the men were without food all day and Major Dabney tells us that it was "a day of hard work."

miles from New Bridge and went into camp at a point on the Darbytown road still far distant from McClellan's pathway. Huger did not come in sight of the enemy ; Holmes went into camp on the New Market road, and Stuart was at White House, north of the Chickahominy. McClellan destroyed large quantities of stores, left a hospital containing 2,500 sick soldiers to fall into the hands of the Confederates, and made his way in safety through White Oak Swamp, destroying the bridge after the passage of his rear-guard.

On the morning of the 30th, the main body of the Federal army, more than 60,000 strong, was concentrated near the Charles City crossroads. Twenty thousand men under Franklin, supported by heavy artillery, were facing northward at White Oak Bridge to defend the passage through the swamp. Two Federal corps, 40,000 strong, were at Frazier's Farm, commanding the approaches from the two Richmond roads. At 4 P. M. on the 30th, Lee sent 20,000 men into battle at Frazier's Farm ; one-half of them, led by Longstreet, made the initial attack, and the rest, under A. P. Hill, advanced at a later hour. With matchless vigor, Longstreet and Hill struck the Federal line and broke the center, capturing fourteen guns and several hundred prisoners. The Federal flanks stood firm, however, and the Confederates failed to reach the roadway along which McClellan was retreating. During this heavy conflict, Holmes remained inactive near the James River on the New Market road ; Magruder missed his proper way and marched and countermarched

between Holmes and Longstreet; Huger was close to the battle-field but took no part in the struggle because of the trees felled across the road.

June 30th was the critical day of the entire campaign. What was Jackson doing within that period of great opportunities? Is the blame for any lost opportunity to be laid upon him?

On the night of the 29th, he lay down on the ground to rest a little. At midnight a heavy rain came on and Jackson arose and crossed the Grape Vine Bridge, now rebuilt, to Savage Station. At 2:30 A. M. on the 30th his troops began to move. He had ordered Munford, who had recently arrived from the Valley, to join him with his horsemen, at sunrise, at the crossroads near the station. The rain had scattered Munford's men and with only about fifty sabres he rode to the crossroads a little after the time appointed. Jackson was there awaiting his arrival. "Colonel," said Jackson in sharp tones, "my orders to you were to be here at sunrise." Munford explained, and the general replied: "Yes, sir. But, colonel, I ordered you to be here at sunrise. Move on with your regiment. If you meet the enemy, drive in his pickets, and if you want artillery, Colonel Crutchfield will furnish you." [1]

Munford collected his men as well as he could and pushed on so rapidly that he captured the entire Federal picket near White Oak Bridge. The bridge itself had been destroyed and the stream

[1] Munford's statement, quoted in Henderson's *Jackson*, Vol. II, pp. 49–51.

was swollen from the rain of the previous night. Beyond the creek at the crest of a ridge stood the Federal batteries of heavy rifled guns supported by Franklin's 20,000 muskets. McClellan's rear-guard was posted in a position of great strength, but at noon, when the Valley army arrived at the swamp, Jackson began the assault. He cut a path through the wood on the right of the road, moved forward thirty-one guns, ready shotted, and, at a signal, opened fire from all of them at the same moment. One of the Federal batteries was dispersed, and the other at once withdrew from view; their infantry supports also fell back. Two or three cannon were left by the Federals on the opposite bank and Jackson, therefore, said to Munford, "Colonel, move your regiment over the creek and secure those guns." Jackson rode with the cavalry. They found that the timbers of the trestle-bridge had been thrown into the stream, forming a tangled mass, while the supports of the bridge had been destroyed. "I said to General Jackson," writes Munford, "that I did not think that we could cross." Jackson waved his hand and replied, "Yes, colonel, try it." "In we went and floundered over," says Munford, "and before I formed the men, Jackson cried out to me to move on at the guns." The horsemen dashed at the cannon, but the hidden infantry and artillery of the Federal corps opened fire and drove them back. The Confederate cavalry moved down the stream and recrossed "with great difficulty." [1]

[1] Henderson's *Jackson*, Vol. II, pp. 50–51.

Jackson ordered some of his guns forward to drive away the enemy's sharpshooters and moved up the divisions of D. H. Hill and Whiting to make the rush across the stream. A body of Whiting's men was sent to the creek to rebuild the bridge. Fresh Federal batteries were brought up on the other side and their fire was so hot that the men ran back from the bridge and refused to work. Jackson's smooth-bore cannon were not able to silence the many rifled guns of the enemy.

Then Jackson pushed a regiment over the stream and these men seized the belt of trees on the opposite bank. The entire ground was examined to see if a way could be found to move against the flank of the enemy's position; but every pathway through the forest was obstructed by felled trees. Wright's brigade of Huger's division, which had joined Jackson, was sent up stream to attempt a passage at Brackett's Ford. Wright found the bridge destroyed, the roads blockaded and the hills beyond the creek crowned with heavy batteries, supported by infantry.

It was Jackson's duty to attack the Federal forces at any cost, say many Confederate officers. An assault against the Federal rear-guard at the White Oak Bridge, it is asserted, would have ensured the success of the battle fought by Longstreet and Hill at Frazier's Farm, on the Federal flank. Various reasons have been assigned to explain Jackson's supposed failure in duty; such as, "physical fatigue," "a feeling of pity for his soldiers," and that his mind was resting under some "spell."

Doctor McGuire, however, tells us that he never saw Jackson "more active and energetic" than on that day. Munford's report sustains the same view. The theories of "physical fatigue" and peculiar "spell" may certainly be dismissed as purely imaginary.

An attack by Jackson against the Federal rear-guard would, without question, have rendered valuable aid to Longstreet and Hill. It is not certain, however, that such an assault would have assured a complete Confederate victory. That could have been gained only by the coöperation of Huger, Magruder and Holmes, who did not come into contact with the enemy at all. Moreover, Jackson's conduct must be estimated in the light of the knowledge which was available to him in that critical hour when he found that it was impossible to outflank the Federal forces at the bridge. He knew that Lee himself had moved far toward the right for the purpose of striking the Federal army in the flank with the combined divisions of Longstreet, A. P. Hill, Magruder, Huger and Holmes, a force of about 50,000 men. It was not until 4 P. M. that the battle began at Frazier's Farm, and it was near sunset when Lee sent A. P. Hill into the fight. Jackson had good reason to suppose that the Confederates on the right flank of the enemy would win the field. As to the Federal rear-guard at White Oak Bridge, it was posted in a position far stronger than that of Porter at Gaines' Mill. A direct attack might fail. It was not in accordance with Jackson's method of

warfare to make bayonet charges directly in front of batteries and intrenched infantry, unless that course was absolutely necessary to attain success. Jackson did not think that the duty of that hour called upon him to sacrifice his men in an attack which might prove a failure and worse than useless. From his point of view it was not wise to rush to the assault, and Lee did not send him a specific order to take the risk.

But why did not Jackson move around to the head of the swamp into the Charles City road and march to Frazier's Farm? "If General Lee had wanted me, he could have sent for me," [1] said Jackson himself to some of his own officers in reply to this question. His orders held him on the roadway in the Federal rear and there he must remain without taking perilous risks until Lee sent him elsewhere. In his report Jackson wrote that "the marshy character of the soil, the destruction of the bridge over the marsh and creek, and the strong position of the enemy for defending the passage, prevented my advancing until the following morning." [2]

During the night that followed the battle of Frazier's Farm, McClellan's army withdrew to Malvern Hill and took up a strong position. At dawn on the morning of July 1st, Jackson's column led the Confederate advance until it was halted by the fire of the Federal batteries. Lee and Jackson rode to the front and saw the Federal guns posted

[1] Henderson's *Jackson*, Vol. II, p. 57.
[2] *Official Records*, Vol. XI, Part I, p. 784.

on the plateau of Malvern Hill, 150 feet above the surrounding country. The entire Federal army was drawn up in line of battle at the top of the long slope, with 250 rifled guns ready to sweep the field in front with their fire. The Federal position was much stronger than that of Porter's corps at Gaines' Mill, for the hill was higher and one flank was supported by the fire from the Federal gunboats in the James River.

Jackson advised against an attack in front and suggested a movement around the enemy's right flank. Longstreet, on the other hand, reconnoitered the enemy's left and recommended a combined advance of the infantry, to be preceded by heavy artillery fire. Lee accepted Longstreet's view and ordered the Confederate guns to move forward and open the way for an assault. The Confederate infantry was formed in line of battle in the edge of the forest at the foot of the Malvern plateau; Jackson occupied the left, with D. H. Hill on the right of the roadway and Whiting on the left; Magruder and Huger were on the right of D. H. Hill; Holmes was still farther to the right.

The Confederate reserve artillery under General Pendleton did not enter the battle at all. The Confederate field batteries advanced, a few guns at a time, and were driven back by the heavy Federal cannon. Lee then abandoned the idea of making a frontal attack and ordered Longstreet and A. P. Hill to lead their divisions to the part of the field recommended by Jackson in the early morning; that is, near the enemy's right flank. At that critical

moment, however, the battle began through a misunderstanding of orders. Armistead, one of Huger's brigadiers, had been instructed by Lee to watch the artillery fire; when he thought the advantageous moment had come, he was to advance with a yell. This yell was to be the signal for the divisions of D. H. Hill and Magruder to take part in the assault. About 5:30 P. M., D. H. Hill heard some firing in Armistead's front and wrongly supposing that he heard the proposed yell, moved his division of 10,500 men against the whole Federal army. No other troops advanced with Hill's men. The latter were beaten back and then Huger made an attack. After his repulse Magruder advanced. These disjointed assaults were directed with matchless courage and persistency, but the Confederate loss was more than 5,000 men. In spite of the irregular mode of attack, the Confederates came near driving McClellan's entire army from the plateau; this is known from the testimony of General Hunt, the Federal chief of artillery. During the succeeding night, McClellan ordered his troops to retreat to Harrison's Landing. "It was like the retreat of a whipped army," said Joseph Hooker, one of McClellan's generals; "we retreated like a parcel of sheep, and a few shots from the rebels would have panic-stricken the whole command." [1]

Jackson understood the fact that McClellan was retreating and that he would not make an attempt to advance from Malvern Hill toward Richmond. During the night some of Jackson's officers aroused

[1] *Report on the Conduct of the War*, p. 580.

him and suggested the possibility of a counter attack by McClellan. To this he replied in very quiet tones, "No : he will clear out in the morning."

At dawn on July 2d Jackson rode to the front. A dreary rain was falling and the roads were unusually bad. He ordered his officers to form the soldiers in three lines of battle, and then to permit the men to build large fires and cook rations. Jackson was thus ready to pursue McClellan's army, but President Davis came to consult with General Lee and the conference lasted nearly all day. Jackson was present but took no active part. He did not volunteer any advice, says Dabney, but when he was questioned, replied in a brief, deferential manner. When the decision was reached that no pursuit would be made until Stuart's cavalry could find out the location of McClellan's army, Jackson's dissent and consequent distress of mind were shown in the expression of his face, but he remained silent.[1]

On the morning of July 3d the Confederate army moved toward Harrison's Landing with Longstreet in advance. Incompetent guides led the troops astray and little progress was made. Jackson's men had to crawl along behind Longstreet's soldiers. The delay chafed Jackson's spirit until his anger was almost at white heat. When the Confederates on July 4th at last came within sight of McClellan's outposts, the Federal army was strongly intrenched. The day before Stuart led his horsemen to Eveling-

[1] Dabney's letter, quoted in Henderson's *Jackson*, Vol. II, pp. 69–70.

ton Heights near Westover. He moved a howitzer forward and opened fire upon McClellan's entire army, encamped in the plain near the river. An unfortunate result followed the firing of that howitzer, for it revealed to McClellan the danger of his position. He immediately, therefore, seized the heights and fortified them. When Lee and Jackson made an examination of the place, they agreed that it was impregnable against attack and that it could not be turned. They, therefore, withdrew their brigades to a point near Richmond.

During the battles of the Seven Days the Confederate loss was 20,000 men. The Federal loss was 16,000, with fifty-two cannon and 35,000 stand of small arms. The greatest advantage to the Confederates lay in the fact that Richmond was saved from the enemy. On June 27th McClellan was within sight of the spires of the capital city; from that position, however, he fled, after having destroyed vast quantities of military stores. In his flight he was pursued closely by the Confederates and after a week found himself on the James River, twenty or thirty miles from Richmond. Although won at heavy cost, Lee's movement against McClellan was a decided victory. There was sincere joy in Richmond and throughout the Southern commonwealths. The names of Lee and Jackson, the modest and unassuming heroes of the great conflict, were on every tongue.

CHAPTER XVI

CEDAR RUN

WHILE the Confederate army was watching McClellan at Harrison's Landing, Jackson's mind was full of plans with reference to further aggressive movements. The Federal army on the James was completely beaten, he declared to his friend, Alexander Boteler, the congressman from Winchester. There was danger, however, said Jackson, that the fruits of the Confederate victory would be lost, "as they had been lost after Bull Run." He urged, therefore, that an army of 60,000 Confederates should march at once into Maryland and threaten Washington. Jackson did not ask the privilege of leading the movement; he was willing, he said, to follow any one—Lee, or Ewell, or any one who would fight.

"Why do you not urge your views on General Lee?" said Mr. Boteler. "I have done so," replied Jackson. "And what does he say to them?" "He says nothing," was Jackson's answer; "but do not understand that I complain of this silence; it is proper that General Lee should observe it. He is wise and prudent. He feels that he bears a fearful responsibility, and he is right in declining a hasty expression of his purpose to a subordinate like me." [1]

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 487.

Jackson's views were laid before President Davis and received careful consideration. Additional troops were not then at hand to take the place of the Confederate army in front of Richmond. It was, therefore, not possible, in the opinion of Davis, to send a large force to threaten Washington. On July 13th, however, orders were issued to Jackson to lead two divisions to Gordonsville to protect the Virginia Central Railway against the enemy who was threatening to advance from Washington.

Jackson's faithful adjutant, Major R. L. Dabney, was stricken down by severe sickness and could not continue in the campaign. "It was with tearful eyes that I consented to our separation," wrote Jackson. He was soon to feel the need of this energetic chief-of-staff whom the general himself described as "the most efficient officer he knew." [1]

On July 16th, Jackson's two divisions under Ewell and Winder began to arrive at Gordonsville. The general's tent was pitched in such a manner that through the open door he could see the distant outline of the Blue Ridge.

At Gordonsville, Jackson learned that his former enemies of the Valley were again marching toward him. The troops of Banks and Frémont had been led to the eastern side of the Blue Ridge. These two corps, with McDowell's corps at Fredericksburg, formed the Army of Virginia, numbering about 47,000 men. The commander of this army, General John Pope, had been recently brought from the

[1] Johnson's *Life of Robert L. Dabney*, p. 347.

West where he had gained some successes. On July 14th, Pope issued this address to his soldiers :

"Let us understand each other. I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies ; from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary, and to beat him when he was found; whose policy has been attack and not defence. . . . I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system, and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily. . . . Meantime, I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases, which I am sorry to find much in vogue amongst you. I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them—of lines of retreat and bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas. . . . Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before and not behind. Success and glory are in the advance. Disaster and shame lurk in the rear." [1]

Pope's men, in accordance with his permission, began to plunder the people of northern Virginia and to drive out of their homes those citizens who refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Federal government at Washington. This cruel and unjust mode of warfare aroused the Confederate government to denounce Pope and his officers as unworthy of the name of soldiers,—deserving only the treatment accorded to outlaws. The boastful commander from the West was now face to face with Jackson and the coming weeks were to bring to Pope a few wholesome lessons. Some one said to

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XII, Part III, p. 474.

Jackson, "This new general claims your attention." "And, if it please God, he shall have it," was the reply.

Pope made a bold use of his cavalry. He sent the Federal horsemen so near to Gordonsville and Richmond that Lee ordered Stuart's cavalry and A. P. Hill's Light Division to aid Jackson. The latter's force then amounted to about 24,000 men and he was eager to attack some part of Pope's army before it could be concentrated.

The conferences held by Lee and Jackson immediately after the battles of the Seven Days had drawn these two leaders into that close friendship and harmony which was to become permanent. They were in full accord with reference to military movements. They agreed that there should be no more frontal assaults like that at Malvern Hill. "You are right," wrote Lee on August 4th, "in not attacking them in their strong and chosen positions. They ought always to be turned, as you propose, and thus force them on to more favorable ground." [1]

The commander-in-chief gave Jackson a gentle suggestion, also, with reference to the latter's reticence concerning his plans. Lee wrote that he would find A. P. Hill "a good officer, with whom you can consult, and by advising with your division commanders as to your movements, much trouble will be saved you in arranging details, and they can act more intelligently." [2]

During the first week in August, Jackson sent

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XII, Part III, p. 397.
[2] *Idem*, p. 409.

Stuart toward Fredericksburg to drive back McDowell's scouts. Then Jackson drew in his horsemen and retired with his infantry south of Gordonsville. This movement was a ruse intended to get Pope nearer to the Rapidan. The game worked admirably. Pope thought that he could easily seize Gordonsville and Charlottesville and he at once moved southward from his position near the headwaters of the Rappahannock. The Federal cavalry occupied the line of Robertson River, a tributary of the Rapidan, and on August 6th Banks led a brigade of infantry as far south as Culpeper Court-House. At the same time Ricketts was ordered to lead forward to the same place one of the divisions of McDowell's corps. Jackson's scouts brought him the news and he immediately marched northward by hidden roads. He proposed, "through the blessing of Providence," he wrote, to fall suddenly upon Banks's advanced detachment at Culpeper before reinforcements should arrive. "Banks is in front of me," said Jackson as he moved swiftly forward; "he is always ready to fight." Then he added, with a laugh, as if speaking to himself,—"And he generally gets whipped."

On the night of August 8th, Jackson's forces reached Orange Court-House and went into bivouac. Twenty miles lay between them and Culpeper and there were two rivers to cross, the Rapidan and the Robertson. An early start was made on the morning of the 8th, but the marching of the men was slow throughout the entire day. The Federal cavalry made a bold stand and caused some delay.

The heat was so severe that a number of men dropped dead as they were marching. But the chief reason for the slow progress of the army was the fact that A. P. Hill had become angry because Jackson had not talked freely about his plans for the day. Hill made little effort, therefore, to move his men forward and when night came his column had advanced only two miles. Ewell, however, had made only eight. The next day Hill atoned for his delinquency by manifesting his usual vigor. Long before dawn he aroused his men and led them forward so steadily that early in the day he came up with Winder and Ewell. The Confederate column crossed Robertson River at Locustdale Ford, drove back the Federal cavalry and pressed up the dusty highway. A little before noon, the advanced-guard under Ewell arrived near the western base of Slaughter Mountain and there came into contact with the Federal horsemen. Banks had brought his entire corps from Culpeper and on the bank of Cedar Run he was now awaiting the approach of Jackson.

Early's brigade moved forward and found the Federal guns in position on the north side of the stream. Twenty-six Confederate cannon were brought to the front and for two hours a fierce artillery duel was carried on across the narrow valley. Jackson formed his line of battle with Ewell's division on the right, along the northern face of Slaughter Mountain ; Winder's division was arrayed on the left ; and Hill was expected to support Winder. The latter formed his front line by placing the Second Brigade (Garnett's) on the west side

of the road and the Third Brigade (Taliaferro's) on the east side. Jackson sent an order to Garnett, whose men occupied the extreme left flank of the Confederate position, "to look well to his left, and to ask his divisional commander for reinforcements." Before the gallant division leader, General Winder, could respond to this call, a shell struck him down on the field and he soon breathed his last.[1]

General Banks, who was a man of great courage, was now moving forward his entire force of 9,000 men to attack Jackson. The Confederate center was the first point of contact between the two armies, but Early's brigade, supported by Taliaferro, met the Federal forces there and kept them from crossing Cedar Run. Farther up the stream, however, on Banks's right a strong Federal force came sweeping across the fields with bayonets fixed and banners flying. They moved around the Confederate left flank and drove back two Virginia regiments which were posted in that part of the field, for Winder's fall had prevented the strengthening of the left as

[1] "General Winder, . . . dismounted and, in his shirt-sleeves, had taken his stand a few paces to the left of my gun, and with his field-glass was intently observing the progress of the battle. . . . While the enemy's guns were changing their position he gave some directions which we could not hear for the surrounding noise. I, being nearest, turned, and walking toward him, asked what he had said. As he put his hand to his mouth to repeat the remark, a shell passed through his side and arm, tearing them fearfully. He fell straight back at full length, and lay quivering on the ground. He had issued strict orders that morning that no one, except those detailed for the purpose, should leave his post to carry off the wounded, in obedience to which I turned to the gun and went to work. He was soon carried off, however, and died a few hours later."—*Story of a Cannoneer Under Stonewall Jackson*, p. 95.

Jackson had ordered. The attack made by the Federal regiments was pressed with great courage and they rolled up the Confederate line from the left to the center. The Stonewall Brigade, thus far held in reserve, advanced against their brave opponents and opened a deadly fire. Jackson sent orders to Ewell and A. P. Hill to make an immediate attack and then he spurred his horse among his confused battalions near the center. The men were falling back with ranks broken, more like a mob than an army. For the first time in the war Jackson drew his sword, and his voice rang out like a bugle, high above the noise of the battle : "Rally, men, and follow me!" he said. The men halted and faced the other way, for Jackson's presence seemed to fill them with new courage. The brave Taliaferro, who had now succeeded Winder as commander of Jackson's old division, rode to his general's side and told him that the leader of the army should not be in the midst of the fighting. "Good, good," said Jackson, and then he withdrew slowly, for he saw the center brigades reforming for the counter attack. The charge of the Stonewall Brigade on the left drove the enemy back and Jackson galloped to the head of the Light Division as Hill hurried his men into the battle. The Confederates advanced against both Federal flanks, and Banks's men, who had made a most gallant struggle, turned to flee from the field. In order to relieve the pressure against his infantry, the Federal leader sent a body of horsemen in a charge against the advancing Confederates. Forming two lines, they

made a brilliant dash straight against Jackson's center. The rifle fire of the companies which occupied the roadway soon visited heavy disaster upon the brave cavalrymen; 174 men and officers entered the charge, but only seventy-one rode back.

The entire Confederate line was now advancing across Cedar Run. Jackson rode to the front and was greeted with the cheers of his victorious soldiers. A large body of Federal troops was captured. The struggle had lasted only an hour and a half but Banks's two divisions were so fearfully broken that they were unable to take any further part in the campaign.

As night came on and the moon began to shed its full light upon the roadway, Banks retreated toward Culpeper Court-House. Jackson did not pause, but led his whole army forward in pursuit. At the distance of a mile and a half from Cedar Run the Confederate skirmishers found a line of battle drawn up across the roadway. The Confederate cannon moved to the front and sent a storm of shells among the Federal regiments. General Pope himself was present and when these messengers of death came crashing among the trees near him, he did that which he had never done in "the West"—he turned his back upon his foe and galloped to a safer position. The Federal batteries, however, opened a heavy fire and Jackson saw that the enemy was ready to dispute his further advance. The Confederate cavalry, moreover, brought in prisoners who said that Frémont's army corps was on the

field, commanded now by Sigel. Jackson, therefore, halted his army for the night.

Worn with fatigue and excessively hungry, the general rode over the field for some time in search of his headquarters wagons. As he passed near the bivouac of the Stonewall Brigade the men greeted him with enthusiastic cheers. He quickly made his escape from the light thrown out by their campfires, declaring to one of his aides that if he only had some milk he would be happy. The wagons were not found and milk could not be obtained. Jackson, therefore, wrapped his old cloak about him, stretched himself flat on his breast beneath a tree and instantly fell asleep.[1]

Next morning Stuart's horsemen discovered the fact that the chief part of Pope's army had come forward and was drawn up to meet the Confederates. Since the enemy was so far superior in numbers, having about 32,000 men on the field and 10,000, in addition, a few miles away, Jackson withdrew behind Cedar Run to the battle-field of the previous day. For two days, however, Pope made no sign of advancing; and on the 11th he asked for a cessation of hostilities long enough to permit him to bury his dead. This privilege was granted. The Federal loss was 2,380, including 400 prisoners; the Confederate loss was 1,314. Jackson's message to Lee, sent on the 11th, began as follows: "On the evening of the 9th inst., God blessed our arms with another victory." In a letter to his wife he declared that he could scarcely think of his fallen brigadier, the

[1] See Cooke's *Jackson*, p. 265.

chivalrous Winder, "without tearful eyes." "Let us all unite," he added, "in imploring God's aid in fighting our battles for us."

On the night of the 11th Jackson moved southward again toward Gordonsville, taking along his prisoners, with 5,000 rifles and one gun captured in the battle. He was beginning once more to play a strategical game in front of Pope, with the hope of drawing that commander south of the Rapidan. The Confederate victory at Cedar Run had not only resulted in the crushing of Pope's advanced-guard and the destruction of two Federal divisions, but it wrought mightily upon the imagination of the Federal rulers in Washington. On August 3d, they had instructed McClellan to withdraw his army from the James River to the capital in order that he might aid Pope. After the defeat of a part of Pope's army at Cedar Run, McClellan was ordered with more urgency than before to hasten the movement of his troops. He must return from Richmond, said Lincoln and Stanton, and place his brigades in front of Washington.

CHAPTER XVII

GROVETON

After withdrawing from Cedar Run, Jackson concealed his army behind the forests near Gordonsville. The Federal authorities at Washington were mystified; they did not know where he might suddenly strike them a blow. On August 13th, Lee learned that McClellan was moving his troops down the James River; he at once, therefore, sent Longstreet with twelve brigades toward Gordonsville. On the night of the 15th, Jackson's forces marched by country roads past Orange Court-House to Pisgah Church, where Lee and his generals held a council on the 16th. The Confederate lookout on Clark's Mountain reported that Pope's army had advanced to the Rapidan and that his tents in great number could be seen far up stream in the direction of Madison Court-House. Jackson's brigades were then within six miles of the Federal left flank; he, therefore, proposed an advance across the Rapidan against the flank and rear of Pope's army. Lee accepted the suggestion and gave the following orders for the early dawn of August 18th: Jackson's forces, crossing the Rapidan at Somerville Ford, and Longstreet's men, crossing at Raccoon Ford, were to advance on Culpeper; while Stuart's cavalry was to pass the river farther east at

Morton's Ford and cut the railway in the rear of the Federal army. Reinforcements from Fredericksburg had arrived and Pope's army numbered 52,500 men. His troops were widely scattered, however. On the other hand, Lee had 55,000 men ready to fall upon the Federal rear with the rising of the sun on the 18th. It was a great opportunity to defeat and, perhaps, to destroy the Federal army.

The scheme failed through misapprehensions on the part of Stuart and Fitzhugh Lee, commanders of the Confederate cavalry. Stuart sent an order, not sufficiently urgent, advising Lee to bring his brigade to Verdiersville, five miles from Raccoon Ford, on the night of the 17th. Lee did not give literal obedience to Stuart's instructions, for he marched in a circuitous way, in order to obtain supplies, and did not reach the appointed place in time to lead the Confederate advance. Moreover, Stuart himself, with a small body of attendants, rode too far toward the enemy's outposts, and his chief of the staff was captured, with Stuart's official papers. Among these was a letter from General Lee, disclosing the fact that Longstreet had brought his brigades to Jackson's assistance.

On the evening of the 17th it was reported that the horsemen had not reached their appointed rendezvous. Jackson urged, however, that the movement should be made the following morning without the aid of Stuart's cavalry. The horsemen were not needed to secure information and Jackson had cavalry in sufficient numbers to guard

both flanks of the army. Then Longstreet interposed the objection that his supply-trains had not come up and that his men could not march without provision-wagons. Jackson replied that the fields would furnish green corn and green apples and that the enemy's storehouse at Brandy Station could be speedily captured. An eye-witness of the scene tells us that Jackson manifested a passionate eagerness in urging that the movement should go forward and that when General Lee decided to postpone the advance until the morning of the 20th, Jackson groaned aloud.

On the 18th, Pope learned that the Confederates were about to move between his army and Washington. He at once began his retreat therefore toward the Rappahannock River. On the afternoon of the 19th, Lee and Longstreet, standing together on Clark's Mountain, saw the Federal army in motion toward its rear. Before dawn on the 20th the Confederates plunged through the Rapidan and marched rapidly in pursuit. Jackson's troops made a journey of twenty miles to Brandy Station and Longstreet reached a point near Kelly's Ford. Pope's army had made good its escape and was now strongly posted on the north bank of the Rappahannock.

The next plan of the Confederates was to turn the Federal right. On the 22d, therefore, Jackson marched ten miles up the river from Rappahannock Station and sent Early's brigade across the stream at Sulphur Springs. The rain began to pour down in such torrents, however, that the river was soon

in flood and Early's brigade was cut off from the rest of the army. The next day Jackson repaired an old, broken bridge, which he found there and sent another brigade to support Early. "Tell General Early to hold his position," was Jackson's message to his brigadier who had requested to be withdrawn. On the 24th both brigades were brought back over the river.

Meanwhile, Stuart had crossed the stream on August 22d still farther up at Waterloo Bridge and with 1,500 horsemen, had swept rapidly through Warrenton as far as Catlett's Station on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. The supply-trains of Pope's army were packed there near the railway track. The night was dark and the rain was falling in torrents, but Stuart's men rode boldly into the Federal encampment, which was occupied by about 2,000 soldiers as train-guards. A negro, who recognized Stuart, led the latter to the headquarters tent of General Pope himself. The Federal commander's uniform, his treasure-chest and his personal effects, together with one of his staff-officers, were captured. The railway bridge over Cedar Run was so saturated with water that it was not possible to set it on fire. Stuart brought away 300 prisoners and on the evening of the 23d arrived again on the southern bank of the Rappahannock. He had captured Pope's dispatch-book which furnished detailed information concerning the actual strength and location of all his troops and the reinforcements that he was expecting. The twofold movement

made across the river by Stuart's cavalry and Early's infantry, and their subsequent withdrawal, ultimately had a great effect upon the progress of the campaign, for Pope was now convinced that the attempt to move around his right flank had been abandoned.

The thundering of Longstreet's guns from day to day along the river below had not deceived Pope. He had followed Jackson up the stream and on the 24th the Federal army was concentrated opposite Sulphur Springs, on the Warrenton and Gainesville road. Moreover, Pope's dispatch-book revealed the fact that a part of McClellan's army had landed at Aquia Creek and was marching to Pope's aid; that a large force was also concentrating at Washington and that within a few days a Federal army of 150,000 men might be arrayed along the Rappahannock.

This serious situation called for immediate action on the part of the Confederate leaders. They could not stand on the defensive in the presence of an enemy so strong. Retreat to Richmond, or a prompt advance against some part of Pope's army; —these were the only alternatives. On the evening of the 24th, therefore, Lee and Jackson met in conference at Jefferson. Pope's letters and dispatches were before them. Jackson was much excited; at one time, during the discussion of the problem, a staff-officer saw him drawing a map in the sand with the toe of his boot and waving his arms in the most positive manner. The result of the council was a plan, the most daring in the lives

of these two leaders, and, perhaps, the most daring in the history of warfare. Lee decided to divide his army in the very face of the enemy and to send Jackson around by a wide sweep northward through the Bull Run Mountains at Thoroughfare Gap to strike the railway which was furnishing supplies to Pope's army. With his line of communications thus broken, Pope would be forced to withdraw from the Rappahannock toward Washington. Longstreet was then to follow Jackson through Thoroughfare Gap, and the two Confederate wings would combine in an attack against Pope's army.

A very heavy risk was involved in the enterprise, but the two great leaders assumed the responsibility and Jackson began to prepare his men for the most remarkable march that he ever made.

In anticipation of the movement, he had already withdrawn his troops from the bank of the river. Longstreet's brigades now quietly took their places without disclosing the change to the Federal army. Long before the dawn on August 25th, the Valley army began its march in three divisions; namely, Ewell's, A. P. Hill's and Taliaferro's (Stonewall Division). The only baggage carried by the men was a supply of half-baked biscuits, thrown into the haversacks. Some cattle were driven along behind the army, but the men expected to live chiefly on the green corn standing in the fields. Some tin-cans and frying-pans formed the only outfit for camping. As they moved rapidly northward, Longstreet's guns were roaring out along the Rappahannock, bidding Jackson's men to hasten. But

the latter needed no urging. None but the general himself knew the purpose of the movement. The soldiers asked no questions, however, for they had absolute trust in "Old Jack." Full of enthusiasm, they swept forward, Captain Boswell acting as guide. Through woods and valleys, across fields, whenever the shortest line led that way, the eager soldiers marched. The August sun was hot, but in response to their great leader's request, they did their best.

The course lay through Amissville, Orleans and Salem. Near the close of the day, writes a staff-officer, Jackson rode to the head of the leading brigade and complimented its chief officer "upon the good condition of his men and the fine march made that day. They had then traveled more than twenty miles, and were still moving on briskly, and without stragglers."[1] Jackson then dismounted and stood upon a stone by the roadside to watch his army pass. The sun was descending behind the Blue Ridge; its rays fell upon the faded old uniform and revealed a glow of pride in Jackson's face. Ewell's division was in front and as the men came up, they began to cheer. Jackson raised his hand to stop them and the word was passed along the column, "Don't shout, boys; the Yankees will hear us." Without cheering, therefore, the men waved their caps to show him respect and moved on. The Stonewall regiments came next, however, and their enthusiasm was beyond restraint. The yell of the Stonewall Brigade set all the rest to

[1] Cooke's *Jackson*, p. 275.

shouting. "It is of no use," said Jackson to his staff; "you see I can't stop them." His sunburned face was beaming with delight as he added, "Who could fail to win battles with such men as these?"[1]

It was midnight when the column halted near the village of Salem after a march of twenty-six miles. The soldiers flung themselves upon the ground to snatch a little rest, and then, while the morning stars were still shining, they arose and moved forward. The full morning light revealed the fact that the column was marching eastward through the narrow gorge of Thoroughfare Gap. Then the men knew that Jackson was leading them against the communications of Pope's army. This knowledge aroused them to renewed energy. Without a word from the soldiers in the ranks, the army continued its advance. Only the tramp of marching feet was heard and "the rumbling of wheels, the creak and clank of harness and accoutrements, with an occasional order, uttered under the breath, and always the same: 'Close up, men! Close up!'"

There were no more biscuits in the haversacks, and many of the men tried to satisfy their hunger with green corn and green apples taken from the fields near the roadway. Munford's horsemen rode in front and picked up all of the Federal scouts, thus keeping Pope in ignorance of the nearness of Jackson's forces. At Gainesville Stuart's cavalry galloped up to the right of the column. During the previous day Stuart had kept up an artillery battle

[1] Cooke's *Jackson*, p. 275.

at Waterloo Bridge and then through the night had ridden rapidly to join the main body Beyond Gainesville Jackson turned southeast to Bristol Station. Just before sunset, after a march of about twenty-five miles, Munford's cavalry and Ewell's infantry rushed into the village, captured the guard, seized two trains, broke up the railway and cut the telegraph wires. Jackson's corps was now thirteen miles in the rear of Pope's headquarters and in full possession of his line of communications. Through the dense darkness of the night Trimble led two regiments of infantry, accompanied by Stuart's cavalry, along the railway northward to Manassas Junction. Just before midnight these men seized the Junction, and captured 300 prisoners and two complete batteries.

On the morning of the 27th the divisions of Hill and Taliaferro marched to the Junction to join Stuart; Ewell's division was left at Bristoe to check any body of troops that Pope might send up the railway. A rich prize was disclosed to Jackson's view when he reached the Junction: warehouses built in long rows and filled with supplies; two miles of heavily-laden freight cars; thousands of barrels of flour, pork and biscuit piled in the adjacent fields. Jackson placed a guard over the liquor and then allowed his ragged, hungry veterans to break ranks and to celebrate a high carnival among the Federal stores. A large bakery, completely equipped, was kept in operation the entire day by the Federal prisoners in order to furnish a change of food to men who had been living on green corn

and green apples. A Federal brigade came rushing across Bull Run to recapture the Junction. They did not know that a large body of Confederates was drawn up to receive them. As the brigade drew nigh, unconscious of danger, Jackson rode forward and waved a white handkerchief in full view, for he wished to save the lives of his foemen by persuading them to surrender. The only answer to his generous effort was a musket-ball deliberately fired at his head. As the bullet whistled past the general, the Confederate batteries opened upon the enemy, the Confederate infantry advanced, and the Federal troops fled, having suffered heavy loss. In the afternoon Ewell's division had a hot skirmish with Hooker's division south of Bristoe. Hooker had been sent up the railway from Warrenton Junction, but when he came into contact with Ewell, he halted his forces.

The extraordinary revel of the Confederates among the supplies at the Junction went on until the close of the day. There was canned food in abundance; lobster salad and sardines were swallowed; boxes of candles and bags of coffee were carried away. "From piles of new clothing the Southerners arrayed themselves in the blue uniforms of the Federals. Thus the naked were clad, the barefooted were shod and the sick provided with luxuries to which they had long been strangers." [1]

As darkness fell, Jackson called the men again to stern work. First of all, he proposed to mystify Pope, and, therefore, the vast accumulation of stores

[1] Gordon's *Army of Virginia.*

was given to the flames. One mighty blaze went up from the Junction, reddening all the sky, and then, a little after midnight, Jackson's three divisions disappeared in the darkness, leaving not a trace of their route behind them. Pope himself, at Bristoe Station, seven miles away, was a witness of that great conflagration. It may be, therefore, that on that same night he recalled his previous utterance to his own soldiers that they should take no thought for their own lines of retreat! The explosion of the piles of shells at the Junction sounded in his ears like the noise of a battle and Pope learned then for the first time that Jackson's entire army corps lay between himself and Washington.

For about three days he had been groping in the darkness. Jackson's march northward from Jefferson on the 25th had been observed by Pope's signal men, but the Federal leader supposed that Jackson was marching back to the Valley of Virginia! The Valley army had vanished from view and Pope, therefore, on the 26th, ordered his force of 80,000 Federal soldiers to concentrate at Warrenton. Advice from Washington had enjoined him to hold the line of the Rappahannock and "fight like the devil." He was also told to keep open his communications with Fredericksburg to facilitate the march of McClellan's brigades. The news from his rear, however, hurried Pope back to Bristoe Station, and there, on the night of the 27th, in the light of his burning stores, he ordered all of his divisions to move to Manassas Junction. "March at the very

earliest blush of dawn," he wrote, "and we shall bag the whole crowd." [1]

On the morning of the 28th, therefore, Pope's army began to move northward over various roads toward Manassas. About noon Pope himself reached the Junction only to find that the birds had flown. The Federal storehouses were in ashes; the fields and woods were silent and no sign had been left to show the course followed by the Confederates. Pope was bewildered and for several hours he sat at Manassas, attempting to solve the puzzle of Jackson's disappearance. About four o'clock in the afternoon a messenger brought the news that Confederate soldiers had been seen in force beyond Centerville. Again Pope's orders went out to his officers and during the late afternoon the Federal troops were tramping wearily northward to the north bank of Bull Run. Pope made his way at the head of a column to the hill where the village of Centerville stands, but no enemy was there to greet him. A little before sunset, however, when most of the Federal brigades were going into bivouac, the sudden roar of guns from the hills at Groveton, far away to the southwest of Centerville, told Pope that the Confederates were ready for battle near the old field of Manassas.

We must now return to Manassas Junction to learn the secret of Jackson's march on the night of the 27th. The flames were still leaping high in the air when he ordered his troops to move north over three roads. Soon after midnight, Taliaferro's divi-

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XII, Part II, p. 72.

sion, with the wagon-trains, marched toward Sudley Springs; Hill went directly across Bull Run to Centerville and then returned by way of the Stone Bridge to the south bank of the stream; Ewell's division, at dawn on the 28th, followed Hill across Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford, proceeded thence up the bank of the stream and recrossed to the south side at the Stone Bridge. Thus on the 28th, while Pope's army was moving north toward Manassas and then in the direction of Centerville, Jackson's three divisions were concentrated in the woods south of Sudley Springs and north of the Warrenton Turnpike. The Confederates were within twelve miles of Thoroughfare Gap through which Longstreet was expected to come to their aid.

During the afternoon of the 28th a Federal courier was captured with McDowell's order for the marching of his troops through Gainesville to Manassas. When the dispatch was brought to Jackson, he was lying asleep in a fence-corner near Groveton. After reading it, Jackson turned to Taliaferro and without a moment's hesitation, said, "Move your division and attack the enemy." At the same time he said to Ewell, "Support the attack." The sleeping soldiers sprang to arms and the artillery galloped forward to open fire upon King's division which was moving northward toward Centerville. Jackson had the impression that the Federal army was retreating behind Bull Run. To prevent such a retreat and to draw Pope's army back from Manassas and Centerville to the fields near Gainesville, was his purpose in assailing King. The Federal troops

were surprised by the sudden onset, but they fought with gallant determination. The two lines, standing face to face, drew as near to each other as a hundred yards and blazed away. The Federal cannon were heavier and more numerous, but the Confederate infantry was 4,500 strong against 2,800 of the enemy. The slaughter was fearful. About 1,100 Federal soldiers were shot down ; the Confederate loss was about 1,200. Among those severely wounded were Taliaferro and Ewell, Jackson's principal division commanders. As darkness fell, the Confederates found the left flank of the enemy and forced them slowly back from the field. During the night King's division retreated to Manassas.

The immediate advantage gained over the enemy at Groveton was not very great, but Jackson's purpose in beginning the conflict was crowned with the highest success. He wished to draw the entire Federal army to the field which he had chosen and this was accomplished by the heavy roar of his guns at sunset, near that place. Pope was at Centerville when he heard the news ; at once he formed the view that Jackson was in retreat but that McDowell had cut him off at Groveton. Back again, therefore, along the Warrenton Turnpike, Pope hurried his forces during the night, expecting to capture Jackson's entire corps ! Early on the 29th, Sigel's corps and Reynolds's division formed a line of battle and moved against the Confederate position. Jackson's veterans were ready for the conflict.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SECOND MANASSAS

WHERE were Lee and Longstreet during the critical period from the 26th until the 29th? This question carries us back again to the Rappahannock. On the afternoon of the 26th, Longstreet left Jefferson and followed the path of Jackson's corps. His march was so slow, however, that he covered only thirty miles in two days. This tardiness was due, in part, to the opposition made by the Federal cavalry. Just before night on the 28th, Longstreet reached Thoroughfare Gap and began a long skirmish with the Federal division of Ricketts. When the sun arose on the morning of the 29th, Confederate turning columns, sent across Bull Run Mountain, were assailing the Federal flanks. Ricketts was falling back toward Manassas and Longstreet's men were pressing through the Gap to bring aid to Jackson's brigades at Groveton.

Jackson had now about 18,000 infantry with forty guns and 2,500 horsemen. He placed his men in a strong position along the line of an unfinished railroad running from Gainesville to Sudley Springs. Its embankments and cuttings gave good cover for the front line of the Confederates, which extended over the space of about 3,000 yards. One-half of the Confederate force was held in reserve on the long flat-topped ridge in the rear of the railroad. The left of

the Confederate position, near Bull Run, was held by A. P. Hill's division ; the center by two brigades of Ewell's division under Lawton ; the right by Taliaferro's division under Starke. The flanks were guarded by Stuart's cavalry.

Soon after dawn on the 29th, Jackson rode along his lines to see that all was well. Then he took position near the great battery of twenty-four guns on the crest of the hill behind his right center. Sigel's corps, 11,000 strong, with ten batteries, moved across the Henry Hill and deployed for the attack. He was supported by Reynolds's division, composed of 8,000 men and four batteries. Sigel's men were the German troops, once led by Frémont, which Ewell had defeated at Cross Keys. About 8 A. M., the Federal forces, with banners flying, began to advance up the long slope from the foot of the Henry Hill. Their line was more than two miles in length. Jackson's 24-gun battery rained so heavy a fire of shells upon the left end of Sigel's line that it wavered and fell back. The right wing of the Federal force, Schurz's division, pressed through the wood near Sudley and struck A. P. Hill. Gregg's South Carolina brigade met Schurz with a fierce fire of musketry, then charged with the bayonet and drove the two Federal brigades out of the forest. Milroy's brigade then advanced to reinforce Schurz but Thomas's Georgia brigade was ready to aid Gregg. The Confederates rushed to meet their assailants, drove them back in confusion and poured heavy volleys into their masses as they fled across the fields.

Sigel's repulse was accomplished by 10 : 30 A. M. Long before this time, Longstreet's advanced-guard had passed through Gainesville and his brigades were now taking position near Groveton, on Jackson's right. But about 18,000 Federal troops, the divisions of Hooker, Kearney and Reno, were tramping across the Stone Bridge, marching from Centerville toward Groveton. Sigel rallied his soldiers and, supported by Reno, moved forward to make a second attack. The brigades of Gregg and Thomas met them at the railway and there a fierce struggle took place. Branch's North Carolina brigade came to the help of their comrades and the troops of Sigel and Reno were driven back.

At noonday Pope himself reached the field of battle. He had near him the divisions named above. Before the struggle began, these numbered about 38,000 men, but most of them had been seriously broken by the assaults against Jackson's line. Porter and McDowell, however, with 27,000 additional soldiers, were coming up from Manassas, where also Banks was stationed with 8,000 men.

At one o'clock a heavy mass of troops was again advanced against Jackson's left ; this Federal force was composed of the divisions of Kearney and Hooker and a portion of Reno's division. Jackson's guns held his left flank firm ; Thomas's Georgians and Field's Virginia brigade met the enemy at the railway embankment. The dry grass was ignited by powder-sparks and the combatants stood in the midst of flames. The front line of the Confederates was forced back from the railway embankment, but

the second line swept forward with bayonets fixed and cleared the front. Then Hill sent Pender's North Carolina brigade to deliver a counterstroke. These gallant soldiers charged across the railroad and into the wood beyond. The Federal regiments fled behind their guns, but Pender moved steadily forward across the open, toward the Federal batteries. Grover's brigade of Hooker's division then advanced to make an assault. Pender was forced back and Grover's men rushed across the railroad. Jackson's guns poured a heavy fire directly upon the Federal troops and Jackson himself sent Forno's Louisianians with one of Lawton's regiments to turn the tide of battle. These came rapidly forward with leveled bayonets and swept Grover's brigade beyond the Warrenton Turnpike. Four Federal divisions had thus far been thrown against Jackson's left and all of them had been driven back with fearful loss. More than 4,000 Federal soldiers lay stretched upon the ground in front of Hill's brigades.

At 4:30 P. M., the fifth and last Federal assault was begun. Five heavy brigades, led by Kearney and Reno, moved forward to the charge. The Confederate line had become thin after ten hours of desperate fighting and Hill had some anxiety concerning his brigades. He sent an aide, therefore, to ask Gregg if he could hold his ground against the storm that was about to burst upon his front. "Tell General Hill," replied the brave South Carolinian, "that my ammunition is exhausted, but that I will hold my position with the bayonet."

The enemy came on with great gallantry. The fighting was desperate. Foot by foot the brigades of Gregg, Thomas, Field and Branch were borne backward by the heavy weight of the Federal line. The enemy crossed the railroad and penetrated to a point three hundred yards within the Confederate lines. Hill's men, however, were still in good order and facing the foe, while Jackson was ready to deliver a heavy counterstroke. In obedience to his orders, Early's brigade was rushing to Hill's aid. With leveled bayonets Early's men charged among the Federal regiments, routed them and drove them, with tremendous loss, beyond the turnpike.

Thus ended Pope's attempts to overwhelm Jackson. Five assaults, delivered by a Federal force of more than 30,000 men, had failed. More than 8,000 Federal soldiers lying dead and wounded upon the field, bore testimony to the skill and valor of Stonewall's veterans.

During Jackson's long struggle with Pope, from 10 A. M. until nightfall, on the 29th, Longstreet's corps of 30,000 men was in position on Jackson's right near Groveton. Lee was eager to take part in the battle. Three times he ordered Longstreet to assail the Federal left. Each time, however, Longstreet held back, making the excuse that he did not know the ground. In the afternoon Porter's Federal corps moved up from Manassas Junction toward Longstreet's right near Gainesville. At the close of the day, at Lee's earnest desire, Hood's division charged down the Groveton Turnpike for the distance of a mile and a half. Hood captured one

gun from King's division and then, after midnight, withdrew to his first position.

Thus ended the fighting of August 29th, and the victory belonged once more to Stonewall's men. When Jackson called his staff around him in the bivouac a spirit of sadness seemed to rest upon all of them. A week of marching and fighting, with a scanty and irregular supply of food, had worn down their energies. Many of the best and bravest had fallen. The medical director, McGuire, came in from the scene of suffering on the battle-field and said, "General, this day has been won by nothing but stark and stern fighting." "No," replied Jackson in quiet tones, "it has been won by nothing but the blessing and protection of Providence."

As the darkness came on, groups of officers and soldiers assembled at various points along the Confederate line and engaged, for a short season, in prayer. Having thus made themselves ready for the morrow's battle, they lay down upon their arms to await the next advance of the Federal hosts.

On the morning of August 30th, Lee's army on the field of Manassas numbered only about 50,000 men. Longstreet's command, 30,000 strong, was in position south of the Warrenton Turnpike. Jackson's force, reduced to 17,000, still held the railway embankments. There were about 2,500 horsemen located on the flanks and S. D. Lee had eighteen guns in a commanding position between the two Confederate wings. General Lee decided not to make an immediate attack. He preferred to await the arrival of the divisions of D. H. Hill, McLaws and Walker,

and of Hampton's cavalry brigade. These troops, about 20,000 in number, had already crossed the Rappahannock and were moving up rapidly toward Manassas.

Pope himself set the battle in motion. He had still a force of more than 70,000 men, while two of McClellan's army corps had landed at Alexandria and were marching to his aid. Banks was near Manassas Junction, but Pope's forces on the plains of Manassas near the Stone Bridge numbered 65,000 men with twenty-eight batteries. The withdrawal of Hood's division the night before had led Pope to imagine that Longstreet was falling back through Thoroughfare Gap and that Jackson was following Longstreet. Pope, therefore, determined to move forward "in pursuit" of the Confederates!

At intervals during the morning, the Federal cannon threw shells across the meadows toward Jackson's position. Stonewall concealed his soldiers in the woods behind the railway, leaving only a few pickets in full view along his front. A night's rest had given new life to the Confederates; the laugh and the jest ran merrily along the line as the men lay on the ground in the forest. Since the battle of Winchester, Banks had been known among them as "Old Jack's Commissary General," but now by acclamation they elected Pope to the same high position! They were eager to see the new "Commissary" advance again, in order that they might seize his remaining store of supplies.

Soon after midday, one wing of the Federal army moved forward to assail Jackson. The division of

Reynolds occupied the left of the Federal line of attack. Porter's entire corps, next in order, was directed against Jackson's right. King's division (now led by Hatch) moved forward on Porter's right and the division of Ricketts occupied the space to the right of Hatch. Reynolds soon found Longstreet's corps in the woods near Groveton and then fell back to Bald Hill. Porter, Hatch and Ricketts, however, swept forward against Jackson's front. Their forces formed a bristling line of bayonets, 20,000 in number, extending from Groveton almost to Bull Run. An additional force of 40,000 stood behind them, ready to take part in the struggle.

When the Federal line of attack came within half a mile of Jackson's position, the Confederate bugles rang out and Stonewall's men ran forward from the woods and took their places once more in the excavations and behind the embankments of the old railway. Then Jackson's batteries and S. D. Lee's guns opened a terrific cross-fire on Porter's corps. The latter was moving steadily forward in three lines across the open meadow land east of Groveton ; the Confederate cannon swept Porter's ranks from end to end. The riflemen of the Stonewall division, assisted by Lawton's (Ewell's) division on the left, poured their fire directly into the faces of Porter's troops. When the ammunition of the Confederates ran out, they seized stones from the railway cuttings and flung them with deadly aim against the foe. Three times Porter's blue-coated lines, with wonderful courage, moved up to the parapet, but each time they

were driven back with tremendous loss. At close range, for more than thirty minutes, the fearful struggle was kept up. The regulars under Sykes were ordered to support Porter, but they were unable to advance across the open level space on account of the furious fire of the Confederate artillery. Then Porter's shattered regiments began to yield ground.

Meanwhile, Hatch was assailing A. P. Hill on Jackson's left. Hill sent forward every brigade except that of Gregg, but the pressure was still so heavy against the Confederates that Jackson asked Longstreet for help. The latter sent two batteries to join S. D. Lee and these guns added their fire to the storm of shells that was already falling upon Porter's defeated corps. As Porter fell back, Hatch followed him, and Ricketts, who was just coming up, joined the retreat. The Stonewall division, with one of Hill's brigades, rushed forward to make a counterstroke; Lawton and Hill followed. Lee sent a message to Longstreet to advance his divisions, but the latter were already marching forward against the Federal left. The entire Confederate army was bearing down upon Pope. Lee's line of battle covered a front of four miles. Every division was formed in at least two lines and in the center eight brigades were massed one in rear of the other. The Confederate soldiers, filled with the greatest enthusiasm, swept every opposing regiment and battery out of their path and moved across the Groveton Valley. Jackson's men, fighting like demons, drove the divisions of Stevens, Ricketts, Kearney and Hooker

toward the Stone Bridge. Hill's division captured six cannon at the point of the bayonet.

South of the turnpike, Longstreet's brigades swept forward and after a desperate struggle carried Bald Hill. At the foot of the Henry Hill Longstreet was met by the fierce fire of Sykes's regulars and Reynolds's Pennsylvanians. Additional Federal troops assembled on the hill and they succeeded in holding it against Longstreet's most desperate and repeated efforts. The rapid advance of the infantry had left most of the Confederate artillery behind and Longstreet's riflemen could not overcome the Federal rear-guard. Jackson was already in possession of the Matthews Hill, north of the turnpike, which commanded the Federal line of retreat on that side. If Longstreet had seized the Henry Hill, the Confederates would have commanded the turnpike from both sides, and the Federal army would have been cut off from the bridge and destroyed. Far around on the Confederate right Munford led his horsemen in a brilliant charge, drove the enemy's cavalry before him and crossed Bull Run at Lewis's Ford. Darkness came, however, and the Federal troops were still holding the crest of the Henry Hill. Under cover of the night the broken fragments of Pope's army withdrew across Bull Run, leaving thousands of wounded on the field, and made their way to Centerville.

On the morning of Sunday, the 31st, Pope placed his forces behind intrenchments at Centerville ; he had been reinforced during the night by 20,000 veterans of the corps of Sumner and Franklin. On

the afternoon of the 31st, Jackson crossed Bull Run by Sudley Ford; through rain and mud he made a march of ten miles, moving around to the Federal right and rear. His bivouac for the night was near Pleasant Valley, five miles northwest of Centerville. The morning of September 1st marked Jackson's advance down the Little River Turnpike to an old country house named "Chantilly." Pope heard of the approach of the Confederates and withdrew the main body of his army from Centerville to Fairfax Court-House, leaving Kearney and Stevens with three divisions to protect his flank. Late in the afternoon, Jackson sent forward the divisions of Hill and Lawton to feel the enemy's position. Near Ox Hill the Federal forces made a vigorous attack and a portion of the Confederate front line was thrown into disorder; the second line charged forward, however, and the Federal forces gave ground. As night was at hand and a violent thunder-storm was raging, the fighting ceased. Each side suffered severely and both Kearney and Stevens were slain. Pope continued to move wagons, guns and men rapidly northward, and on the morning of September 3d, his army was in a place of safety behind the fortifications at Washington. Pope was removed from his position and the Army of the Potomac was once more placed under the command of McClellan.

Thus ended, with brilliant success, the Second Manassas Campaign. During these movements, the Confederates captured thirty guns, 7,000 prisoners and 20,000 rifles and they inflicted a loss upon the

Federals of 13,500 in killed and wounded. The Confederate loss was about 10,000. Pope's army of 80,000 men had been defeated and driven into Washington by a Confederate force of not more than 55,000. "God was with us and gave us the victory," said Jackson in his official report.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CAPTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY

On the morning of September 2d, the day after the battle of Chantilly, or Ox Hill, Lee instructed Jackson to lead the advance of the Confederate army into Maryland. This order was exactly in accordance with Jackson's wishes, for he had urged such a movement a year before, immediately following the first battle of Manassas. Moreover, just after the defeat of Banks at Winchester, as we have already seen, Jackson sent Congressman Boteler to inform the Confederate authorities that if they could reinforce him, he would undertake to seize Washington. "Tell General Jackson," was Lee's reply, "that he must first help me to drive these people away from Richmond." Now that Pope's rear-guard was retreating rapidly toward Washington, Lee hastened to keep his promise.

There were additional reasons, however, for Lee's advance into the region north of the Potomac. An opportunity would be thus secured to gather the rich crops in the Valley. Lee wished, also, to relieve the people of Virginia from pressure by transfering the theater of warfare to the enemy's country; for his first plan was to move northward into Pennsylvania. Furthermore, he hoped to

secure recruits for the Confederate army from the people of Maryland. Lee's soldiers were poorly provided with clothes; thousands of them were destitute of shoes, and the supply of ammunition, also, was insufficient for a long campaign. In spite of these difficulties, Lee gave the word; the Confederate horsemen spread themselves out to form a screen in front and on the flanks, and D. H. Hill's fresh division moved forward through Leesburg as advanced-guard. On the morning of September 6th, the Confederate columns stumbled and splashed through the shallow waters of the Potomac at White's Ford. "Maryland, my Maryland!" sang the gray-jackets as they reached the northern bank. Then the ragged veterans, leaving the bloody marks of unshod feet in the roadway, marched onward, beneath the leafy trees and past the green fields, until, on the 7th, they went into camp at Frederick. The lack of shoes was a more serious difficulty, perhaps, than Lee had anticipated; so many barefooted soldiers remained by the roadside or straggled off through the forests, that the entire force of Confederates which marched into Maryland was probably no more than 40,000 men.

The western counties of the state had little sympathy with the South, and few were the recruits that joined Lee's army. The people of Frederick were full of Southern patriotism, however, and they gave large supplies of food and clothing to the Confederate soldiers. A fine saddle-horse was presented to Jackson; when he mounted, the animal reared and broke the girth, and the rider was thrown

heavily to the ground. For this reason, he spent most of his time in his tent during the sojourn of the army at Frederick, and thus escaped the multitude of visitors who came to catch a glimpse of the chief Confederate leaders. "Once, however," a staff-officer tells us, "when he had been called to General Lee's tent, two young girls waylaid him, paralyzed him with smiles and questions, and then jumped into their carriage and drove off rapidly, leaving him there, cap in hand, bowing, blushing, speechless. But once safe in his tent, he was seen no more that day." [1]

When Lee arrived at Frederick, he found that he must change his line of communications. The route through Manassas and Leesburg was exposed to cavalry raids from Washington. He decided, therefore, that his wagons must take the route from Staunton down the Valley to Shepherdstown on the Potomac. Three points in the Valley, however, were still occupied by Federal forces to the number of about 14,000 men; these were Winchester, Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry. The new line of communications would thus be open to attack from these places, and Lee decided that Harper's Ferry, with its strong garrison, must be captured.

Longstreet was asked to lead the principal column against Harper's Ferry, but he did not favor the plan and manifested so great a reluctance to move that Lee turned to Jackson. The latter advocated practically the same policy as Longstreet, namely, to fight McClellan first and look after Harper's

[1] *Battles and Leaders*, Vol. II, p. 621.

Ferry afterward ; but when Lee requested him to march against the stronghold, Jackson readily accepted the duty laid upon him.

Lee's plan was as follows : Jackson, with the three divisions of his own command, was to move across the South Mountain, ford the Potomac west of Sharpsburg and advance on Martinsburg. McLaws, with his own division and that of R. H. Anderson, was to seize Maryland Heights overlooking Harper's Ferry. Walker's division was ordered to cross the Potomac near Point of Rocks and occupy Loudoun Heights, also overlooking Harper's Ferry. The rest of the army under Longstreet and D. H. Hill was directed to march across South Mountain to Hagerstown. After the capture of Harper's Ferry, all of the Confederate divisions were to come together again at Hagerstown or Boonsboro.

Before he set forth upon the march, Jackson made many inquiries about the roads leading northward into Pennsylvania. At daybreak on September 10th, he moved rapidly westward. As he passed through Middletown, two young girls stood on the sidewalk and waved Federal flags in Jackson's face. He made a polite bow, raised his cap with a smile, and then remarked to his staff, "We evidently have no friends in this town." After a march of fourteen miles, Jackson's command went into bivouac near Boonsboro. Early on the 11th he turned the head of the column toward Williamsport, where he crossed the Potomac. The line of march was then toward

Martinsburg. On the 12th the Confederates entered that town and were received with great enthusiasm. Jackson wrote his autograph in a number of books and nearly all of the buttons were stripped from his coat as souvenirs. He managed to escape from his friends, however, and moved forward, driving all of the Federal forces before him into Harper's Ferry. On the 13th he passed through Halltown and drew up his regiments in sight of the Federal position on Bolivar Heights. His troops had passed over the distance of more than sixty miles in three and a half days.

Neither McLaws nor Walker had marched with the swiftness of Jackson. McLaws met with spirited opposition and it was not until the afternoon of the 13th that he carried Maryland Heights by assault and placed his guns in position to command Harper's Ferry. Walker met no opposition whatever, but he consumed all of the time until the morning of the 14th in getting his guns ready to fire from Loudoun Heights.

In the angle formed by the Potomac and the Shenandoah, lies Harper's Ferry ; across the space between the two rivers runs Bolivar Heights. These were held by a strong force of Federal infantry and artillery. On the afternoon of Sunday, September 14th, as soon as McLaws and Walker were ready, the Confederate guns opened fire from every direction upon the garrison. A storm of shells was poured upon every part of the neck of land occupied by Harper's Ferry. Jackson's infantry moved gradually forward into commanding

positions on both flanks of Bolivar Heights. During the night, he sent ten pieces of artillery across the Shenandoah to enfilade the Federal trenches from the right bank of that stream.

Early on the 15th, Jackson's cannon again began to boom out their summons to the beleaguered garrison. The Federal artillerists worked their guns with desperate energy, but their position was surrounded and their ammunition was failing. A. P. Hill's brigade moved to the foot of Bolivar Heights, ready to deliver an assault, but at 7 : 30 A. M. the white flag was raised and the place was given up. Jackson assigned to A. P. Hill the duty of receiving the surrender of the Federal forces, which numbered 12,500. The rest of the spoil included seventy-three pieces of artillery, 13,000 muskets and several hundred wagons. A body of 1,200 Federal horsemen crossed the Potomac during the preceding night and made their escape. "Through God's blessing, Harper's Ferry and its garrison are to be surrendered." This was the message sent by Jackson to Lee at eight o'clock.

When Jackson rode into Harper's Ferry, the Federal soldiers lined both sides of the road in their eagerness to catch a glimpse of the famous Confederate leader. A number of them took off their caps as he passed ; in every case he returned the salute. "Boys," said a soldier to his comrades, "he's not much for looks, but if we'd had him, we wouldn't have been caught in this trap." In the afternoon Jackson allowed his men time to cook rations for two days. Then he set forth to make

a rapid night march to Sharpsburg where Lee was awaiting him.

And what were the fortunes of the rest of the Confederate army during the time occupied in the seizure of Harper's Ferry? This question carries us back to the town of Frederick. McClellan came out from Washington with a large force, which was soon raised to the number of more than 87,000 men. Driving Stuart's horsemen slowly westward, the Federal advanced-guard occupied Frederick on the 12th. McClellan did not know whether Lee intended to invade Pennsylvania or to cross the Potomac and swing around toward Washington. At noon on the 13th, however, a copy of the Confederate plan of campaign, sent by Lee's adjutant-general to D. H. Hill, was picked up in one of the streets of Frederick. This paper, wrapped around a bundle of cigars, revealed the exact position of every division of Lee's army. An unusual opportunity was thus presented to McClellan. It was within his power to concentrate his entire force against either half of the divided Confederates.

He did not move forward, however, until the morning of the 14th. During the previous night news was conveyed to Lee of the discovery of his lost dispatch and of McClellan's purpose to advance westward. Lee, therefore, sent D. H. Hill's division back from Boonsboro to hold Turner's Gap in the South Mountain. Longstreet, who had marched as far as Hagerstown, thirteen miles beyond Boonsboro, was also ordered to return and render aid to Hill. About seven o'clock on

the morning of the 14th, Hill's force of 5,000 men met McClellan's advanced-guard in the Gap. All day long, with obstinate courage, Hill held in check the principal part of McClellan's army. Longstreet took ten hours to march thirteen miles and reached Turner's Gap only at four in the afternoon. Both divisions, until night fell, succeeded in repulsing every attack made by the Federal brigades at Turner's Gap. Crampton's Gap, six miles to the southward, was defended only by Munford's brigade of horsemen, supported by three of McLaws's infantry brigades. Although Franklin assailed Crampton's Gap with 20,000 Federals, it was five o'clock in the afternoon when he forced the passage and his troops began to pour across South Mountain into Pleasant Valley. Since Franklin was thus approaching the rear of the position at Turner's Gap, Hill and Longstreet were ordered to evacuate the place; during the night they marched to Sharpsburg. On the morning of the 15th, the Federal forces were in possession of South Mountain, but Lee's game of war was thus far successful, for at 7:30 o'clock that morning the white flag was displayed at Harper's Ferry and the garrison capitulated. At the same time, also, Lee was placing the fourteen brigades of D. H. Hill and Longstreet in position upon the ridge above the Antietam Creek. When Lee received, at noonday, Jackson's message announcing the capture of Harper's Ferry, he resolved to take a stand at Sharpsburg and await the attack of McClellan's army. This was the boldest decision,

perhaps, ever made by Lee during his great career; but he understood the character of McClellan and expected the Federal commander to move forward slowly and to attack with caution. In these respects the Confederate commander was not disappointed. Moreover, Lee had great confidence in the skill and endurance of his own officers and soldiers. Nor was he disappointed in this respect.

At an early hour on September 16th, Jackson and Walker with their troops arrived at Sharpsburg, having made a night march of seventeen miles from Harper's Ferry. McClellan's guns were already throwing shells from the hills beyond the Antietam but Lee was calm and cheerful. He shook hands with his two subordinates and expressed his satisfaction with the result of the campaign against Harper's Ferry. On the same day Lee sent a message to President Davis: "This victory of the indomitable Jackson and his troops," he wrote, "gives us renewed occasion for gratitude to Almighty God for His guidance and protection." [1]

During the afternoon of the 16th, Lee, Jackson and Longstreet sat together in council in an old house in Sharpsburg. They had with them at that time on the field a force of little more than 20,000 men. And yet, as they examined the map of Maryland, these Confederate leaders were full of confidence. The divisions of McLaws, R. H. Anderson and A. P. Hill, had not arrived from Harper's Ferry, but they were expected the following day. About

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XIX, Part I, p. 974.

sunset, the artillery began to boom on the ridge north of the town. One of McClellan's corps, led by Hooker, was beginning to move across the Antietam. Lee sent Hood's division to meet the Federal attack and the two hostile skirmish lines had a hot encounter. Night threw her mantle over the scene, however, and no serious struggle took place. Hood's men were then allowed to withdraw to secure food and ammunition, and Jackson's divisions moved forward into the position which they had occupied. Two of McClellan's army corps, under Hooker and Mansfield, had now crossed the Antietam, and Jackson's veterans, arrayed in line of battle across the plateau just north of the Dunkard church, slept on their arms and awaited the onset of the Federal host.

CHAPTER XX

SHARPSBURG

McClellan brought to the field of Sharpsburg a force of 87,164 men and 275 guns. He placed his heavy rifled cannon in position upon the bluffs east of the Antietam Creek, and while these swept the crest of the opposite ridge with their shells, he proposed to carry out the following plan of battle: The corps of Hooker (12,500) and that of Mansfield (8,500), supported by Sumner's corps (18,000) and, if necessary, by Franklin's corps (12,000) were to assault the Confederate left wing; afterward, Burnside's corps (13,000) was to cross the Burnside Bridge and attack the Confederate right. If the opportunity offered, the rest of the Federal army was expected to cross the Antietam and assail the Confederate center.

To meet this formidable force, Lee placed his brigades along the Sharpsburg ridge, facing the Antietam, in the following order: Longstreet, supported by Walker, held the Confederate right, in front of the town of Sharpsburg; D. H. Hill occupied the center, and Jackson, as we have seen, was posted on the Confederate left. Jackson's line was thrown back across the ridge almost at right angles to the lines of Hill and Longstreet; his right division (Ewell's), commanded by Lawton, rested

on the East Wood; his left division (Stonewall), led by J. R. Jones, rested on the West Wood with the front line thrown out in advance in the open field. Hood was in reserve near the Dunkard church. Fitzhugh Lee's brigade of cavalry defended the extreme Confederate left near the Potomac. Jackson had been able to bring up only sixteen guns from Harper's Ferry. Three of these stood in the turnpike near the center of his line; the other thirteen were posted on the high ground at the left, with the cavalry.

At dawn on the 17th, Hooker formed his corps in the forest known as the North Wood and moved southward along the Sharpsburg Ridge toward the Dunkard church. Directly in front of Hooker, stretching across the turnpike from the East Wood to the West Wood, stood Jackson's two thin lines of infantry. The morning mist threw a veil over the field and the Confederate batteries with Jackson's skirmishers held Hooker in check for an hour. Then the Federal brigades came on with a great display of courage, sweeping southward through the fields on both sides of the turnpike. A desperate struggle ensued. Jackson's veterans poured a deadly fire at close range into the faces of the Federal soldiers. The Federal guns from beyond the Antietam threw their shells along the line held by the Confederates. Hooker's infantry delivered their fire with deadly aim and the battle swayed backward and forward in the fields. The standing corn was cut down by the bullets as if the sickle had passed over the ground. The dead on

both sides lay piled in ranks just as they had stood. J. R. Jones was wounded and Starke, the next in command, was slain, but the division west of the turnpike held its ground and drove back the Federal right in great confusion. Lawton's division, east of the turnpike, also forced the enemy in upon their guns.

Thus Jackson defeated a force which was more than double the strength of his two divisions. When the fighting began, he sent Early's brigade to assist the cavalry on the left. Thus with only 4,200 men he repulsed Hooker's corps of 12,500. Hooker himself was severely wounded, 2,500 Federal soldiers were stretched on the field and the rest of the corps were scattered so completely that they took no further part in the battle. Jackson's losses, however, had been heavy. Of the Confederates engaged, as many as 1,700 had fallen.

At 7 : 30 Mansfield's corps (8,500) charged down upon Jackson's position. These Federal soldiers had followed Banks in the Valley and at Cedar Run. Several regiments assailed the Stonewall division, now led by Grigsby, in the West Wood ; with the aid of the Confederate batteries on the left, the Federal force was soon driven back and scattered. East of the turnpike, however, the struggle was more prolonged. Hood's regiments, 1,800 strong, rushed into the field to relieve Lawton's men. Three of D. H. Hill's brigades came into line on Hood's right. The fighting here was desperate. At fifty and a hundred paces, the two lines stood face to face and delivered their fire. Hood was

forced back to the Dunkard church, but Mansfield's corps, with the exception of one division, was cut to pieces; 1,500 of its soldiers had fallen and Mansfield himself was slain. Greene's division of this corps made its away across the turnpike into the edge of the West Wood, but there the Federal advance paused.

It was now the hour of nine o'clock. Jackson's men had fought two Federal corps to a finish, but the Confederate losses had been very great. Moreover, Jackson's thin line had been driven into the West Wood. This new position was much stronger, however, than the field occupied in the early morning and, in spite of his losses, Jackson was still full of confidence. Further than that, he was planning the delivery of a counterstroke. He had called Early's brigade from the left and about 600 riflemen of the Stonewall division were strongly posted behind the rocky ledges of the West Wood. McLaws had reached the field from Harper's Ferry; Walker's division was withdrawn from the Confederate right, and G. T. Anderson's brigade from the center. These, with McLaws's men, were sent to Jackson's assistance. Thus was Jackson enabled to bring 10,000 bayonets upon the field, just as Sumner's corps (18,000) was moving to the attack. The three divisions of this corps forded the Antietam and marched toward the ground from which Hooker and Mansfield had been driven. Sedgwick's division, led by Sumner himself, crossed the turnpike and began to advance through the West Wood. The three Federal brigades, 6,000

strong, were arrayed in close order, one line immediately behind another. They marched directly into the trap which Jackson was preparing. He sent a staff-officer to direct Walker and rode in person to guide McLaws to the proper position. Into the front and flank of Sedgwick's division, the brigades of Walker and McLaws poured a withering fire; Early struck them in the flank and rear. Within a few minutes, 2,000 Federal soldiers fell. Sumner was dazed and his men fled northward in confused masses. Through the West Wood and across the fields the gray-jackets rushed in pursuit, making the hills ring with the echo of their "rebel yell." As Jackson rode with McLaws in this triumphant charge, he said to the latter, "God has been very kind to us this day."

The victorious Confederates were checked, however, by Smith's division of Franklin's corps, drawn up in line in the East Wood. McLaws's regiments had become confused in the wild pursuit and were unable to withstand the fierce charge of fresh Federal troops. A tremendous struggle took place, and McLaws's men slowly retired into the West Wood. The enemy, worn and exhausted by the fight, lay down to rest on the east side of the turnpike. The overwhelming numbers sent against the Confederate left had been fought to a standstill; those who survived the struggle lay paralyzed in the woods and behind the fences.

Jackson was not only holding firm his position in the West Wood but was making plans to move forward to deliver another counterstroke. During

the entire morning he had been riding everywhere among his soldiers, communicating his own unconquerable spirit to them. He hoped even yet to drive McClellan's whole army from the field and bring the war to an end. About eleven o'clock the medical director, McGuire, found Jackson sitting quietly on his horse in the West Wood. He made a report to the general about the large number of wounded Confederates sent back from the front and suggested that the field hospitals should be moved to a place of safety beyond the Potomac. Jackson, however, seemed to show more interest in some peaches brought to him by McGuire than in the location of the hospitals; his only reply was in these brief words, as he pointed toward the Federal position, "Doctor, they have done their worst."

The first period of the battle was ended. McClellan's attempt to overcome the Confederate left had been a total failure. During the second period, from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., the Confederate center was the scene of a tremendous conflict. The divisions of D. H. Hill and R. H. Anderson and two regiments of Walker's division, were there engaged in a desperate combat with the divisions of French and Richardson, of Sumner's corps, supported by two brigades of Franklin's corps. These Federal forces advanced again and again to seize the Dunkard church, the Roulette Farm and the Piper House. The Confederates fought with unsurpassed courage, but their losses were serious. A sunken road held by Hill's men was enfiladed

by Federal musketry and piled so deep with Confederate dead and wounded that it was given the name, "Bloody Lane." Three horses were shot under Hill, but this gallant leader seized a musket and on foot rallied his men and held back the enemy. Longstreet and his staff helped to man two guns and aided Hill in checking the foe. The Federal losses here were so heavy and the Federal soldiers were so exhausted by the fierce conflict, that they sank upon the ground to rest and the Confederate center was saved.

At 1 P. M., when the firing died away near the center, it broke out with fresh fury at the Burnside Bridge in front of the Confederate right. As early as 9 A. M., Burnside's corps had received orders to cross the Antietam at this bridge and drive the Confederates from Sharpsburg. The creek and the bridge were so stoutly defended by 600 Georgia riflemen and three batteries under Robert Toombs that two Federal assaults were repulsed. At 1 P. M., however, a large Federal force crossed the bridge and seized the bluffs on the western bank of the Antietam. Two hours were then consumed in bringing up fresh Federal troops and a supply of ammunition. At 3. P. M. the Federal brigades assailed Longstreet's right and slowly forced it back to the edge of the town. At 4 P. M., just as Burnside's men were entering Sharpsburg, Jackson's third division arrived from Harper's Ferry and struck the Federal line on the left flank. This division, led by A. P. Hill, had made a forced march of seventeen miles in eight

hours and arrived in time to win a victory on the Confederate right. The brigades of Gregg, Branch and Archer made an onset so fierce that Burnside's troops were driven back to the Antietam.

During the afternoon, while the battle against Burnside was in progress, Lee directed Jackson to turn McClellan's right. About one o'clock, Jackson sat on his horse behind McLaws's line; one leg was thrown carelessly over the pommel of his saddle and he was plucking apples from a tree and eating them, as he gave orders for the advance of Walker's division near the Dunkard church. As soon as Stuart, with a force of infantry and artillery, could move around the enemy's right and strike his rear, the entire left wing of the Confederates was to assail the scattered Federal troops in front. After giving his orders, Jackson replaced his foot in the stirrup and said to Walker, with great determination, "We'll drive McClellan into the Potomac."

Stuart could not make his way around McClellan's right for it was posted in a strong position and the Federal guns commanded that region as far as the river. "It is a great pity," said Jackson, when he heard that the flank movement was not possible; "we should have driven McClellan into the Potomac." On the following day, when McClellan failed to renew the battle, Lee again expressed a purpose to turn the Federal right. An examination of the position, however, sustained Stuart's view that it was impossible to move around that flank.

"If McClellan wants to fight in the morning,

I will give him battle again." Such were the bold words of Lee on the night of September 17th, after the awful struggle on the field of Sharpsburg. The carnage had been fearful. More than 9,000 Confederates had fallen; the Federal loss was over 12,000. About 6,000 stragglers came up to strengthen the Confederate regiments and when dawn came on the 18th, Lee's men were ready to renew the conflict, but McClellan's lines stood silent all day. Two heavy divisions came to aid him and other reinforcements were assembling. During the night of the 18th, therefore, Lee crossed the Potomac at Boteler's Ford. Both Lee and Jackson sat on their horses in the river until they saw every wagon and every foot-soldier pass through the stream.

Not a shot was fired at the Confederates as they crossed from Maryland into Virginia. Toward the close of the 19th, however, a body of Federal infantry passed the ford, drove away the Confederate rear-guard and captured four guns from the reserve artillery which General Pendleton had posted to command the crossing. The Confederate divisions had gone into bivouac in widely-separated positions. The news of the attack did not reach Lee until after midnight. Before his orders came to Jackson, the latter had galloped back toward the Potomac, summoning the divisions of A. P. Hill and Ewell (now under Early) to follow him. Stuart's cavalry was absent, having crossed again into Maryland at Williamsport. When the Light Division (Hill's) came up with Jackson on the morn-

ing of the 20th, they found him entirely alone, sitting on his horse in the roadway near Shepherdstown. He was quietly watching the advance of the infantry of Porter's Federal corps; for three brigades had been sent across the ford to pursue Lee's army. The situation was critical, as the roads were still crowded with the Confederate wagon-trains. Jackson acted upon the instant; he ordered Hill to deploy his troops in two lines and advance immediately against the enemy. The Federal artillery beyond the river sent a storm of shells into the faces of Hill's men as they rushed forward to the charge. The Federal forces started to withdraw in all haste across the Potomac, but Hill caught one brigade on the bank, outflanked it and drove the Federal troops down the bluffs and into the stream with serious loss. McClellan made no further attempt to follow the Confederates into Virginia.

Lee did not gain all of the advantages for which he had entered Maryland. Only a few hundred recruits joined his army, and he maintained himself beyond the Virginia border for only a brief period. It is true that he captured Harper's Ferry and its garrison, but the straggling from his army was so serious that he fought the battle of Sharpsburg with only about 37,000 men of all arms.[1] Strategically, the Confederate campaign was not a success. From the tactical point of view, however, the Confederates crowned themselves with more than honor upon the ridge at Sharpsburg. At every point they out-

[1] This is the estimate made by General Palfrey, an officer in McClellan's army, and may be accepted as accurate.

fought the Federal forces and during the day after the battle held undisputed possession of the field. The necessity of retreating into Virginia, however, due to smallness of numbers, seemed to stamp the campaign as a failure and gave the authorities at Washington an opportunity to claim Sharpsburg as a Federal victory. On September 22d, therefore, President Lincoln issued a proclamation, declaring freedom to all slaves in the Southern states. The only effect of this manifesto was to make the war thenceforth in name that which it had always been in fact: a crusade against the system of domestic servitude that prevailed in the South.

During the beautiful autumn days of 1862, the Confederates lay in bivouac in the picturesque Valley of Virginia. The stragglers came pouring in from every quarter and a few days after the battle of Sharpsburg, Lee's army was raised to a strength of more than 50,000 men. On October 2d, Lee asked President Davis to organize the Army of Northern Virginia into two army corps, to be commanded by Longstreet and Jackson. "My opinion of General Jackson," wrote Lee to Davis, "has been greatly enhanced during this expedition. He is true, honest, and brave; has a single eye to the good of the service, and spares no exertion to accomplish his object." [1] On October 11th, therefore, Jackson was given the rank of lieutenant-general and was made commander of the Second Army Corps. This body consisted of the divisions of Taliaferro (Stonewall), Early (Ewell's), A. P. Hill and D. H. Hill,

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XIX, Part II, p. 1007.

with Brown's battalion of artillery, a force of 1,917 officers, 25,000 men and 126 guns.

The spirits of the Confederates as they lay in camp were excellent. When they were not engaged in the work of drilling, they were as much given to frolic and laughter as a party of schoolboys. Throughout the day, jests and practical jokes kept the bivouac in a state of almost continual merriment. Should Jackson ride among them, however, this was instantly changed to enthusiastic cheers. When the sound of distant shouting was heard rolling along the line, the soldiers would say, "Boys, look out! here comes 'Old Stonewall' or an old hare!" This phrase soon came into universal use among the soldiers to give expression to their idea of his popularity. Mounted on "Little Sorrel," the general would dash by to escape the tributes of loyalty and admiration which his men were ready to bestow whenever their eyes fell upon him. They laughed at his worn uniform, his faded cap, and his politeness, but they had implicit confidence in his integrity and capacity. "Where are you going?" some of his men were asked, as they were called on suddenly to make a quick march. "We don't know but 'Old Jack' does," was the ready answer. Around the camp-fires, Jackson's men invented ingenious stories to illustrate his great skill as a military leader. One of them ran as follows: "Stonewall died and two angels came down from heaven to take him back with them. They went to his tent; he was not there. They went to the hospital; he was not there. They went to the outposts; he was not

there. They went to the prayer-meeting; he was not there. They had to return, therefore, without him; but as they were reporting that he had disappeared, they learned that he had made a flank march and had reached heaven before them." "It took Moses forty years," ran another story, "to lead the children of Israel through the wilderness; 'Old Jack' would have double-quicked them through in three days on half rations!"

Jackson thought that his men were heroes, and they knew his opinion about them. "Splendid men," he sometimes called them and once he said: "The patriot volunteer, fighting for his country and his rights, makes the most reliable soldier upon earth." He was as courteous to the humblest private as to the commander-in-chief; and he spent his best efforts to secure the promotion of officers who had shown their capabilities under his own eye. After the battle of Sharpsburg, General Lane, who had been a cadet in the Institute, was called to Jackson's headquarters to receive orders for some detached service. "He knew me," writes Lane, "as soon as I entered his tent, though we had not met for years. He rose quickly, with a smile on his face, took my hand in both of his in the warmest manner, expressed his pleasure at seeing me, chided me for not having been to see him, and bade me be seated. His kind words, the tones of his voice, his familiarly calling me 'Lane,' whereas it had always been 'Mr. Lane' at the Institute, put me completely at my ease. Then, for the first time, I began to love that reserved man whom I had always honored

and respected as my professor, and whom I greatly admired as my general."

After Lane had performed the special service, Jackson "complimented me," he writes, "on the thoroughness of my work, told me that he had recommended me for promotion to take permanent charge of Branch's brigade, and that as I was the only person recommended through military channels, I would be appointed in spite of the two aspirants who were trying to bring political influence to bear in Richmond in their behalf. When I rose to go, he took my hand in both of his, looked me steadily in the face, and in the words and tones of friendly warmth, which can never be forgotten, again expressed his confidence in my promotion and bade me good-bye with a 'God bless you, Lane!'"[1]

The worship and devotion manifested toward Jackson by his men was given voice after the general's death, by his adjutant-general, A. S. Pendleton. With his face suffused with manly tears, this gallant soldier cried out, "God knows, I would have died for him!"[2]

One morning in October, Stuart sent his adjutant to Jackson's headquarters to give him a new uniform coat which had just been completed by a Richmond tailor. "I produced General Stuart's present," writes the adjutant, "in all its magnificence of gilt buttons and sheeny facings and gold lace, and I was heartily amused at the modest confusion with which the hero of many battles regarded

[1] *Memoirs*, pp. 536–537.
[2] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, p. 247.

the fine uniform, scarcely daring to touch it, and at the quiet way in which at last he folded it up carefully and deposited it in his portmanteau, saying to me, 'Give Stuart my best thanks, major; the coat is much too handsome for me, but I shall take the best care of it, and shall prize it highly as a souvenir. And now let us have some dinner.'" But the adjutant, Heros von Borcke, would not be put off in this manner. He insisted that the general should try on the coat, and Jackson assented. The members of the staff were delighted at their chief's bright garb. "Meanwhile," says the adjutant, "the rumor of the change ran like electricity through the neighboring camps, the soldiers came running by hundreds to the spot, desirous of seeing their beloved Stonewall in his new attire; and the first wearing of a new robe by Louis XIV, at whose morning toilette all the world was accustomed to assemble, never created half the excitement at Versailles that was roused in the woods of Virginia by the investment of Jackson in the new regulation uniform."[1]

On another occasion, a country woman, leading two children by the hand, met Jackson in the roadway and stopped him to ask for her son John. "He is in Captain Jackson's company," said the anxious mother. The general, with never-failing courtesy, introduced himself as John's commanding officer, and then inquired the name of the regiment to which he belonged. The good woman was surprised that "Captain Jackson" was not acquainted

[1] *Memoirs of the Confederate War*, Vol. I.

with her son, and she began to weep. Some of Jackson's staff-officers at the same time began to laugh, but the general sternly rebuked them and sent them off to find son John. After a long search, the boy soldier was discovered and brought to his mother.

Concerning his military plans, Jackson was more reticent, perhaps, than ever. When Colonel Garnet Wolseley, in company with the special correspondents of two London newspapers, visited the general's headquarters, he received them with great cordiality and then took the lead in the conversation. During his visit to England, he had become much interested in Durham Cathedral and the history of the bishopric. Now, in order to cut off all questioning about his battles and proposed movements, Jackson did nearly all of the talking. An eye-witness of the scene tells us that the general "cross-examined the Englishmen in detail about the cathedral and the close and the rights of the bishops. He gave them no chance to talk, and kept them busy answering questions, for he knew more about Durham than they did." [1]

In his letters to his wife, during this period, Jackson expressed his expectation that peace would soon be reëstablished. He was evidently confident that the South would win the final victory in the war. "Do not send me any more handkerchiefs, socks or gloves," he wrote, "as I trust I have enough to last until peace."

Jackson's days in camp were filled as usual with

[1] *Memoirs*, pp. 530-531.

multiplied labors. The work of organization, of securing arms and supplies, of drilling and discipline, kept him busy from morning until night. One of his most gallant brigadiers, Gregg of South Carolina, resented the general's action in a matter of discipline in one of the South Carolina regiments. Gregg wrote out a series of formal charges against Jackson and demanded an investigation of the latter's alleged severity. The papers were delivered to General Lee. After waiting some time, Gregg sent a staff-officer to ask Lee what had become of the charges. The commander-in-chief then returned the papers with this message: "Tell General Gregg," he said, "that the public service cannot afford any misunderstanding between such officers as General Jackson and General Gregg." Not long afterward the two officers became friends once more. With work and recreation mingled, the autumn days sped away and the Confederate army still lingered in the lower Valley. The Confederate leaders were watching the movements of McClellan, and the soldiers, with a devotion that grew more intense each day, were ready for the coming struggle. Around every camp-fire were often heard the verses entitled "Stonewall Jackson's Way," celebrating the character and the deeds of the commander of the Valley army. They ran in part as follows:

"Come, stack arms, men, pile on the rails;
Stir up the camp-fires bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night.

Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There lofty Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's roaring song
Of Stonewall Jackson's way.

"We see him now,—the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew ;
The shrewd, dry smile—the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The Blue-Light Elder knows them well :
Says he, 'That's Banks—he's fond of shell ;
Lord save his soul ! we'll give him ——' Well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

"Silence ! ground arms ! Kneel all ! Caps off !
Old Blue-Light's going to pray ;
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff !
Attention ! it's his way !
Appealing from his native sod,
In formâ pauperis to God,
'Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod,
Amen !' That's Stonewall's way.

"He's in the saddle now ! Fall in !
Steady, the whole brigade !
Hill's at the ford, cut off !—we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn ?
What matter if our feet are torn ?
Quick step ! we're with him before morn !
That's Stonewall Jackson's way."

CHAPTER XXI

FREDERICKSBURG

THE summer campaign of 1862 brought the Army of the Potomac to the point of exhaustion. The men left in the ranks were worn out with marching and fighting; the supply-train was broken down; and there was imperative need of new horses and fresh recruits. The stragglers were numbered by thousands, and a large proportion of these had gone home to stay. For these reasons, McClellan remained inactive on the northern bank of the Potomac for a period of more than five weeks after the battle of Sharpsburg. The general did not approve the President's proclamation of September 22d, and this attitude led to a widening of the breach between himself and Lincoln. On October 7th, the latter ordered McClellan to cross the Potomac and give battle to the Confederates, but no advance was made. At dawn on October 10th a body of 1,800 Confederate horsemen, led by Stuart, crossed the Potomac at a point above Williamsport, and made a dash for Chambersburg in Pennsylvania; they rode through Emmitsburg and thence southward in the rear of McClellan's army, to the mouth of the Monocacy, where they recrossed the Potomac into Virginia. This brilliant exploit was Stuart's second ride entirely around the Army of the

Potomac. During the period of fifty-six hours Stuart was within the Federal lines, and he brought back several hundred fine horses for the use of his troopers. Most of the horses of the Federal cavalry were completely broken down in their vain pursuit of the daring Confederates. On October 26th, McClellan began to move his great army of 125,000 men and 320 guns across the Potomac into the region east of the Blue Ridge; a week later, on November 2d, the main body of the Federal forces was concentrated near Warrenton. To meet this Federal advance, Lee ordered Longstreet's corps to cross the Blue Ridge to Culpeper Court-House. Jackson's corps was left in the Valley to threaten McClellan's lines of communication with Washington. On November 7th, McClellan was removed from his position and Burnside was appointed commander of the Army of the Potomac. The latter at once changed the plan of campaign and instead of advancing against Longstreet at Culpeper, he turned the head of his army eastward and marched to Fredericksburg. Burnside was afraid to operate near the Blue Ridge with Jackson in the Valley so near the Federal flank; he, therefore, proposed to cross the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg and march swiftly toward Richmond in advance of the Confederates. But Lee was too quick for him. When he learned that the Federal forces had left Warrenton, he moved Longstreet to Fredericksburg to check the progress of Burnside; at the same time he sent a courier to order Jackson from the Valley to Orange Court-House.

During the latter part of October Jackson's corps was engaged in the work of destroying the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad west of Harper's Ferry. The lines from Harper's Ferry to Winchester and from Strasburg to Manassas Junction were also completely broken up. When McClellan crossed the river into Virginia, Jackson's corps moved to the vicinity of Winchester to keep close watch upon the movements of the Federal army. The authorities at Washington and in Pennsylvania became apprehensive that Jackson would cross the Potomac, march through Maryland and Pennsylvania and, perhaps, seize the Federal capital. Jackson made plans for a movement against the Federal rear, but the unshod condition of his men delayed the expedition. Then he labored without ceasing to secure supplies of clothing and his friend Boteler succeeded in obtaining in Richmond a large quantity of shoes and blankets for the Second Corps.

The November days were far spent when Jackson established his headquarters inside the town of Winchester. He wrote his wife that he was located in a large, white house, about one hundred yards from Dr. Graham's manse, in full view of their winter-quarters of the year before. On November 22d, however, in response to Lee's summons, he bade farewell to Winchester. His last evening there was spent with his old friends at the manse. The minister's wife wrote to Mrs. Jackson :

"He is in such perfect health,—far handsomer than I ever saw him, and is in such fine spirits, and

seemed so unreserved and unrestrained in his intercourse with us that we did enjoy him to the full. The children begged to be permitted to sit up to see 'General Jackson' and he really seemed overjoyed to see them, played with and fondled them, and they were equally pleased. I have no doubt it was a great recreation to him. He seemed to be living over last winter again, and talked a great deal about the hope of getting back to spend this winter with us, in that old room, which I told him I was keeping for you and him. He expects to leave to-morrow, but says he may come back yet. This would be too delightful. He certainly has had adulation enough to spoil him, but it seems not to affect or harm him at all. He is the same humble, dependent Christian, desiring to give God the glory, and looking to Him alone for a blessing, and not thinking of himself. I always feel assured that he does everything under the guidance of our heavenly Father, and this is the secret of his wonderful success.

"I fixed him a lunch for to-morrow and we sat and talked; the evening was concluded by bowing before the family altar again, and imploring our Father's blessing upon you and all of us, whatever may betide." [1]

Stonewall's last march in the Valley was made on the turnpike leading southward from Winchester, past Kernstown and Strasburg. At New Market he turned eastward along the familiar roadway, across the Massanuttons and over the Shenandoah Ford at Columbia. Thence he passed through the Blue Ridge at Fisher's Gap and reached Madison Court-House on November 26th. The following

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, pp. 372–373.

day his corps was assembled at Orange Court-House. The distance of 120 miles had thus been made by the troops in eight days, two being given to rest. Organization and discipline had now been brought to such a state of perfection that Jackson's army moved steadily forward with scarcely a straggler left behind.

Burnside's advance across the Rappahannock had been delayed, first, by the necessity of rebuilding the railway to Aquia Creek and afterward by the failure of the Washington authorities to send forward a pontoon train. He was still encamped near Falmouth on the north bank of the stream. On November 29th, therefore, Lee ordered Jackson to move from Orange to the lower Rappahannock. Early's division was posted to defend the crossing at Skinker's Neck, twelve miles below Fredericksburg. At Port Royal, six miles farther down the stream, D. H. Hill was located; Taliaferro's division went into bivouac at Guiney's Station, nine miles from Fredericksburg; and A. P. Hill's encampment was at Yerby's House, only five miles from Longstreet's position. The First Corps under Longstreet and Lee occupied the ridge which runs parallel with the Rappahannock about one mile west of the town of Fredericksburg. Stuart's horsemen kept watch on the extreme Confederate flanks.

Lee had at this time an army of 78,500 men and 275 guns. It was not his original purpose to oppose Burnside at Fredericksburg; he preferred to make a stand farther south behind the North Anna River. President Davis, however, wished to pro-

tect the region south of the Rappahannock from Federal invasion and Lee yielded to the President's desire. When Jackson arrived on the scene, he also wished to draw the Federal army to the North Anna, farther from its base of supplies. Such a policy would lead Burnside's troops into a position where an attack might be made against his flank and rear. "I am opposed to fighting on the Rappahannock," said Jackson to D. H. Hill. "We will whip the enemy, but gain no fruits of victory. I have advised the line of the North Anna, but have been overruled." [1]

Burnside's first plan was to cross the river a day's march below Fredericksburg. Federal gunboats came puffing up the stream to coöperate with the army, but D. H. Hill's cannon and Stuart's horse-artillery drove these vessels away. Moreover, the vigilance of Early rendered a crossing impossible at Skinker's Neck. Then Burnside, spurred on by the demands of Northern newspapers, decided to cross the Rappahannock and overcome the Confederates in front of the town before those in bivouac at Port Royal could be brought up the river to their aid. This plan called for rapid movements on the part of the Federal forces.

More than 140 guns, many of them of large calibre, were placed in position on the Stafford Heights, on the north bank of the river. Then at dawn on the morning of December 11, 1862, a force of bridge-builders began to work opposite Fredericksburg. Barksdale's brigade of Mississippi riflemen was

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 595.

posted behind the houses on the southern bank and when the sun cleared the mist away, the Confederates opened fire and the Federal workmen fled. Again and again was the effort made to construct the bridge, but the fire of Barksdale's riflemen was too hot for the workmen. At ten o'clock, Burnside turned his batteries of heavy guns upon the town ; the houses were knocked into pieces but the gallant Mississippians still held the bank and with an unerring aim kept back the Federal forces. Nearly the entire day the fight continued ; late in the afternoon, a body of Federal troops crossed in boats, and the bridge was eventually built. Three additional bridges were thrown across a mile below the town and advanced-guards secured a foothold on the southern bank.

On the morning of December 12th, under cover of a dense fog, Burnside sent the main body of his great army across the river, but no attack was made that day. Lee called up the divisions of A. P. Hill and Taliaferro and arrayed them on Longstreet's right. At noon on the 12th he sent couriers to summon Early and D. H. Hill. These two divisions of Jackson's forces made a rapid night march and came upon the field just at the right moment to meet the enemy's advance.

A heavy mist covered river and plain on the morning of December 13th. The ground was frozen, and the rumbling of artillery carriages was heard by the Confederates at an early hour, giving notice that Burnside's divisions were forming for the attack. Longstreet's line occupied the ridge west of the town ; his right extended as far as the ravine of

Deep Run. Jackson's line was drawn out for 2,600 yards along the ridge from Deep Run to Prospect Hill. His skirmishers were posted along the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. At the distance of 150 yards behind the railway embankment, he arranged his fighting line ; the men were drawn up in the edge of the woods along the crest of the ridge. A gentle slope, free from obstructions, lay in front of the riflemen.

Both the first and second lines of Jackson's corps were made up from the brigades of Hill's division. Walker's battery of fourteen guns held Prospect Hill on the right ; the brigades of Archer and Lane held the front line ; behind them stood Gregg, Thomas and Pender. Hill left a weak point in his line, between the brigades of Archer and Lane. At that point a tract of marshy woodland projected beyond the rest of the forest and extended down the slope a quarter of a mile beyond the railroad. Hill did not draw up his men in this marsh for it was covered with undergrowth so dense that he supposed that the Federal forces would not attempt to enter it. A gap of 600 yards was thus left in the Confederate firing-line, between Archer's left and Lane's right. Lane himself pointed out the danger, but Hill did not heed the warning. Jackson's third line was formed from the divisions of Taliaferro and Early, and D. H. Hill's division was posted behind these in reserve. On his left, Jackson massed thirty-three guns in a commanding position. Stuart's two brigades of cavalry, with Pelham's horse-artillery, were posted on the extreme right near Massaponax Creek.

Early on the morning of the 13th, after the Federal artillery had opened fire, Jackson and his staff rode along the line of battle. The general wore the new uniform which Stuart had presented to him; his old cadet cap had been laid aside for the hat of a lieutenant-general, adorned with gold lace. Moreover, he rode a prancing war-horse which the soldiers did not recognize. Most of the men, therefore, did not know their commander as he galloped past them. A Confederate artilleryman has given the following description of his appearance at a later hour on that eventful day:

"A general officer, mounted upon a superb bay horse and followed by a single courier, rode up through our guns. Looking neither to the right nor the left, he rode straight to the front, halted, and seemed gazing intently on the enemy's line of battle. The outfit before me, from top to toe, cap, coat, top-boots, horse and furniture, were all of the new order of things. But there was something about the man that did not look so new after all. He appeared to be an old-time friend of all the turmoil around him. As he had done us the honor to make an afternoon call on the artillery, I thought it becoming in some one to say something on the occasion. No one did, however; so, although a somewhat bashful and weak-kneed youngster, I plucked up courage enough to venture to remark that those big guns over the river had been knocking us about pretty considerably during the day. He quickly turned his head, and I knew in an instant who it was before me. The clear-cut, chiseled features; the thin, compressed and determined lips; the calm, steadfast eye; the countenance to command respect, and in time of war to give the

soldier that confidence he so much craves from a superior officer, were all there. He turned his head quickly, and looking me all over, rode up the line and away as quickly and silently as he came, his little courier hard upon his heels; and this was my first sight of Stonewall Jackson." [1]

Jackson rode from his own front to Lee's Hill, near Hazel Run, about the center of the field of battle. A little after 9 A. M. he found Lee upon that eminence watching the advance of the Federal host. The sun was lifting the mist from the plain below, disclosing a great assemblage of more than 85,000 Federal soldiers, with countless batteries of field-guns. The left wing of Burnside's army, under Franklin, a force of 55,000 men and 116 guns, was already moving forward against Jackson's corps; the right wing, led by Sumner, 30,000 strong, was deploying for an assault on Longstreet at Marye's Hill. The Federal skirmish line was delivering a hot fire and a storm of shells was poured upon the Second Corps from the Stafford hills beyond the river. This spectacle, so vast in its proportions, so dreadful in its purpose, was calculated to fill every observer with awe and terror. Longstreet, however, "to whose sturdy breast," says Dabney, "the approach of battle seemed to bring gaiety, said to Jackson: 'General, do not all these multitudes of Federals frighten you?' He replied, 'We shall see very soon whether I shall not frighten them.'" Thus filled with the stern spirit of battle, Jackson rode back to direct his corps in the struggle

[1] Henderson's *Jackson*, Vol. II, p. 312.

with Franklin. He spent the chief part of the day among Walker's guns on Prospect Hill, near Hamilton's Crossing.

Burnside was still ignorant of the fact that Jackson's corps had marched up from Port Royal; for Jackson's men were so carefully hidden in the forest that the Federal scouts had not discovered them. Burnside, therefore, commanded Franklin to seize the ridge and roadway at Hamilton's Crossing, and at 9 A. M. Meade's division, a body of 4,500 Pennsylvanians, advanced from the river to carry out this order. In three long lines, with regimental flags waving in the bright sunlight, Meade's men moved boldly forward. Just as the first line crossed the old Richmond road, however, Pelham's two rifled guns opened fire upon them at close range. In obedience to Jackson's orders, Pelham had galloped far to the front and posted his cannon near the left flank of the advancing lines. His fire was so rapid and deadly that he held back Meade's entire division for more than half an hour. Twelve Federal cannon concentrated their fire upon the daring artillerist; one of his pieces was injured, and then, when his ammunition had been exhausted, he brought away the other.

After Pelham's withdrawal, Franklin planted several batteries near the Richmond road and poured a heavy fire of shells upon the woods in his front. The cannon on the Stafford Heights kept up a steady roar as they supported Franklin's field-guns. Jackson's infantry were protected from harm by the trees of the forest; the Confederate cannon

were not permitted to reply, but reserved their fire for the attack of the Federal infantry. While the heavy shot were thus rushing through the air above his head, Jackson walked far out into the open field in front of his lines to examine the enemy's position with his own eye. A Federal sharpshooter suddenly sprang from the ground and at the distance of two hundred yards fired his rifle at the general. As the bullet whistled past his head, Jackson turned with a smile and said to the aide who accompanied him, "Had you not better go to the rear? They may shoot you." He quietly completed his examination of the forces in his front and then returned to his place of observation among his guns on Prospect Hill. A little after 11 A. M., Meade came bravely on again, when suddenly, to the astonishment of the Federal soldiers and officers, a fearful artillery fire burst upon them from the woods on the ridge. Meade's brigades were broken up and driven back in confusion to the Richmond road. For an hour and a half a fierce artillery duel was carried on between the Federal gunners and the Confederate cannon on Prospect Hill. The Federal fire was accurate and swept the crest of the hill with such deadly effect that Jackson, like the rest of the horsemen, dismounted, and for a short time lay down on the ground to protect himself against the storm of shells. "Well, you men stand killing better than any I ever saw," said Pelham to the surviving gunners of one of the Confederate batteries, who were standing with heroic coolness in the midst of the awful carnage and sending back shell for

shell in response to the enemy's fire.[1] At 1 P. M. Meade again advanced, with Gibbon's division on his right. Doubleday's division faced south to hold back Stuart's horsemen; two other Federal divisions stood in reserve behind Meade. More than fifty field-guns, posted at the right and left of the attacking force, supported the Federal advance. Meade's division moved directly toward the projecting triangle of woodland, and forced a way through the undergrowth between Lane and Archer until they were in the rear of Hill's first line. Some of the Confederates of the second line, not expecting so bold an advance, had their arms stacked. The gallant Gregg supposed that the Federal troops were friends and attempted to beat up the muskets of his own men who were firing upon the foe. Gregg received a mortal wound from the Federal advanced-guard; then two of his regiments faced about and checked the progress of the enemy.

A few minutes before the fall of Gregg, an aide galloped rapidly to Prospect Hill and shouted in Jackson's ear, "General, the enemy have broken through Archer's left, and General Gregg says he must have help, or he and General Archer will both lose their position." Without any trace of excitement in voice or manner, Jackson quietly sent orders to Early and Taliaferro to drive back the enemy with the bayonet. The general then resumed his occupation of watching the enemy's reserve brigades, leaving to his subordinates the management of the fighting. Both Taliaferro and Early had antici-

[1] *Story of a Cannoneer Under Stonewall Jackson*, p. 162.

pated the summons of their leader and with leveled bayonets their divisions drove Meade's forces across the railroad. Two of Early's brigades rushed into the open field beyond the railroad in pursuit of the enemy. No orders could restrain their enthusiasm. Only the presence of heavy reserves prevented them from driving Meade's regiments into the river. When ammunition failed, these daring Confederates had to fall back with considerable loss.

It was now 2:30 P. M. and Franklin had lost 5,000 men, but Burnside sent an order for a renewal of the attack. Franklin's confidence in his soldiers and in his commanding general was gone. He made no reply to Burnside, and he did not advance again. Meanwhile, the divisions of Taliaferro and Early, with a portion of A. P. Hill's division, formed a new line along the railway and in the edge of the woods; D. H. Hill's men composed a third line in the rear. Active skirmishing went on during the afternoon, but in the face of Jackson's veterans, Franklin deliberately disobeyed Burnside's urgent order and the battle in that part of the line was over.

The struggle in front of the town of Fredericksburg was by this time drawing toward an end. It began there about noon with the advance of Burnside's right wing, composed of more than 40,000 Federal troops under Sumner, against Longstreet's position at Marye's Hill. Brigade after brigade rushed forward, only to meet a bloody repulse at the hands of Cobb's Georgia riflemen, posted in a sunken road at the foot of the slope, and aided by

Ransom's North Carolinians and the Washington artillery from New Orleans on the top of the hill. After some time had passed, Kershaw's South Carolinians joined the Georgians in the sunken road and E. P. Alexander's battalion of artillery came into position at the crest of the hill. The Federal infantry, led by brave, skilful officers, advanced to the charge in the most courageous manner. They never reached the foot of the hill ; for their ranks were broken and their men fell by thousands under the terrible fire of the Confederates.

By three o'clock in the afternoon both wings of Burnside's army had been driven back with fearful slaughter. Lee expected a renewal of the attack at Marye's Hill and was ready to meet it. Jackson, also, supposed that Franklin would advance again and waited some time to receive him. When he saw that the Federal forces had halted, Jackson determined to move his corps forward and, if possible, drive the enemy into the river. At sunset all of the guns of the Second Corps were pushed to the front and ordered to open fire upon Franklin's position as a preliminary to the advance of the infantry. When the first Confederate battery began to send its shells toward the river, a tremendous fire in reply was drawn from Franklin's 116 guns and from about thirty of the Federal guns on Stafford Heights. This mass of artillery "so completely swept our front," said Jackson in his report, "as to satisfy me that the proposed movement should be abandoned." [1] An attempt by Stuart's horsemen to as-

[1] *Official Records*, Vol. XXI, p. 634.

sail the enemy's left flank near the river was also checked by the heavy Federal guns.

A night attack with the bayonet was the next plan considered by Jackson. He asked his medical director for a yard of bandaging to place on the arm of every soldier so that the men, in making the assault, might know one another from the enemy. Cotton cloth in sufficient quantity for this purpose was not available. Moreover, Lee thought that the attack would be hazardous and it was not made.

The men of both armies lay down upon their arms and waited for the dawn, expecting a renewal of the struggle the next day. Jackson retired to his tent, where he found his friend, Colonel Boteler. The latter was invited to share the general's bed, but Jackson himself sat up until near midnight, writing and sending orders, after which he stretched his wearied body, booted and spurred, upon his pallet, and slept for two or three hours. Then he arose, lighted his candle and again began to write. Suddenly perceiving that the candle was throwing its rays into the face of Colonel Boteler, whom he supposed to be asleep, he carefully placed a book upon the table as a shield.

"From work, Jackson passed to reflection, and Boteler said: 'What are you thinking of, general?'

"'Oh! are you awake?' was his reply; 'I was thinking of the battle to-morrow, and that the balls will be hotter on the hill by the crossing than to-day.'

"Then the sound of horses' hoofs was heard, and an orderly entered the tent.

"'Who is that?' asked Jackson.

"'Somebody from General Gregg.'

"'Tell him to come in.'

"An officer entered and spoke as follows: 'General Gregg is dying, general, and sent me to say to you that he wrote you a letter recently in which he used expressions he is now sorry for. He says that he meant no disrespect by that letter, and was only doing what he considered to be his duty. He hopes you will forgive him.'

"Jackson was greatly moved and replied, 'Tell General Gregg I will be with him immediately.'"[1]

He then summoned Dr. McGuire and sent him to minister to the wounded South Carolinian. A few minutes later Jackson himself mounted his horse and rode through the chill December night to the farmhouse where Gregg lay. A misunderstanding had arisen between them during the Sharpsburg campaign, as we have already seen, over a question of discipline, and Gregg had preferred charges against Jackson. Now the latter bent in tender sympathy over the bed of his dying comrade, and spoke of the Christian's faith and hope. The two soldiers were thus completely reconciled. Before leaving, Jackson tenderly kissed Gregg on the forehead. Having bade farewell to his gallant and efficient brigadier, he rode back in silence to his tent. Doctor McGuire, who accompanied him, made a reference to the great calamity sent upon the South in the loss of such men as Gregg. He then asked Jackson how the Confederates were to deal with the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. "Kill them, sir! Kill every man!" replied the general, who

[1] Boteler's statement in Cooke's *Jackson*, pp. 387–388.

was again in his fighting mood and eager to meet Franklin in another battle.

Throughout the 14th and 15th, the two armies continued to face each other. Burnside was in favor of renewing the attack, but he was dissuaded from doing so by the Federal officers who had taken part in the conflict. On the morning of the 15th Burnside sent a flag of truce, asking permission to bury his dead ; the request was granted. During the following night a fierce storm broke upon the Rappahannock Valley, and under its cover, the Federal army was withdrawn to the northern bank of the stream. The Federal losses in the battle were 12,647 ; the Confederate losses, 5,309.

During the month of December, 1862, Hampton and Stuart made daring cavalry raids toward the rear of the Federal army. Near the close of the month of January, 1863, Burnside attempted to cross the Rappahannock above Fredericksburg and move around Lee's left flank. The roads were so heavy, however, that he soon abandoned the movement, which has since been known as the "Mud March." Then Burnside was removed from command and General Hooker was appointed as leader of the Army of the Potomac.

CHAPTER XXII

THE WINTER OF 1862–1863

On December 16th, the day after Burnside's retreat, Lee ordered his army into winter-quarters on the south bank of the Rappahannock. The bivouacs of Jackson's brigades were extended down the river as far as Port Royal. Jackson himself pitched his tent in the woods near Moss Neck, overlooking the Rappahannock, eleven miles below Fredericksburg. Rooms were offered to him in a large mansion located at Moss Neck, but he was unwilling to put its occupants to any inconvenience. A few days later, however, in response to the urgent request of Richard Corbin, a private in Stuart's cavalry, and owner of the mansion, Jackson moved into a hunting-lodge that stood upon the lawn near the house. The lower story of this lodge was both his office and his bedroom; a large tent, pitched on the grass, was used as a dining-room for himself and staff. Here he spent the winter months until the latter part of March, 1863.

The first great task undertaken by Jackson in his winter home was the preparation of official reports of his campaigns and battles, from McDowell and Winchester to Fredericksburg. Charles Faulkner, his adjutant, prepared reports in outline from the papers sent in by subordinate officers. Jackson made a careful revision of Faulkner's work and

added with his own hand many passages bestowing unstinted praise upon his officers and men. He declared that the Bible furnishes excellent models for making official reports of battles. "Look, for instance," said he, "at the narrative of Joshua's battles with the Amalekites; there you have one. It has clearness, brevity, modesty; and it traces the victory to its right source, the blessing of God." John Esten Cooke writes:

"The general was exceedingly careful not to have anything placed thus upon formal record which was not established by irrefutable proof. Truth was with him the jewel beyond all price—and nothing discomposed him more than the bare suspicion that accuracy was sacrificed to effect. He disliked all glowing adjectives in the narratives of his battles, and presented to the members of his staff and all around him, a noble example of modesty and love of truth. He seemed, indeed, to have a horror of anything like ostentation, boasting or self-laudation, expressed or implied. Nothing was more disagreeable to him than the excessive praises which reached his ears through the newspapers of the day; and he shrank from the attempts made to elevate him above his brother commanders with a repugnance which was obvious to every one. His dislike of all popular ovations was extreme. He did not wish his portrait to be taken, or his actions to be made the subject of laudatory comment in the journals of the day. When the publishers of an illustrated periodical wrote to him requesting his daguerreotype and some notes of his battles for an engraving and a biographical sketch, he wrote in reply that he had no picture of himself and had never done anything."[1]

[1] Cooke's *Jackson*, pp. 390–391.

The spiritual welfare of his soldiers was the one subject which, more than any other, filled the mind and heart of Jackson during this winter in camp. He was anxious to have public worship maintained in every part of the army. He wrote:

"Each branch of the Church should send into the army some of its most prominent ministers, who are distinguished for their piety, talents and zeal; and such ministers should labor to produce concert of action among chaplains and Christians in the army. These ministers should give special attention to preaching to regiments which are without chaplains, and induce them to take steps to get chaplains, to let the regiments name the denomination from which they desire chaplains selected, and then to see that suitable chaplains are secured. A bad selection of a chaplain may prove a curse instead of a blessing. If the few prominent ministers thus connected with each army would cordially coöperate, I believe that glorious fruits would be the result. Denominational distinctions should be kept out of view and not touched upon; and as a general rule, I do not think that a chaplain who would preach denominational sermons, should be in the army. His congregation is his regiment, and it is composed of persons of various denominations. I would like to see no question asked in the army as to what denomination a chaplain belongs, but let the question be, 'Does he preach the Gospel?' The neglect of spiritual interests in the army may be partially seen in the fact that not half of my regiments have chaplains." [1]

The soldiers of the army lived in log cabins which

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, pp. 647–648.

they built in the midst of the forest. Then, at Jackson's suggestion, many of the brigades erected log chapels which were used regularly as houses of worship. The Stonewall Brigade led the way in this work. Their building had a roof of boards and seats formed of split logs. The Sunday following its completion, this church in the woods was formally set apart to the worship of God. During the week, meetings were often held for prayer, for the systematic study of the Bible and for practice in singing psalms and hymns. This chapel was near the quarters of Jackson and the general himself often came there to worship with his favorite brigade. In the church he laid aside all official dignity and selected a seat among the rough, weather-beaten privates. The reverence entertained by these humble soldiers for the person of their commander "sometimes led them," says Dabney, "to leave a respectful distance between themselves and the seat he occupied; but he would never consent that any space should be thus lost, when so many were crowding to hear the Word. As he saw them seeking seats elsewhere, he was accustomed to rise and invite them by gesture to the vacancies near him, and was never so well satisfied as when he had an unkempt soldier touching his elbow on either hand and all the room about him compactly filled. Then he was ready to address himself with his usual fixed attention to the services." [1]

The Reverend Beverley T. Lacy, a Presbyterian minister, was appointed chaplain at Jackson's

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, pp. 650–651.

headquarters, to exercise a general oversight of all religious work in the Second Corps. Arrangements for the preaching of the Gospel every Sunday were made by Mr. Lacy. Sometimes the chaplain himself was the preacher. Very often, however, ministers of various denominations were invited to come to Jackson's encampment, from every part of the South. When, near the end of the winter season, the general removed his headquarters to Hamilton's Crossing, a place of worship was prepared in an open field. A pulpit was set up and seats were provided. There, in the open air, every Sunday, a large congregation voluntarily assembled from every division of the army, surrounding the preacher in a compact mass as far as his voice could be heard. Thousands of soldiers came eagerly to take part in the worship of God. The stately figure of General Lee, dressed in a simple suit of gray, ornamented only with the three stars of a Confederate colonel, was often seen there. The commander-in-chief always paid the most devout attention to the minister in charge and he was usually accompanied by a group of his famous comrades-in-arms.

"At these scenes," says Dabney, "which were so directly produced by his instrumentality, General Jackson was the most unobtrusive assistant. Seated in some retired spot amidst the private soldiers, he listened to the worship and the preaching with an edifying attention, and watched the power of the truth upon the great congregation with a glow of elevated and tender delight. Never, since the days when Whitefield preached to the mingled crowd of

peers and beggars, has the sky looked down upon a more imposing worship." [1]

Regular meetings were held every week, by the chaplains and evangelists of the Second Corps, to devise measures for preaching the Gospel throughout the army. Jackson did not attend these meetings and he did not attempt to interfere with the plans made by the ministers; but as soon as his own chaplain returned from the conference, the general would say to him, "Now, come and report." Then he always manifested his readiness to assist in the work in every way possible. "When he was told of the fraternal love which reigned among the chaplains, of the devout spirit manifested in their worship, and of the news of the ingathering of souls which they brought from their several charges, his eyes were filled with happy tears, and he blessed God for the grace." The result of all these labors was a revival of religion which spread throughout the Army of Northern Virginia; and hundreds of Confederate soldiers became earnest Christians.

In the privacy of his quarters and in association with intimate Christian friends, Jackson invariably turned the conversation toward the discussion of spiritual topics. He often spoke of the importance of possessing an unwavering faith, of casting all our cares upon God; he took delight in pointing out the evidences of God's faithfulness in keeping His promises. He placed great emphasis upon the duty of conforming our wills to God's, and of rendering cheerful submission to every manifestation of His

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 649.

will. "Duty is ours; consequences are God's;" this was Jackson's favorite maxim. It was his chief desire, he said, to command a "converted army." A body of Christian soldiers, he declared, who were engaged in a just cause and who entered upon every enterprise with prayer, would be unconquerable.

Doctor Moses D. Hoge, a Presbyterian minister of Richmond, writes as follows about his sojourn in Jackson's quarters at Moss Neck:

"It seems hardly possible to be long in the society of that noble and honored general, that simple-hearted, straightforward, laborious, devoted man of God, without catching something of his spirit—the spirit of toil, of patience, of modesty, of careful conscientiousness, of childlike dependence on God, of fervent, believing prayer. While I was in camp, I preached five times in the Stonewall Brigade. How the men crowded into their log church, how they listened, how they seemed to hang upon the Word! On Sunday night, after preaching, the general, Mr. Lacy and myself, had a long talk, as we sat drying our boots in front of the open fire. When it was nearly eleven o'clock, the general asked me to conduct worship; and afterward, before retiring, he set us the example of kneeling again for secret prayer. He then shared his bed upon the floor with me, and we talked till long after midnight. Though usually taciturn, he led the conversation. How anxious he was for his army, how anxious for himself! How manifest it was that he is a man whose great desire is to be right in all things, and especially to be right before God. In our whole intercourse I could not detect the slightest trace of self-importance, ostentation, or seeking

after vainglory. To glorify God possessed all his thoughts." [1]

Prayers, night and morning, were regularly held in his quarters. In the absence of the chaplain, Jackson conducted these services himself. Wednesday and Sunday nights were the times set apart for prayer-meeting in his quarters, and sometimes he led these devotions, also. Every Sunday afternoon there was singing by the members of his staff. Jackson listened with close attention and delight and again and again would call for a favorite hymn. "I don't know that I ever enjoyed Sabbaths as I do this winter," he wrote to his wife. "I am much interested in reading Hunter's *Life of Moses*," he said again. "It is a delightful book, and I feel more improved in reading it than by an ordinary sermon. I am thankful to say that my Sabbaths are passed more in meditation than formerly." Thus like a great patriarch or divinely commissioned prophet, Jackson throughout the winter conducted a campaign for the spiritual upbuilding of his own men.

Jackson's social nature was strong and tender. He loved the society of congenial friends. Every visitor to his tent found him a modest, affable, courteous gentleman, thoroughly well-bred in manner and ready to talk upon any subject except his own military plans. He was so fond of domestic life that he invited Jane Corbin, a child of six years, to visit him every afternoon. Sometimes he held her upon

[1] Cooke's *Jackson*, p. 392.

his knee and engaged in eager conversation; again he would indulge in a wild romp about the room with the little girl, and then send her home with some simple gift. One evening when no other gift was available, the general's eye fell upon a new military cap, encircled with a band of gold braid. He quickly tore the braid from the cap and bound it about the child's brow, saying, "This shall be your coronet." When her life was suddenly ended because of a violent fever, the heart of her great friend was touched with the keenest grief.

One day an English officer arrived at the small house occupied by Jackson at Moss Neck. The officer had made the journey from the railway station on foot through drenching rains, and was, therefore, wet to the skin. He brought to Jackson handsome gifts from some English admirers. Of this visit, he writes:

"The general rose and greeted me warmly. I expected to see an old, untidy man, and was most agreeably surprised and pleased with his appearance. He is tall, handsome, and powerfully built, but thin. He has brown hair and a brown beard. His mouth expresses great determination. The lips are thin and compressed firmly together; his eyes are blue and dark, with keen and searching expression. I was told that his age was thirty-eight, and he looks forty. The general, who is indescribably simple and unaffected in all his ways, took off my wet overcoat with his own hands, made up the fire, brought wood for me to put my feet on to keep them warm while my boots were drying, and then began to ask me questions on various subjects. At the

dinner hour we went out and joined the members of the staff. At this meal the general said grace in a fervent, quiet manner, which struck me very much. After dinner I returned to his room, and he again talked for a long time. The servant came in and took his mattress out of a cupboard and laid it on the floor.

"As I rose to retire, the general said, 'Captain, there is plenty of room on my bed; I hope you will share it with me?'

"I thanked him very much for his courtesy, but said, 'Good-night,' and slept in a tent, sharing the blankets of one of his aides-de-camp. In the morning at breakfast-time, I noticed that the general said grace before the meal with the same fervor I had remarked before. An hour or two afterward it was time for me to return to the station; on this occasion, however, I had a horse, and I returned to the general's headquarters to bid him adieu. His little room was vacant, so I slipped in and stood before the fire. I then noticed my greatcoat stretched before it on a chair. Shortly afterward, the general entered the room. He said: 'Captain, I have been trying to dry your greatcoat, but I am afraid I have not succeeded very well.' That little act illustrates the man's character. With the care and responsibilities of a vast army on his shoulders, he finds time to do little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness."

The ranks of Jackson's corps were rapidly filled up, until he had under his control a compact body of 30,000 of the best soldiers that ever formed for review. They were the very flower of Southern manhood, many of them attracted to his standard by the great fame of the commander of the Second Corps. For Jackson now shared with Lee the love

and admiration of all the people of the South, and of a large multitude in foreign lands.

Many English visitors came at this time to his headquarters. These were all surprised to find the great Confederate a most delightful host, marked by the most delicate courtesy and ease of manner. Popular fancy had pictured the general as awkward and diffident and blunt in his bearing. These Englishmen, without exception, found him an educated gentleman, possessed of an amount of information which was surprising in its range and accuracy. One English officer said: "Of military history, he knew more than any other man I met in America; and he was so far from displaying the somewhat grim characteristics that have been associated with his name, that one would have supposed his tastes lay in the direction of art and literature." Francis Lawley, special correspondent of the London *Times*, who had frequent conversations with the general, declared that Jackson's "chief delight was in the cathedrals of England, notably in York Minster and Westminster Abbey. He was never tired of talking about them, or listening to details about the chapels and cloisters of Oxford." Lord Wolseley, chief commander of the British army, writes as follows:

"General Jackson had certainly very little to say about military operations, although he was intensely proud of his soldiers, and enthusiastic in his devotion to General Lee; and it was impossible to make him talk of his own achievements. Nor can I say that his speech betrayed his intellectual powers.

But his manner, which was modesty itself, was most attractive. He put you at your ease at once, listening with marked courtesy and attention to whatever you might say; and when the subject of conversation was congenial, he was a most interesting companion. I quite endorse the statement as to his love for beautiful things. He told me that in all his travels he had seen nothing so beautiful as the lancet windows in York Minster."

Along with these testimonials from the men who met Jackson in the field, we may quote the declaration of his English biographer, Colonel Henderson, that the Confederate leader was endowed by nature not only with a strong character but also with a strong intellect.

Among the officers of the Confederate army, there was much social intercourse, and Jackson bore his full share in these civilities. On Christmas Day, in 1862, he invited General Lee and the senior officers of the army to dine at his quarters. The table was laden with turkey, oysters and other delicacies. Stuart was present, full of gaiety and humor, entertaining the company with jests, many of them at Jackson's expense. Sometimes with a blush, but always with a quiet and merry laugh, the latter indicated his enjoyment of the frolic. The ornaments on the wall of Jackson's lodge furnished Stuart many opportunities to indulge in badinage. Pretending to believe that these had been selected by Jackson himself, Stuart "pointed," says Dabney, "now to the portrait of some famous race-horse, and now to the print of some celebrated rat-terrier, as a queer revelation of his private tastes, indicating

a great decline in his moral character, which would be a grief and disappointment to the pious old ladies of the South. Jackson, with a quiet smile, replied that perhaps he had had more to do with race-horses than his friends suspected. When the guests followed Jackson into the dining-tent, they saw in the center of the bountiful table a plate of butter, adorned by the skill of the patriotic housewife who had presented it. 'There, gentlemen!' said Stuart with mock gravity; 'if that is not the crowning evidence of our host's sporting tastes! He even has his favorite game-cock stamped on his butter!' Jackson joined in the outburst of laughter that followed with as much enjoyment as any one of the guests."[1]

Although many of the highest officers of the army visited their homes during the winter, Jackson never left his encampment even for a few days. His heart, nevertheless, yearned for the North Carolina household where a daughter was born to him in November, 1862. "To a man of his extreme domesticity and love for children," writes his wife, "this was a crowning happiness; and yet, with his great modesty and shrinking from publicity, he requested that he should not receive the announcement by telegraph, and when it came to him by letter, he kept the glad tidings all to himself—leaving his staff and those around him in camp to hear of it through others." He wrote that the child must be called Julia in memory of his beloved mother.

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 638.

On Christmas Day he wrote to his wife as follows:

"Yesterday I received the baby's letter with its beautiful lock of hair. How I do want to see that precious baby, and I do earnestly pray for peace. Oh! that our country was such a Christian, God-fearing people as it should be. Then might we very speedily look for peace. . . . It is better for me to remain with my command so long as the war continues, if our gracious Heavenly Father permits. The army suffers immensely by absentees. If all our troops, officers and men, were at their posts, we might, through God's blessing, expect a more speedy termination of the war. The temporal affairs of some are so deranged as to make a strong plea for their returning home for a short time, but our God has greatly blessed me and mine during my absence, and while it would be a great comfort to see you and our darling little daughter and others in whom I take special interest, yet duty appears to require me to remain with my command. It is important that those at headquarters set an example by remaining at the post of duty."

On one occasion, when his child became ill, Jackson's anxiety was intense. He at once consulted his medical director and sent the advice in a letter to his wife. As the general turned away from the doctor, his voice was quivering with agitation as he said, "I do wish that dear child, if it is God's will, to be spared to us."

The care of a great multitude of soldiers was laid upon Jackson, but he bore the burden without a murmur. Food and clothing were to be provided; officers had to be appointed and regiments filled

with recruits; drill must be conducted daily and discipline enforced. Tireless energy and inflexible justice marked Jackson's conduct in the administration of all of these affairs.

His letters to his wife were filled with descriptions of the gifts that were sent him from every part of the South and from England, and with expressions of his eager desire to see both wife and child. As the days grew warmer he even expressed a great desire to begin work in his garden at home. "My health is essentially good," he wrote, "but I do not think I shall be able in future to stand what I have already stood."

Beyond the sphere of military and domestic matters, however, his attention was bestowed upon all the governmental and economic interests of the people of the South. "I feel a deep interest," he wrote, "in seeing a Christian daily paper established." Such a paper, in his opinion, should have its printing-office closed on Sunday. He urged Colonel Boteler to persuade the Confederate Congress to repeal the law which required the carrying of the mails on the Sabbath. "I greatly desire to see peace, blessed peace," he wrote to another friend. Then, again, he wrote as follows about his friends in Winchester: "I feel deeply when I see the patriotic people of that region again under the heel of a hateful military despotism. There are all the homes of those who have been with me from the commencement of the war in Virginia; who have repeatedly left their families and homes in the hands of the enemy and braved the dangers of battle and

disease; and there are those who have so devotedly labored for the relief of our suffering sick and wounded." The movements of the armies operating in the Mississippi Valley received his closest attention and he kept in mind the entire situation, military and political, of the Southern Confederacy. Jackson's "strong brain," says Colonel Henderson, "was incessantly occupied in forecasting the emergencies that might occur." And yet he did not fear the superior numbers of the Northern armies and he never for a moment despaired of the final success of the South. "We must make this campaign," he said, as spring approached, "an exceedingly active one. Only thus can a weaker country cope with a stronger; it must make up in activity what it lacks in strength. A defensive campaign can only be made successful by taking the aggressive at the proper time. Napoleon never waited for his adversary to become fully prepared, but struck him the first blow." [1]

Soon after the middle of March, 1863, Jackson left Moss Neck and established his headquarters in a tent near Hamilton's Crossing, not far from Fredericksburg. "It is rather a relief," he said, "to get where there will be less comfort than in a room, as I hope thereby persons will be prevented from encroaching so much upon my time."

In April he sent for his wife and child and then he was eagerness until they could come. One of his letters ran thus: "Last night I dreamed that my little wife and I were on opposite sides of a room,

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 660.

in the center of which was a table, and the little baby started from her mother, making her way along under the table, and finally reached her father. And what do you think she did when she arrived at her destination? She just climbed up on her father and kissed him. And don't you think he was a happy man?" Then he added, "That her little chubby hands have lost their resemblance to mine is not regretted by me." [1]

At noon on Monday, April 20th, Mrs. Jackson and little Julia arrived at Guiney's Station. As Jackson entered the railway car his overcoat was dripping from the rain, "but his face," writes his wife, "was all sunshine and gladness." The child, "catching his eager look of supreme interest in her, beamed her brightest and sweetest smiles upon him in return, so it seemed to be a mutual fascination." A comfortable room was secured at Mr. Yerby's plantation and there, after the military duties of each day had received attention, the general spent his leisure time. He was frequently told that Julia resembled him, but he would always reply, "No, she is too pretty to look like me." When she went to sleep, "he would often kneel over her cradle," says Mrs. Jackson, "and gaze upon her little face with the most rapt admiration." The father's devotion to his child attracted the attention of all who saw them together, "for she soon learned to delight in his caresses as much as he loved to play with her." [2]

[1] *Life of Jackson*, by his wife, p. 421.
[2] *Idem*, p. 423.

Early on the morning of April 27th a courier aroused the general with the news that the Federal forces were crossing the river below Fredericksburg. Jackson gave orders to his aides to place his wife and child upon the train, in order that they might return immediately to Richmond. Then, with a few tender words of farewell, and without waiting for breakfast, he mounted his horse and rode to the front. The guns began to roar, the crash of musketry followed, and the train moved southward, bearing the objects of Jackson's affection. The fire of battle was kindled again in the general's face, however, and he ordered his brigades to prepare for the struggle with Hooker's army.

CHAPTER XXIII

CHANCELLORSVILLE

A FEDERAL force of about 134,000 men and 428 guns was assembled under Hooker's command at Fredericksburg in April, 1863. With this vast body of soldiers, so well equipped that Hooker himself called it "the finest army on the planet," the Federal authorities expected to overwhelm Lee's army and capture Richmond.

To meet this host of invaders, Lee had a force of about 62,000 men and 170 guns. During the winter D. H. Hill had been sent to direct the Confederate defences near Wilmington, N. C., and Ransom's division of Longstreet's corps was detached to support Hill. Then, two more of Longstreet's divisions, those of Hood and Pickett, were sent into the southeast portion of Virginia to obtain forage. Contrary to Lee's wishes, the Confederate authorities at Richmond permitted Longstreet to undertake an expedition against Suffolk. This movement was fruitless of fortunate results. Moreover, at the opening of the spring campaign, when Lee was in sore need of every available Confederate bayonet, two of his veteran divisions were at the distance of 120 miles from Fredericksburg. The Confederate army consisted, therefore, of the divisions of Anderson and McLaws of the First Corps; the divisions of A. P.

Hill, Rodes (D. H. Hill's), Colston (Taliaferro's), and Early, of Jackson's corps; and Stuart's division of cavalry. Some of Lee's horsemen were absent and Stuart had under his orders only about 2,400 sabres.

The plan of campaign agreed upon by Lee and Jackson was to cross the Potomac and carry the war into Pennsylvania. Between January and April, 1863, Major Hotchkiss, chief engineer of the Second Corps, in obedience to Jackson's order, prepared an elaborate map of the country between Winchester and the Susquehanna River. This map was used afterward by Lee during the Gettysburg campaign. In the latter part of April, however, before the Confederates were ready to advance northward, Hooker put his army in motion and the Southerners had to stand on the defensive.

Hooker divided his forces into three separate bodies. Stoneman with 10,000 Federal horsemen was ordered to cross the upper Rappahannock and move through Culpeper to cut the railroads that supplied Lee's army. The right wing of the Federal army, consisting of four corps, led by Hooker himself, was to march up the Rappahannock to Kelly's Ford, to push thence across the Rapidan by Germanna Ford and Ely Ford and concentrate at Chancellorsville in Lee's rear. At the same time the Federal left wing under Sedgwick was expected to cross the river below Fredericksburg and by a display of strength hold the Confederates in their intrenchments until Hooker could overwhelm them from behind.

The Federal movement began on April 27th. Two days later, on the morning of the 29th, under cover of a thick fog, Sedgwick's troops started to march over the pontoon bridges near the mouth of Deep Run, at the point where Franklin had crossed in December. His skirmishers were soon in contact with Jackson's pickets on the south bank of the river. Jackson at once sent a courier to carry the news to the commander-in-chief and Lee sent back this message: "Tell your good general he knows what to do with the enemy just as well as I do." Near the close of the day a courier from Stuart brought the information that Federal troops, marching in two columns, had crossed the Rapidan. Anderson's division was sent at once to Chancellorsville to meet this hostile force; but, on the morning of April 30th, Lee received the more definite intelligence that a very large force, consisting of at least three Federal corps, was approaching Chancellorsville and that Anderson was retiring before them toward Fredericksburg.

When some member of the staff expressed a fear that the Confederate army would be forced to retreat, Jackson replied in sharp tones, "Who said that? No, sir; we shall not fall back, we shall attack them."[1] At first, he was inclined to assail Sedgwick's forces in the plain below Fredericksburg. Lee was not in favor of this, but expressed his readiness to give orders for making the attack if Jackson thought it would be wise. When the latter saw Sedgwick's intrenchments and heard more defi-

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 665.

nitely about the approach of heavy Federal forces toward the Confederate flank and rear, he gave up the idea of delivering an assault near the river. The two Confederate leaders then decided that 10,000 men should remain under Early to hold the heights on the south bank of the Rappahannock against Sedgwick's advance; all of the rest of the Confederate divisions were ordered to move under Jackson's command toward Chancellorsville in search of Hooker's right wing.

McLaws marched to Tabernacle Church to support Anderson in making opposition to Hooker's advanced-guard. Jackson spent a part of the 30th in breaking up his encampment, for he was still awaiting orders from Lee with reference to the particular route he was to follow. "The opening of the campaign," says Dabney, "had metamorphosed the whole man. Those who had seen him in his winter-quarters, toiling with a patient smile over his heaps of official papers; who had received his gentle and almost feminine kindness there; who had only beheld him among his chaplains or at public worship, the deferential and tender Christian, had been tempted to wonder whether this were indeed a thunderbolt of war, and whether so meek a spirit as his would be capable of directing its terrors. But when they met him on this morning, all such doubts fled before his first glance. His step was quick and firm, his whole stature unconsciously erect and elate with genius and majesty, while all-comprehending thought, decision, and unconquerable will, burned in his eye. His mind seemed,

with equal rapidity and clearness, to remember everything and to judge everything. In a firm and decisive tone, he issued his rapid orders to every branch of his service, overlooking nothing which could possibly affect the efficiency of his corps."[1]

Near the close of the day, while the soldiers were busy in the work of breaking camp and removing baggage, Jackson rode up for the last time to his own quarters. Throwing the rein of his horse to his servant, he entered his tent. A moment later, Jim raised his hand with a warning gesture. "Hush!" he said, "the general is praying." Those standing near remained silent for a quarter of an hour. At the end of that time they saw Jackson come forth from behind the curtain. His face was glowing with the light that indicated firm resolve and strong confidence. His orders came from a brain that was working, to use the words of General John B. Gordon, "with the precision of the most perfect machinery." In both mind and spirit, Jackson was armed for the conflict. At midnight, by the light of the moon, his brigades withdrew in silence from the trenches in front of Sedgwick and marched along the forest roads toward Chancellorsville.

On the morning of May 1st, the Federal right wing, consisting of 70,000 soldiers, was assembled under Hooker at Chancellorsville. Stoneman's cavalry had marched to the vicinity of Gordonsville and was ready to begin the work of destroying the Virginia Central Railway. The Federal left wing,

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 666.

40,000 strong, was intrenched on the south bank of the Rappahannock, only eleven miles from Hooker's headquarters. Another detachment was at Falmouth. The Federal movements had been conducted thus far with great energy and Hooker was exultant over the apparent success of his strategy. "Certain destruction," he said, awaited the Confederates if they should stand and fight him. At 11 A. M., therefore, on the 1st, he began to advance in three columns through the wilderness toward Fredericksburg, proposing to crush Lee's forces between the divided wings of the Federal army.

At 8 A. M. that same morning the head of Jackson's column, marching westward from Fredericksburg, arrived at Tabernacle Church, where the men of Anderson's division were drawn up in line of battle behind intrenchments. The Confederate leaders now had full knowledge of Hooker's movements; for Stuart, leaving two regiments of horsemen to watch Stoneman, had fought his way from the Rapidan around the Federal forces and brought to Lee full intelligence concerning the enemy's position.

Jackson was ordered to assume complete control of the movement against Hooker, while Lee remained for the time with Early. Jackson immediately told Anderson to stop the work of intrenching and ordered an advance of the entire army of about 45,000 men, along two roads toward Chancellorsville. Anderson's division led the way; behind him marched McLaws, on the pike, and Jackson's three divisions by the Plank Road.

A line of skirmishers moved steadily forward through the dense woods, with a number of field-guns advancing abreast of them along the highways. The Confederate cavalry rode on the left flank. Jackson rode in front with his advanced line and urged the men to their work. They struck Hooker's columns while the latter were entangled in the thickets. Hooker lost his nerve, for Jackson's vigorous onset led him to believe that the whole Confederate army was about to deliver an attack in the wilderness. The Federal commander, therefore, ordered all his columns to fall back to Chancellorsville and take post behind the strong intrenchments already constructed. The Confederates slowly followed through the tangled undergrowth.

About 5 P. M. Jackson's skirmishers, pouring in their rifle fire, drew a heavy reply from Federal artillery located in the timber near the Chancellor House. Jackson called Stuart to his side and rode to the front. Entering a bridle-path, they turned aside from the Plank Road and ascended a slight elevation, followed by a battery of horse-artillery. One of the guns sent a shot crashing among the trees, when two Federal batteries, concealed in the woods, suddenly opened upon them at short range with grape and canister. A number of men and horses were struck, and Jackson and Stuart escaped as if by miracle. Then a regiment of South Carolinians, Orr's rifles, of Gregg's old brigade, moved forward through the tangled undergrowth to the crest of a low ridge. Captain A. C. Haskell, in command of the regiment, halted his line on the

ridge and Jackson, again riding to the front, found him there. Haskell pointed, at the distance of less than half a mile, to the Federal breastworks in front of the Chancellorsville mansion. Jackson at once ordered the regiment to hold its place until Hill's division could advance and occupy the front. It was near sunset, and Jackson, leaning over his horse's neck, and speaking in low tones, gave his last directions for the posting of sentinels. "Let the challenge," he said to Haskell,[1] "be 'Liberty,' and the reply, 'Independence.'"

Lee now reached the field from Early's position in front of Sedgwick. He reported Sedgwick's men as resting quietly behind their intrenchments on the river plain at Fredericksburg. The two Confederate leaders sat down under some pine-trees in the angle between the Plank Road and the Catherine Furnace Road. They could see, in the twilight, Hooker's line of defence. It was evident that an attack in front against the Federal center was not to be considered. Hooker's position must be turned from either the right or the left. Jackson had already ordered Stuart's horsemen to continue the advance on the Confederate left. Captains Boswell and Talcot, therefore, were sent through the woods toward the Confederate right to make a reconnaissance. The light from the full moon revealed the Federal forces in position as far as the Rappahannock. The report of these scouts, made to the generals at 10 P. M., closed the discussion with reference to an attack from the right.

[1] Communicated to the author by Colonel A. C. Haskell.

The Federal intrenchments were too strong to invite a movement from that direction. About that time important news was brought by Stuart, whom Jackson had sent forward on his left. Fitzhugh Lee of Stuart's division, riding beyond the Catherine Furnace, had discovered that the Federal right wing was extended westward along the Plank Road and that its flank was in the air, with every breastwork facing south. To turn that flank was now the only line of attack open to the Confederates.

The idea of making this movement doubtless formulated itself at the same moment in the minds of both Lee and Jackson. No other course of action was possible under the circumstances. What part of the army, however, was to make the circuit? Who was to lead the flank movement? When this question came up for discussion, the commander-in-chief spoke without hesitation. "General," he said to Jackson, "we must get ready to attack the enemy if we should find him here to-morrow, and you must make all arrangements to move around his right flank." "You know best," was Jackson's modest reply.[1]

Orders were at once sent to McLaws to throw up fortifications along his front across the turnpike. Then Lee and Jackson lay down upon the ground beneath the pine-trees; a saddle formed a resting-place for the head. Jackson himself was without cover and after an hour or two was awakened by the cold. He arose, kindled a small fire, and, long

[1] Colonel Talcot's statement in Richmond *Dispatch*. Also, statement by Colonel Charles Marshall.

before dawn, gave his mind to the consideration of his great march.

It was a desperate enterprise. To attempt it and to fail meant the destruction of the army. Hooker was in a strong position. Meade's corps occupied his left, resting on the Rappahannock; Couch's corps held the turnpike; Slocum's corps formed the center of the line at Chancellorsville. The corps of Sickles held Hazel Grove, a bare plateau to the south; Howard's corps extended the line to the right, with its breastworks on the Orange Plank Road. Moreover, the corps of Reynolds was advancing up the Rappahannock to join Hooker. In the presence of these formidable forces Lee had already divided his army, leaving Early to withstand Sedgwick. To divide again would be extremely hazardous. Fortunately, however, the field telegraph established by Hooker had broken down and there was no communication possible between the two wings of the Federal army. All of these facts in minute detail were, of course, not within the range of Jackson's knowledge. He grasped the essential facts, however, that Sedgwick's men were still quiet behind their intrenchments at Fredericksburg and that Hooker was awaiting an attack in the wilderness.

The stars were still shining, when Jackson aroused Major Hotchkiss and B. T. Lacy, his chaplain, and sent them to the Catherine Furnace to ask about a roadway leading westward toward the Wilderness Tavern. Hotchkiss soon brought the information that a private road had been opened through

the woods for the purpose of hauling wood and ore. He spread a map before the two generals, Lee and Jackson, who were now seated together under the pines, and pointed out the location of the roads leading toward Hooker's right. Lee then asked Jackson how he expected to make the proposed circuit. "Go around here," said Jackson, moving his finger over the road located on the map by Hotchkiss. Lee then asked him, further, how many troops he wished to take with him. "My whole corps," replied Jackson, adding that Anderson and McLaws could maintain themselves in Hooker's front. After a moment, Lee said to him, "Well, go on," and Jackson's couriers at once galloped away to set his column in motion.[1]

The sun was already shining through the treetops as the Second Corps began to move toward the Catherine Furnace. D. H. Hill's old division, led by Rodes, was in front; Colston came next and A. P. Hill brought up the rear. Alexander's battalion of artillery, of Longstreet's corps, marched with the column. Lee stood by the roadside and watched the regiments as they passed. Jackson, on horseback, paused a moment in front of the commander-in-chief and exchanged with him the last words that ever passed between them. Jackson rode on, pointing toward the head of his column. "His face," says an eye-witness, "was a little flushed, as it was turned to General Lee, who nodded approval of what he said."

[1] Statement by Major Hotchkiss, quoted in Henderson's *Jackson*, Vol. II, p. 432.

Jackson's three divisions of infantry formed an army of about 26,000 men. The column was ten miles in length. Fitzhugh Lee rode in front with a regiment of cavalry and ten squadrons rode on the flank to screen the movement. At the Furnace, Sickles made an attack against the marching Confederates but Hill faced two of his brigades to the rear and drove the Federal troops back. Jackson himself gave no heed to Sickles but urged his men forward. The heat and the dust were oppressive, but the Confederate soldiers marched with spirit, for they intuitively guessed that their great leader was planning some swift and decisive blow against Hooker. "Tell 'Old Jack' we're all a-comin'," they shouted to every passing courier; "don't let him begin the fuss till we get there!" Alexander tells us that during the day there were only three resting periods of about twenty minutes each.[1]

News of the Confederate march across the Federal front was carried to Howard and Hooker several times, but they supposed that the Confederate army was in flight southward and took no precautions against an attack on their flank.

At 2 P. M. Jackson at the head of his column reached the Plank Road. He expected to turn eastward at that point against the Federal flank. Fitzhugh Lee, however, led him to the summit of a hill and pointed out the Federal breastworks along the old turnpike west of Dowdall's Tavern. There was a brilliant light in Jackson's eyes as he gazed upon Howard's corps resting at ease, with arms stacked.

[1] *Memoirs of a Confederate*, p. 330.

"Tell General Rodes," he said suddenly to a courier, "to move across the Plank Road and halt when he gets to the old turnpike." The cavalry and the Stonewall Brigade took position on the Plank Road to screen the other troops. When Rodes reached the turnpike, he moved about a mile eastward and then formed in line of battle.

A little before 6 P. M., the sun being then about one hour high, Jackson's men were ready and eager to advance. Through the forest, extending a mile on each side of the turnpike, his lines were drawn out. Rodes' division, with skirmishers in front, formed the first line; Colston's division was the second; and A. P. Hill, partly in line and partly in column, made the third. Four guns of the horse-artillery were in the roadway. Jackson sat on "Little Sorrel" in the turnpike, watch in hand, his slouched hat drawn down over his eyes and his lips firmly shut. On his right was the leader of the advanced line. "Are you ready, General Rodes?" "Yes, sir," replied the gallant Alabamian. "You can go forward, sir," said Jackson. Rodes gave a nod to Blackford, commander of the skirmish line. A bugle rang out its call, and back again from the forest on either hand came the notes of other bugles in response. The skirmishers dashed forward through the undergrowth; the cannon galloped up the road and opened fire; the lines of battle made a rush, sending their wild rebel yell across woodland and field. They fell like a thunderbolt upon Howard's corps. The Federal soldiers were smoking, playing cards, and making preparations for supper.

The Confederates at once threw them into a state of panic. Within ten minutes the first Federal brigade was in wild flight. Fifteen minutes later, Jackson's men swept over the hill at Talley's Farm, driving Schurz's division before them. At 7 P. M., the regiments of Rodes and Colston, now forming one line, forced the rest of Howard's men to flee from the ridge at Dowdall's Tavern and drove the entire Federal corps in wild confusion toward Chancellorsville.

At Dowdall's, Jackson was within a mile and a half of Hooker's headquarters; the roadway in his front was filled with a mass of fugitives, remnants of the 10,000 Federal troops who had been defeated. A heavy forest, however, lay on each side of the turnpike, and Jackson's two advanced lines, now mingled together as one, made slower progress. One brigade on the right had turned southward because its leader thought that a Federal force was about to assail his flank. Jackson galloped forward among his men, urging them with voice and gesture to press through the woods. His face was glowing with the fierce light of battle. With an intense eagerness he strained every nerve to seize the White House or Bullock road, leading to the United States Ford in Hooker's rear. His plan was to cut off Hooker's entire army from making a retreat across that ford.

As night fell and the moon began to throw her light upon the scene, the line of battle halted at the distance of less than a mile from Chancellorsville. A part of the enemy's intrenchment was seized, but

no Federal troops were in sight. Jackson ordered A. P. Hill to move his division to the front to relieve Rodes and Colston, whose divisions had been thrown into disorder. Just as Hill was moving into position, Crutchfield ran up three of his guns and opened fire upon Chancellorsville. The enemy were aroused and replied fiercely with shells and canister. Jackson rode forward as far as the new line and said to General Lane, in command of one of Hill's brigades, "Push right ahead, Lane; right ahead." Then to the commander of the division he said, "Press them; cut them off from the United States Ford, Hill; press them." Jackson then moved through the ranks of Lane's brigade and rode to the front along the Mountain Road, parallel to the Plank Road. Just behind the Confederate skirmish line, he halted and listened to the sounds made by the arrival of fresh Federal troops in front. As he turned back toward his own line of battle, an officer said, "General, you should not expose yourself so much." "There is no danger, sir; the enemy is routed," he replied. "Go back and tell General Hill to press on."

Then firing began along the front between the skirmishers on both sides and as Jackson drew near the line of battle in the dim moonlight, for it was about 9 P. M., the Eighteenth North Carolina fired a volley among the general's party. Several men and horses were shot down. Three balls struck Jackson himself, one in the right hand and two in the left arm, cutting the main artery and crushing the bone near the shoulder. The general's horse dashed madly through the woods and his face was

brought with violent force against an overhanging bough. Staff-officers caught the horse and lifted Jackson to the ground. "General, are you much hurt?" said Hill as he came up. "I think I am," he replied, "and all my wounds are from my own men. I believe my left arm is broken." Supported by his aides, Jackson started to walk, but the loss of blood had made him weak. When he entered the Plank Road the Federal batteries opened a fearful fire along the highway and the aides made him lie down by the roadside. He started again and met Pender, who expressed great sorrow about Jackson's injury and then said that it might be necessary to fall back. Jackson raised himself to his full height and answered feebly but distinctly, "You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold out to the last, sir."

A litter was brought and Jackson was placed upon it. One of the bearers, struck by a shot, let the litter fall and Jackson came violently to the ground upon his wounded side. The agony was so great that for the first time he was heard to groan. "I am badly injured, doctor; I fear I am dying," he said to McGuire who arrived a little later. Stimulants were administered and the wounded general was borne in an ambulance to the hospital. Two hours after midnight, when the proper reaction had taken place, chloroform was administered and his arm was amputated two inches below the shoulder. At half-past three his adjutant, Major Pendleton, arrived and told him that Stuart was in command of the Second Corps and desired to know his wishes.

For a moment, his eye flashed with its old fire, and he asked questions in his usual rapid manner. His strength was not sufficient for the task, however, and he said in a feeble tone, "I don't know—I can't tell; say to General Stuart he must do what he thinks best." Then at dawn on Sunday morning, when the roar of the Confederate guns began again to roll through field and forest, Jackson fell into a quiet slumber.

During the progress of Jackson's flank march, the six brigades under McLaws and Anderson had kept up an active skirmish with rifle and artillery fire. Hooker's left was thus held in position. Through the night two couriers made a wide circuit to tell Lee that Jackson was injured, that Hill also had been wounded and that the latter had asked Stuart to take command of Jackson's corps. The commander-in-chief was deeply moved by the news concerning his great lieutenant and sent word to Stuart to attack Hooker's center at Chancellorsville. That gallant leader anticipated the order by arranging the divisions of Hill, Colston and Rodes in line. Moreover, he placed thirty guns in position on the hill at Hazel Grove and in the early morning these began to pour a terrific enfilade fire along the Federal intrenchments. With fierce energy the veterans of the Second Corps dashed forward to seize the Federal ramparts. "Remember Jackson!" they shouted as they charged. McLaws and Anderson delivered a bold attack on the Confederate right. After a desperate struggle, Chancellorsville was captured, Lee's two wings were joined together and

Hooker was forced behind a second line of fortifications near the Rappahannock. At noonday, on this same Sunday, Sedgwick drove back Early's force from Marye's Hill and advanced against Lee's rear. The latter turned to meet Sedgwick and drove him across the river. On the night of the 5th Hooker also fled to the north bank of the Rappahannock. His campaign ended in failure and defeat with a loss of more than 17,000 men. The Confederate losses were over 12,000.

Near the close of the fierce battle, on Sunday, May 3d, the commander-in-chief sent to Jackson the following:

"GENERAL:—

"I have just received your note, informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to be disabled in your stead.

"I congratulate you upon the victory, which is due to your skill and energy." [1]

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 702.

CHAPTER XXIV

DEATH OF JACKSON

When Jackson opened his eyes, after a long, quiet slumber, on Sunday morning, May 3d, the battle around Chancellorsville was at its height. The roar of the heavy guns came to his ears as he lay in the hospital tent near Wilderness Tavern. The sound, however, did not make him restless, nor did his pulse seem to quicken. He was free from pain and expressed himself as sanguine of recovery. His faith was like that of a little child and he laid all his cares upon his God. He was full of interest, of course, to hear news from the field of conflict, but he indicated no feeling of doubt concerning the result. He felt confident that his men would win the victory.

Food was given him and this seemed to renew his strength. His first thought was to send a messenger to Richmond to bring his wife. He also dictated a brief note to General Lee, telling him of his wounds and that he had demitted his command to the officer next in rank, General A. P. Hill. The staff-officers were sent to join their comrades of the Second Corps, and then Jackson called his chaplain, Beverley T. Lacy, to come and sit near him. "You see me," said the general, "severely wounded, but not depressed; not unhappy. I believe that it

has been done according to God's holy will, and I acquiesce entirely in it. You may think it strange, but you never saw me more perfectly contented than I am to-day ; for I am sure that my Heavenly Father designs this affliction for my good. I am perfectly satisfied, that either in this life, or in that which is to come, I shall discover that what is now regarded as a calamity is a blessing. I can wait until God, in His own time, shall make known to me the object He has in thus afflicting me. If it were in my power to replace my arm, I would not dare to do it, unless I could know it was the will of my Heavenly Father." [1]

"It has been a precious experience to me," he said further, "that I was brought face to face with death and found that all was well. I then learned that one who has been the subject of converting grace and is the child of God can, in the midst of the severest sufferings, fix the thoughts upon God and heavenly things, and derive great comfort and peace." [2]

A little before noon he was told about the Confederate victory and the retreat of Hooker. When he heard of the charge made that morning by the Stonewall Brigade, he said : "It was just like them to do so, just like them. The men of that brigade will, some day, be proud to say to their children, 'I was one of the Stonewall Brigade.' They are a noble body of men." With reference to the name "Stonewall," he disclaimed any title to it. "It belongs to the brigade," he declared, "and not to

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 707. [2] *Idem*, p. 708.

me; for it was their steadfast heroism which earned it at First Manassas." When the news came that the commander of that brigade, the gallant Paxton, had fallen in the battle, he turned his face to the wall and remained quiet, striving to suppress his emotion.

Soon afterward, he received from Lee the note mentioned at the close of our last chapter, ascribing the great victory to Jackson. "General Lee is very kind," said the wounded man, "but he should give the glory to God." Then he spoke more in detail about his flank march and said: "Our movement yesterday was a great success; I think, the most successful military movement of my life. But I expect to receive far more credit for it than I deserve. Most men will think that I had planned it all from the first; but it was not so. I simply took advantage of circumstances as they were presented to me in the providence of God. I feel that His hand led me—let us give Him all the glory." [1] During the day Jackson spoke of a severe pain in his side. When night came on, however, the pain ceased and he slept well until daylight.

On Tuesday morning, May 5th, Jackson was placed in an ambulance and driven toward Guiney's Station. This was done in obedience to the order of General Lee, who feared that the Federal cavalry might capture the hospital. Jackson preferred to remain in his tent. "If the enemy does come," he said, "I am not afraid of them. I have always been kind to their wounded, and I am sure they will

[1] Dabney's *Jackson*, p. 710.

be kind to me." Lee, however, was anxious about Jackson's safety and said that he must be moved. The journey was twenty-five miles in length and a part of the road was rough, but the general bore it well.

He spoke freely concerning the recent battle and said that it was his purpose to cut off Hooker's army from the United States Ford; he expected to take up a position between the Federal troops and the river and thus force them to attack the Confederates. "My men," he added with a smile, "sometimes fail to drive the enemy from their position, but they always fail to drive us." When some one asked for his opinion concerning Hooker's plan of campaign, he replied: "It was in the main a good conception, an excellent plan. But he should not have sent away his cavalry; that was his great blunder. It was that which enabled me to turn him without his being aware of it, and to take him in the rear. Had he kept his cavalry with him, his plan would have been a very good one."

Jackson spoke also of the gallant conduct of General Rodes in making the flank attack and said that he should be promoted at once upon the field. Willis and Paxton and Boswell, officers who had fallen, were referred to in terms of the highest appreciation.

The heat was somewhat oppressive during the journey in the ambulance and Jackson suffered slight nausea. At his suggestion, Doctor McGuire placed a wet towel over the stomach and great relief came at once. At the end of the day he arrived

at Guiney's Station and was placed in a small house near the railroad. He slept well throughout the night.

On Wednesday, May 6th, the general was supposed to be doing remarkably well. His appetite was good and he was uniformly cheerful. "He expressed great satisfaction," writes McGuire, "when told that his wounds were healing, and asked if I could tell from their appearance how long he would probably be kept from the field."

"Give him my affectionate regards," said Lee to an aide who was riding to Jackson's tent; "tell him to make haste and get well, and come back to me as soon as he can. He has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right." In a letter, Lee wrote concerning Jackson's wound: "Any victory would be dear at such a price. I know not how to replace him."

At an early hour on Thursday morning, however, nausea began again to trouble the general, and he ordered Jim, his servant, to apply a wet towel. McGuire was snatching a little sleep at the time, as he had been awake for nearly three nights, and Jackson would not allow the servant to disturb him. When the doctor awoke at daylight he found Jackson suffering great pain from pleuro-pneumonia of the right side. All of the physicians present concurred in the opinion that the malady was due to the fall from the litter on the night when he was wounded. "I think the disease," writes McGuire, "came on too soon after the application of the wet cloths to admit of the supposition, once believed, that it was induced by them."

On Thursday afternoon Jackson's wife and child arrived at his bedside. They had been delayed, owing to the fact that raiding parties of Federal cavalry kept the railway trains from making their usual trips from Richmond. With the keenest anguish the devoted wife looked upon the change in the appearance of her husband. The pneumonia was rapidly bringing a flush to his cheeks; his breathing was difficult. He expressed great joy and thankfulness at seeing her, but soon sank into a half-conscious condition. "My darling," he said once, "you must cheer up, and not wear a long face. I love cheerfulness and brightness in a sick-room." With a supreme effort the noble, Christian woman responded to this appeal. Throughout the long hours of sore trial, although her heart was breaking, she bestowed upon him the wisest and most loving ministrations.

Fever and restlessness increased and the general's strength waned perceptibly. On Saturday afternoon his wife proposed to read to him some selections from the Psalms. At first he said that he was suffering too much to listen; soon afterward, however, he added, "Yes, we must never refuse that. Get the Bible and read them." Then he asked for the singing of some hymns. Assisted by her brother, Lieutenant Joseph Morrison, Mrs. Jackson sang some of his favorite verses, concluding at his request with the Fifty-first Psalm.

Near the close of the day, Jackson called for Mr. Lacy and inquired about the progress of the plans that had been made for the proper observance of

the Sabbath among the soldiers. He then asked the chaplain to conduct religious services and preach a sermon the next day, according to their previous custom, at his headquarters.

On Sunday morning, May 10, 1863, a great company of soldiers assembled at the quarters of the staff of the Second Corps to take part in public worship. Lee, with many of his leading officers, was there. The commander-in-chief in anxious tones asked Mr. Lacy about the sufferer's condition. When told that the physicians expressed little hope, Lee said: "Surely General Jackson must recover. God will not take him from us, now that we need him so much. Surely, he will be spared to us, in answer to the many prayers which are offered for him." A few moments later he said to the chaplain, "When you return, I trust you will find him better. When a suitable occasion offers, give him my love, and tell him that I wrestled in prayer for him last night, as I never prayed, I believe, for myself." With these words Lee turned quickly away to hide his strong emotion.

Jackson's life was ebbing fast, but he was not yet conscious of his own condition. On the other hand, he continued to express the belief that God still had work for him to do, and would raise him up to do it. At eleven o'clock, Sunday morning, Mrs. Jackson knelt by his side and told him that before the close of the day he would be in heaven. "You are frightened, my child," he replied, "death is not so near; I may yet get well." [1] With an out-

[1] Dr. Hunter McGuire's account of Jackson's last hours.

burst of bitter tears she fell upon the bed and again told him that there was no hope. A brief pause followed and then he requested her to call Doctor McGuire. "Doctor," he said, "Anna tells me I am to die to-day; is it so?" After hearing the response, he remained silent for a little while and then very quietly replied, "Very good, very good; it is all right."

Shortly after noon, Major Pendleton entered the room. "Who is preaching at headquarters to-day?" inquired Jackson. When he was told that Mr. Lacy was preaching and that the entire army was praying for him, he said, "Thank God; they are very kind to me."

The general's strength was now waning rapidly and his mind began to wander. When his baby was brought to him, his face brightened with a smile. A moment afterward, however, he was on the battle-field, giving orders to his soldiers; again he was in his old home in the Valley of Virginia; again he seemed to be taking part in a prayer-meeting in camp. At half-past one the doctors told him that he had only two hours to live. With a voice that was feeble, but firm, he replied once more, "Very good; it is all right." He preferred, he said to his wife, to die on Sunday. After lying for a time in a state of unconsciousness, he suddenly cried out: "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry to the front! Tell Major Hawks——" Then he stopped and remained silent for several moments. A little later in quiet, clear tones, he said, "Let us cross over the river, and rest

under the shade of the trees." The cry of anguish that burst from the lips of his wife had power even now to recall his spirit from the very gate of Heaven. He opened his eyes, and gazing into her face with a long look of intelligence and love, closed them again, and the soul of the great leader went to dwell forever in the presence of his God.

Embalmed by the tears of all the people of the South, Stonewall Jackson was borne to his resting-place. Thousands of men, women and children lined the streets of Richmond as his body was carried to the Capitol. President Davis sent a beautiful flag as the gift of the Southern Confederacy to be used as a winding-sheet. Just in front of the speaker's desk in the hall of the House of Representatives the casket was placed. An eye-witness tells us that the face of the hero was in perfect repose. The flush of fever had passed away; the broad, high forehead was smooth and white, the cheeks thin, and bronzed by sun and breeze, the mouth firmly closed. Moreover, an expression of shining quietude shed a radiance over the countenance. Throughout the day the multitudes streamed through the room to look for a moment upon the face of their dead. The dignitaries of the Confederate and state governments were all present to mingle their tears with those of ragged veterans and mourning citizens. Then the Virginia women brought gifts of flowers and piled them high above the bier.

From Richmond his remains were taken to Lexington. For one night he lay in his old lecture-

room at the Military Institute. Then in solemn state the body was borne to the church where he had so often taken part in public worship. He was buried on the hilltop, as he had wished, in the midst of the beautiful Valley of Virginia.

When the news was carried to the people that Jackson was dead, a great wave of sorrow passed over all the land from Maryland and Virginia to Texas. Multitudes mourned him as the chief pillar of their hope. A profound and universal grief throbbed in the hearts of all the people. "Women who had never known him," says Dabney, "save by the fame of his virtues and exploits, wept for him as passionately as for a brother. The faces of the men were filled with dismay when they heard that the tower of their strength was fallen." Their presages were more than correct, for the Army of Northern Virginia never again won victories like those that were gained during the period that Jackson constituted Lee's right arm.

And what shall we say concerning the genius of Stonewall Jackson and the relative rank that he should hold among great military commanders? Only this that "during the whole of the two years he held command he never committed a single error." [1] This is the mature opinion of Jackson's English biographer, Colonel Henderson. Henderson says further: "He saw into the heart of things, both human and divine, far deeper than most men. . . . The few maxims which fell from his lips are almost a complete summary of the art of

[1] Henderson's *Jackson*, Vol. II, p. 486.

war. Neither Frederick, nor Wellington, nor Napoleon, realized more deeply the simple truths, which ever since men first took up arms have been the elements of success; and not Hampden himself beheld with clearer insight the duties and obligations which devolve on those who love their country well, but freedom more." [1] With these words we may be content to leave Jackson in his place of honor among the great captains of all time.

[1] Henderson's *Jackson*, Vol. II, pp. 496–497.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

General Accounts:

BATTLES and Leaders of the Civil War.

COMTE DE PARIS. History of the Civil War in America.

DAVIS, JEFFERSON. The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.

GREELEY, HORACE. American Conflict.

POLLARD, E. A. A Southern History of the War.

POWELL, WILLIAM H. The Fifth Army Corps (Federal).

RHODES, JAMES FORD. History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850.

ROPES, JOHN C. Story of the Civil War.

SCHOULER, JAMES. History of the United States.

STEPHENS, ALEXANDER H. A Constitutional View of the Late War Between the States.

SWINTON, WILLIAM. Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.

WALKER, FRANCIS A. History of the Second Army Corps (Federal).

Accounts of Campaigns:

ALLAN, WILLIAM. Jackson's Valley Campaign.

BEAUREGARD, G. T. Campaign and Battle of Manassas.

DODGE, THEODORE A. Chancellorsville.

DOUBLEDAY, A. Chancellorsville and Gettysburg.

GORDON, GEORGE H. Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain.

———— The Army of Virginia under General Pope.

HAMLIN, A. C. Chancellorsville.

MOORE, E. A. Story of a Cannoneer under Stonewall Jackson.

PALFREY, F. W. The Antietam and Fredericksburg.

RIPLEY, R. S. History of the War in Mexico.

ROPES, JOHN C. The Army under Pope.

WEBB, A. S. The Peninsula: McClellan's Campaign of 1862.

WILCOX, CADMUS M. The Mexican War.

Biographies:

ALLAN, ELIZABETH PRESTON. Life and Letters of Margaret Preston Junkin.

COOKE, JOHN ESTEN. Stonewall Jackson, A Military Biography.

DABNEY, ROBERT L. Life and Campaigns of Lieutenant-General Thomas J. Jackson.

HENDERSON, G. F. R. Life of Stonewall Jackson.

HUGHES, ROBERT M. Life of Joseph E. Johnston.

HAPGOOD, NORMAN. Abraham Lincoln.

JACKSON, MARY ANNA. Life and Letters of General Thomas J. Jackson, by his wife.

JOHNSON, THOMAS C. Life of Robert L. Dabney.

MCCLELLAND, H. B. Life of J. E. B. Stuart.

MORSE, JOHN T. Abraham Lincoln.

NICOLAY AND HAY. Abraham Lincoln.

ROMAN, ALFRED. Military Operations of General Beauregard.

TARBELL, IDA. Abraham Lincoln.

WHITE, HENRY ALEXANDER. Life of Robert E. Lee.

ALSO, biographies of Jefferson Davis, Stephens, Toombs and others, with the Autobiography of O. O. Howard.

Documents:

MASSACHUSETTS Military Historical Society Papers. (10 vols.)

OFFICIAL RECORDS of the War.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE on the Conduct of the War.

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL Society Papers.

Memoirs:

ALEXANDER, E. P. Military Memoirs of a Confederate.

GORDON, J. B. Reminiscences.

GRANT, U. S. Personal Memoirs.

JACKSON, MRS. MARY ANNA. Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson.

HOOD, JOHN B. Advance and Retreat: Personal Experiences.

LONG, A. L. Memoirs of Robert E. Lee.

LONGSTREET, JAMES. From Manassas to Appomattox.

MAURY, DABNEY H. Recollections of a Virginian.

MCCLELLAN, G. B. McClellan's Own Story.

SCHURZ, CARL. Memoirs.

SCOTT, WINFIELD. Memoirs.

SHERMAN, WILLIAM T. Memoirs.

TAYLOR, RICHARD. Destruction and Reconstruction.

VON BORCKE, HEROS. Memoirs of the Confederate War.

Periodicals and Pamphlets:

ARTICLES in *Harper's Weekly*, London *Times*, Richmond *Times-Dispatch*.

PAPERS by Doctor Hunter H. McGuire, and others.

INDEX

Alexander, General E. P., 213, 225, 267, 315.
Allen, Colonel J. H., 77.
Anderson, General R. H., 276, 281, 288, 337, 339, 340, 342, 347, 353.
Antietam Creek, 280, 283, 284, 286, 289, 290.
Aquia Creek, 251.
Archer, General, 290, 308, 313.
Armistead, General L. A., 233.
Army of Northern Virginia, 293.
Army of the Potomac, 271, 301, 318.
Army of the Shenandoah, 77, 98.
Army of the Valley, 184, 200, 203, 205, 212, 252, 257, 299.
Army of Virginia, 237.
Ashby, General Turner, 102, 114, 117–119, 122, 127–128, 130, 137, 153, 165–171, 184, 189.
Ashby's Gap, 84.
Ashland, 205, 206, 208, 210.

Bald Hill, 268, 270.
Banks, General N. P., 103, 105, 108, 115, 117, 123, 127, 130, 137, 143, 145, 159, 161, 185, 195, 196, 206, 207, 240, 242–244, 263, 267.
Barksdale, General, 306, 307.
Barringer, General Rufus, 55.
Bartonsville, 155.
Bartow, General, 85–88, 91.
Beauregard, General P. G. T., 82, 83, 85, 89, 91.
Beaver Dam Creek, 209, 212.
Bee, Barnard E., 85–88, 91, 96.
Belen Gate, 43.
Benjamin, J. P., 109.
Berryville, 160, 162.
Bethesda Church, 215.
Blackford, Major, 349.
Blenker, General, 125, 133, 172, 175.
Bloody Lane, 289.
Bolivar Heights, 277, 278.
Bonham, General M. L., 86, 88, 91.
Boonsboro, 276, 279.
Boswell, Captain, 253, 344, 358.
Boteler, Colonel A. R., 110, 128, 163, 197, 236, 273, 316, 317, 333.
Boyd, Belle, 149.
Branch, General, 209, 211, 263, 265, 290.
Brandy Station, 248.
Bristoe Station, 255–257.
Brown, Colonel, 294.
Brown, John, 60.
Brown's Gap, 135, 200.
Buena Vista, 35, 36.
Bull Pasture Mountain, 138, 139.
Bull Run (Manassas, first battle of), 82–98.
Bull Run (Manassas, second battle of), 261–272.
Bull Run Mountains, 252, 258, 261.

Burks, Colonel, 118.
Burnside, General, 283, 289, 290, 302, 305–307, 310, 311, 314, 315, 318.

Campbell, Colonel, 138, 146, 158.
Carpenter, Captain, 118.
Carroll, General, 171, 172.
Catherine Furnace, 344–348.
Catlett's Station, 250.
Cedar Run, 236 *et seq.*, 241, 242, 244–247, 250, 285.
Centerville, 82, 83, 85, 86, 92, 93, 95, 104, 113, 258, 259, 260, 263, 270, 271.
Cerro Gordo, 36, 37.
Chambersburg, 78, 301.
Chancellorsville, 337–353.
Chantilly, 271, 273.
Chaplains, 321 *et seq.*
Chapultepec, 40–43.
Charlestown, 83, 162.
Charlottesville, 136, 202, 203, 207, 239.
Chickahominy, 197, 198, 199, 207–222.
Clarksburg, 15, 17, 19, 26, 104.
Clark's Mountain, 247, 249.
Cobb, General T. R. R., 314.
Cold Harbor, 209.
Colston, General R., 338, 347, 349, 350–351, 353.
Congress, Confederate, 129, 130, 333.
Congress, Federal, 17, 26.
Connor, Colonel, 163.
Conrad's Store, 167, 168, 183.
Cooke, John Esten, 320.
Contreras, 38–40, 43.
Corps, First, 293, 305, 337.
Corps, Second, 293, 338, 347, 352, 355, 356.
Couch, General, 346.
Crampton's Gap, 280.
Cross Keys, 167–177, 195, 198, 262.
Crutchfield, Colonel, 351.
Culpeper, 203, 240, 241, 244, 247, 302, 338.
Cummings, Colonel A. C., 77, 90.

Dabney, Dr. R. L., 16–18, 25, 62, 112, 128, 129, 135, 136, 156, 174, 181, 184, 190, 192–194, 202, 210, 218 *et seq.*, 234, 237, 310, 322, 323, 330, 340, 364.
Davis, Jefferson, 69, 77, 83, 100, 234, 237, 281, 293, 305, 363.
Deep Run, 308, 339.
Doubleday, General A., 206, 313.
Dowdall's Tavern, 348, 350.
Dunkard Church, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290.

Early, General Jubal, 242, 250, 251, 265, 285–287, 291, 293, 305–308, 313, 314, 338, 340, 342, 354.
East Wood, 284, 287, 288.
Echols, General John, 77.
Elzey, General, 92, 159.
Emancipation Proclamation, 293.
Evans, General N. G., 85, 86, 87, 88.
Evelington Heights, 234, 235.
Ewell, General R. S., 131, 133, 134, 143, 145, 159, 162, 175, 176, 181, 188, 190, 196, 199, 201, 206, 217 *et seq.*, 237, 241, 243, 252, 255–260, 262, 268, 283.

Fairfax Court-House, 271.
Falling Waters, 79, 80.
Faulkner, Colonel Charles, 319.
Federal Constitution, 17, 66, 67, 70.

Field, General, 263, 265.
First Artillery, 33, 35, 37.
First Brigade, 87, 98.
First Corps, 293, 305, 337.
Fisher's Gap, 305.
Flournoy, Colonel, 150, 151.
Forno, General, 264.
Fort Hamilton, 45, 46.
Fort Meade, 47.
Fortress Monroe, 117, 125, 126, 216, 224.
Franklin, General W. B., 133, 139, 141, 149, 162, 195, 226 *et seq.*, 270, 280, 283, 287, 288, 310, 311, 314, 315, 318, 359.
Frazier's Farm, 223, 226 *et seq.*
Frederick City, 103, 105, 274, 275, 279.
Fredericksburg, 144, 149, 166, 206, 237, 240, 248, 257, 301, 302, 305, 314, 318, 319, 336–340, 342, 344.
Frémont, General, 126, 132, 133, 143, 161–163, 165, 167, 173, 175, 176, 185, 199, 206, 207, 237, 244, 262.
French, General, 288.
Front Royal, 148, 150, 151, 152, 163, 166.
Fulkerson, Colonel, 118, 119.

Gaines' Mill, 213–221, 223, 224.
Gainesville, 251, 254, 255, 259, 261, 263, 265.
Garnett, General Richard B., 105, 115, 121, 124, 241, 242.
Garnett, General R. S., 82.
Geary, General, 149.
Georgia, 263, 289, 314, 315.
Germans, 78, 172, 175, 262.
Gettysburg, 124, 338.
Gibbon, General John, 44, 313.
Gordon, General G. H., 114, 127, 155, 159.
Gordon, General J. B., 341.
Gordonsville, 131, 145, 201, 202, 203, 237, 239.
Grafton, 103, 107.
Graham, Doctor J. R., 101, 111, 115, 116.
Graham, Mrs. J. R., 303, 304.
Graham, General Joseph, 54.
Graham, Mary, 54.
Graham, Hon. William A., 55.
Greene, General, 286.
Gregg, General, 262, 263–265, 269, 289, 299, 308, 313, 317, 343.
Grigsby, Colonel, 142, 285.
Grover, General, 264.
Groveton, 247, 258, 259–263, 265, 268, 269.
Guiney's Station, 305, 357, 359.

Hagerstown, 276, 279.
Halltown, 162, 277.
Hampton, General Wade, 85, 87, 88, 91, 267, 318.
Hancock, 105, 106, 108.
Harper, Colonel Kenton, 77.
Harper's Ferry, 60, 72–81, 97, 161–163, 169, 196, 273, 275, 276, 277, 279, 280, 281, 284, 286, 303.
Harrisonburg, 130, 132, 134, 137, 143, 152, 167, 168, 184, 201.
Harrison's Landing, 216, 236.
Haskell, Colonel A. C., 343, 344.
Hatch, General, 268, 269.
Hawks, Major A. W., 122, 362.
Hays, Hon. S., 25, 26.
Hazel Grove, 346, 353.
Heintzelman, General, 86.
Henderson, Colonel G. F. R., 185, 330, 334, 364.

Henry Hill, 87, 89, 91, 92, 95, 262, 270.
Henry House, 88, 91.
Hill, General A. P., 28, 204, 209, 212, 217 *et seq.*, 226, 239, 241, 243, 252, 255, 259, 262, 264, 265, 269, 270, 271, 278, 281, 289, 291, 292, 305, 307, 308, 314, 338, 347, 349, 351–353, 355, 362.
Hill, General D. H., 34, 47, 55, 113, 204, 209, 212, 217 *et seq.*, 229 *et seq.*, 266, 274, 279, 280, 283, 285, 288, 289, 293, 305, 306, 337, 338, 347.
Holmes, General, 210, 226, 227, 230, 232.
Hood, General J. B., 202, 203, 219, 220, 265, 267, 282, 284, 285, 337.
Hooker, General J., 233, 256, 263, 269, 282–318, 336–338, 340–343, 346–348, 350, 353, 354, 356.
Hotchkiss, Major, 186, 338, 346, 347.
Howard, General O. O., 92, 346, 348, 349.
Huger, General, 210, 221, 224, 227, 229, 230, 233.
Hundley's Corner, 212, 213.
Hunt, General, 233.

IMBODEN, GENERAL J. D., 87–89, 95, 177, 178, 200.
Institute, Virginia Military, 46–62, 68, 72, 364.

JACKSON, ANDREW, 15, 16, 17.
Jackson, Cummins (uncle of Stonewall Jackson), 20, 21, 23.
Jackson, Edward, 18, 19.
Jackson, Elizabeth Cummins, 16.
Jackson, George, 17, 19.
Jackson, John, 16–18.
Jackson, John G., 16–18.
Jackson, Jonathan, 18, 19.
Jackson, Julia Neale (mother of Stonewall Jackson), 19, 20.
Jackson, Julia (daughter of Stonewall Jackson), 331, 332, 334, 335, 360.
Jackson, Mary Anna (wife of Stonewall Jackson), 93, 94, 96, 97, 100–102, 112, 124, 303, 332–335, 360–362.
Jackson, Thomas Jonathan (Stonewall), ancestors, 15–18; father and mother, 19–20; finds home with uncle, 21; character as a young man, 21–23, 28; goes to West Point, 24–27; steady progress as student, 29–33; lieutenant in First Artillery, 34–37; lieutenant in Magruder's battery, 37–40; gallantry at Chapultepec, 41–44; experiences in City of Mexico, 44–46; baptized by Episcopal clergyman, 45, 46; appointed professor in Virginia Military Institute, 47; lack of skill as teacher, 47, 48; becomes member of Presbyterian church, 49; first marriage, 49–51; second marriage, 54, 55; establishes his home, 55; domestic traits and habits, 56–58; establishes Sunday-school for negroes, 59; development of religious character, 59–60; travels at home and abroad, 53, 60; views about slavery, 61; strong intellectual qualities, 61, 62; political views, 63–71; appointed colonel of

volunteers, 73; appearance as commander at Harper's Ferry, 74; early military plans, 76, 77; commander of First Brigade, 77; skirmish at Falling Waters, 79; appointed brigadier, 80; Manassas, 83–91; origin of name "Stonewall," 87, 88; official report of battle, 94, 95; ideas about best mode of managing a battle, 96; is appointed major-general, 97; commander at Winchester, 98; wishes to invade the North, 99, 100; home-life in Winchester, 100, 101, 111, 112; marches to Romney, 105; plan of campaign, 107; receives Secretary Benjamin's communication and at once resigns command, 109, 110; withdraws resignation, 111; first and only council of war, 115, 116, 117; evacuates Winchester, 117; attacks enemy at Kernstown, 118–122; arrests Garnett for conduct in battle, 124; thwarts McClellan's campaign, 126; desires to hold the Valley, 128; selects Doctor Dabney as adjutant, 128, 129; strategy against Banks, 131, 132; strikes Milroy at McDowell, 138–141; deals with mutiny, 142; plans attack against Banks, 145; strikes Front Royal, 149, 150; leads cavalry charge, 150, 151; strikes Banks at Middletown, 153; defeats Banks at Winchester, 158–160; threatens Washington, 162–164; escapes from Lower Valley, 165, 166; grief over death of Ashby, 170, 171; his coolness at Port Republic, 174; allows Ewell to manage battle at Cross Keys, 176; attacks Shields, 178, 179; how the victory again thwarts McClellan's plans, 184; the Army of the Valley worships together, 184, 185; Jackson's fame as a leader, 185–190; habits in camp, 189, 190; his piety, 191; strategical ideas, 197; secrecy of march to Richmond, 202–207; first meeting between Lee and Jackson, 204; preparation for Seven Days' Battles, 210; Lee explains plan of attack at Gaines' Mill, 214; sends divisions directly against Porter, 217, 218; enthusiasm of Jackson's men in making charge, 219–221; captures prisoners himself, 222; attempts to cross White Oak Swamp, 227–229; advises flank movement at Malvern Hill, 232; present at interview between Lee and Davis, 234; growth of his fame, 235; advises invasion of Maryland, 236, 237; strategy against Pope, 239, 240; reticent about plans of campaign, 241; under fire at Cedar Run, 243; urges Lee to make immediate advance against Pope, 248, 249; holds council with Lee on Rappahannock, 251, 252; marches to Manassas, 252–257; begins fighting at Groveton, 259; fights second battle of Manassas, 261–272; leads advance into

Maryland, 273; accepts task of capturing Harper's Ferry, 276; arrives at Sharpsburg, 281; repulses Hooker's attack, 284, 285; cuts Mansfield's corps to pieces, 285, 286; prepares trap for Sumner, 287; plans to drive McClellan into Potomac, 290; repulses enemy at Shepherdstown, 292; appointed lieutenant-general, 293; admiration of soldiers for him, 294–295; receives a gift from Stuart, 296–297; receives English visitors, 298; charges made against him by Gregg, 299; celebrated in verse, 299–300; last visit to Winchester, 303, 304; arrives at Fredericksburg, 306; drives enemy back, 314; plans night attack, 316; parting interview with General Gregg, 317; in camp at Moss Neck, 319; prepares military reports, 319, 320; looks after religious welfare of soldiers, 321–324; social qualities, 326–331; interested in governmental and economic affairs of South, 333–334; sends for wife and child, 334, 335; prepares to meet Hooker, 336; assigned to command forces at Chancellorsville, 342; drives Hooker back, 343, 344; conference with Lee, 344, 345; completion of the plan to make flank attack, 346, 347; routs Hooker's right wing, 350; stricken by fire of his own men, 351; last order on field of battle, 352; sanguine that he will recover, 355, 356; removed to Guiney's Station, 357; commends officers and soldiers, 357, 358; pneumonia develops, 359; readiness to die, 362; death, 362, 363; borne to the place of rest, 363–364; rank among military leaders, 364, 365.
Jackson, Warren, 20, 21.
Jackson, William L., 18.
James River, 125, 144, 196, 216, 224.
Johnson, General Edward, 103, 132, 134, 136, 138.
Johnston, General A. S., 144.
Johnston, General Joseph E., 77, 79, 80, 83, 85, 89, 99, 103, 104, 110, 113, 131, 136, 143, 145, 196.
Jones, General J. R., 284, 285.
Junkin, Eleanor, 49–52, 55.
Junkin, Doctor George, 49, 51, 52.
Junkin, Margaret, 49, 52.

Kearney, General, 263, 264, 269, 271.
Kelly's Ford, 249, 338.
Kenly, Colonel, 149, 150, 152, 153.
Kernstown, 113, 117–119, 122, 125, 126, 155, 194, 304.
Kershaw, General J. B., 315.
King, General, 259, 260, 266.

Lacy, Rev. B. T., 322, 323, 325, 346, 355, 360–362.
Lane, General, 295–296, 308, 313, 351.
Lawley, Francis, 329.
Lawton, General A. R., 198, 199, 201, 202, 217 *et seq.*, 262, 264, 268, 269, 271, 283, 285.

Lee, General Fitzhugh, 248, 284.
Lee, General R. E., 36, 38, 76, 77, 80, 110, 134, 144, 196, 204, 205, 210, 212, 216, 223 *et seq.*, 236, 239, 245, 248, 249, 251, 252, 261, 266, 275, 279, 280, 281, 290, 291, 302, 307, 315, 316, 319, 323, 329, 330, 337, 338, 340, 347, 353, 354, 359.
Lee, General S. D., 266, 268.
Leesburg, 113, 274, 275.
Letcher, Governor John, 72, 110, 111.
Lewis's Ford, 270.
Lewis House, 179, 182.
Lexington, 48, 49, 55, 68, 77, 363.
Lincoln, Abraham, 65–70, 74, 125, 126, 246, 293, 301.
Locustdale Ford, 241.
Longstreet, General James, 83, 204, 209, 212, 213, 215, 216 *et seq.*, 226, 230, 247–252, 259, 261, 263, 265, 269, 270, 275, 280, 281, 283, 289, 293, 302, 305, 310, 337, 347.
Loring, General W. W., 103, 104, 108, 109, 119.
Loudoun Heights, 75, 162, 276, 277.
Louisiana Brigade, 146–148, 150, 153–162, 178–182, 195, 264.
Luray, 132, 148, 167, 171.
Luray Valley, 132, 148.

Madison Court-House, 247, 304.
Magruder, General J. B., 37–43, 210, 221, 224, 230.
Malvern Hill, 223, 231 *et seq.*, 239.
Manassas, first battle of, 82–98, 196.
Manassas, second battle of, 261–271.
Manassas Gap, 92.
Manassas Junction, 82–84, 86, 93, 99, 102, 104, 117, 255–258, 260–263, 265–267, 275, 303.
Mansfield, General, 282, 283, 285, 286.
Martinsburg, 79, 80, 83, 160, 166, 275–277.
Marye's Hill, 310, 314, 315, 354.
Maryland, 16, 164, 236, 273, 274, 281, 291, 292, 303.
Maryland Heights, 75, 196, 276, 277.
Massanuttons, 131, 132, 167, 171, 304.
Massaponax, 308.
Matamoras, 34.
Matthews Hill, 270.
Maury, General D. H., 28, 31.
McClellan, General George B., 78, 82, 99, 104, 113, 117, 144, 164, 185, 196, 199, 202, 205, 207, 208, 223 *et seq.*, 236, 246, 247, 257, 267, 271, 279, 280, 282, 283, 288, 290, 291, 299, 301–303.
McDowell, 127–143, 319.
McDowell, General Irwin, 82–98, 125, 126, 144, 184, 185, 197, 207, 208, 237, 239, 259, 263.
McGuire, Doctor H., 116, 230, 266, 290, 317, 332, 352, 358, 359.
McLaughlin, William, 102, 118.
McLaws, General L., 266, 276, 277, 280, 281, 287, 290, 337, 340, 345, 347, 353.
Meade, General, 311–314, 346.
Meadow Bridge, 209, 212, 213.
Mechanicsville, 209, 212, 213.

Mechum's River, 136, 202.
Mexico, City of, 35, 37, 38, 42, 44.
Middletown (Maryland), 276.
Middletown (Virginia), 153, 170.
Milroy, General, 133, 137–142, 262.
Mississippi Riflemen, 306, 307.
Molino del Rey, 40, 41.
Monongahela River, 18, 103, 104.
Montezuma, 40.
Morrison, Mary Anna, 54, 55.
Morrison, Joseph, 360.
Morrison, Doctor R. H., 54, 55.
Moss Neck, 319, 325, 326, 334.
Mount Jackson, 115, 117, 127, 168.
Mount Meridian, 184.
Mount Sidney, 201.
Mount Solon, 145, 146.
Munford, General T. T., 183, 189, 199, 201, 227 *et seq.*, 254, 255, 270, 280.

NAPOLEON, 54, 129, 185, 186, 187, 207, 334, 365.
Neale, Julia Beckwith (mother of Stonewall Jackson), 19, 20.
New Bridge, 209, 226.
New Cold Harbor, 214, 215.
New Market, 132, 134, 146, 167, 172, 199.
New Orleans, 15, 144, 315.
Newtown, 153, 155, 164.
Norfolk, 144.
North Anna River, 305, 306.
North River, 172, 183.

OLD COLD HARBOR, 214, 215, 216.
Orange Court-House, 113, 240, 247, 302, 305.
Ord, General, 184.
Orr's Rifles, 343.
Ox Hill, 271, 273.

PALFREY, GENERAL, 292.
Palmetto Regiment, 43.
Palo Alto, 34.
Patterson, General R., 78, 79, 81, 83, 84.
Patton, Colonel, 177, 182.
Pedrigal, 38, 39.
Pelham, Major John, 308, 311, 312.
Pender, General, 264, 352.
Pendleton, Colonel A. S., 296, 352, 362.
Pendleton, General W. N., 77, 232, 291.
Peninsula, 143, 144, 216, 224.
Pickett, General George E., 28, 337.
Piedmont, 84, 85.
Pillow, General Gideon J., 38–44.
Piper House, 288.
Pisgah Church, 247.
Point Isabel, 34.
Polk, J. K., 54.
Pope, General John, 237, 238, 240, 244–250, 252, 254, 255–258, 263, 265, 267, 268, 272.
Porter, General F., 263, 265, 268, 269.
Port Republic, 135, 167, 170, 171, 176–183, 190, 197, 198, 200, 206, 305, 306.
Port Royal, 311, 319.
Potomac River, 16, 27, 78, 79, 92, 99, 100, 105, 145, 196, 273–277, 279, 284, 290, 291, 301, 338.
Preston, Colonel James F., 77.
Preston, Mrs. M. J., 49–53, 59.
Prospect Hill, 308, 311, 312, 313.

Ransom, General M., 315.
Rappahannock River, 137, 240, 249–252, 257, 261, 267, 302, 319.
Reno, General, 263.
Reynolds, General J., 260, 262, 268, 270, 346.
Richardson, General, 288.
Richmond, 17, 72, 73, 103, 126, 185, 196, 197, 204, 205, 206, 239, 251, 273, 363.
Ricketts, General, 184, 240, 261, 268, 269.
Robinson House, 86.
Rockbridge Artillery, 102.
Romney, 99, 103, 104, 105, 106, 108, 111, 119, 133.
Rosecrans, W. S., 103.
Roulette Farm, 288.

Salem, 253, 254.
San Antonio, 38.
San Augustin, 38.
Santa Anna, General, 35, 36, 40.
Savage Station, 225, 227.
Schenck, General, 127, 138, 139.
Schurz, General, 262, 350.
Scott, Colonel, 158.
Scott, Winfield, 34–44.
Secession, 65, 68, 69, 70, 72.
Second Corps, 98, 310, 315, 323, 324, 328.
Sedgwick, General J., 286, 340, 354.
Seven Days' Battles, 223–235, 239.
Seven Pines, 197.
Sharpsburg, 276, 279, 280, 281, 283, 289, 291–293, 301.
Shenandoah River, 84, 125, 135, 150, 168, 171, 277, 278.
Shepherdstown, 275, 292.
Shields, General J., 117, 149, 167, 171–184, 199, 206.
Sigel, General, 245, 260, 262, 263.
Sitlington's Hill, 138, 139.
Skinker's Neck, 305, 306.
Slash Church, 208, 209.
Slaughter Mountain, 241.
Slavery, 63–65, 71.
Slocum, General, 346.
Smith, General K., 85, 92.
Somerville Ford, 247.
South Mountain, 276, 279, 280, 299.
Southern Confederacy, 68, 71.
Starke, General, 262, 285.
Staunton, 73, 103, 134, 136, 194, 201.
Stevens, General, 269, 271.
Stewart, General G. H., 146, 153, 160.
Stone Bridge, 85, 86, 259, 263, 267, 270.
Stoneman, General, 341, 342.
Stonewall Brigade, 95, 97, 102, 105, 108, 115, 119, 121, 124, 138, 142, 154, 163–165, 178, 180, 243, 245, 253, 349, 356.
Stonewall Division, 243, 258, 268.
"Stonewall," origin of name, 87, 88.
Strasburg, 77, 117, 143, 149, 164, 165, 168, 195, 303.
Stuart, General J. E. B., 79, 83–85, 88, 90, 92, 208, 210, 222 *et seq.*, 239, 245, 247, 248, 250, 254, 255, 279, 290, 291, 296, 297, 301, 305, 306, 308, 309, 313, 318, 330, 331, 338, 339, 342, 343, 345, 352, 353.
Sudley Springs, 259, 261, 262.
Sulphur Springs, 249, 251.
Sumner, General, 270, 283, 286, 287, 288, 310.
Swift Run Gap, 130, 134, 135, 145.
Sykes, General, 218 *et seq.*, 269, 270.

Tabernacle Church, 340, 342.
Talcot, Colonel, 344.
Taliaferro, General W. B., 138, 140, 146, 158, 174, 182, 184, 242, 243, 252, 255, 258–260, 262, 305, 308, 313.
Taylor, Frank, 45.
Taylor, Richard, 146–148, 150, 156, 158, 162, 165, 176, 178–182, 195.
Taylor, Zachary, 34.
Texans, 219, 220.
Thomas, General, 262, 263, 265, 308.
Thoroughfare Gap, 252, 254, 259, 261, 267.
Trimble, General I., 146, 175, 176, 177, 182, 255.
Turner's Gap, 279, 280.
Turnley, P. T., 31.
Tyler, General, 86, 179–183.

Ulster, 15, 16, 17.
United States Military Academy, 25.

Vera Cruz, 34, 35, 36.
Virginia Convention, 70, 72.
Virginia Military Institute, 47–62, 68, 110, 138, 364.
Virginia, Valley of, 48, 77, 83, 103, 144, 169, 185, 186, 196, 198, 199, 201, 362.
Von Borcke, H., 296, 297.

Walker, General J., 266, 276, 277, 281, 283, 286–288, 299.
Walnut Grove Church, 214–216.
Warrenton, 134, 250, 251, 257, 259, 260, 266.
Washington Artillery, 315.
Washington, City of, 26, 27, 43, 55, 66, 67, 92, 99, 236–238, 246, 249, 251, 257, 267, 272, 275, 279.
West Wood, 284–287.
White House, in Virginia, 144, 216, 223, 226.
White Oak Bridge, 226 *et seq.*
White Oak Swamp, 224 *et seq.*
Whiting, General, 198–202, 210, 217 *et seq.*, 229 *et seq.*
Williamsport, 78, 163, 276.
Winchester, 76, 78–80, 83, 98, 100, 103–106, 109, 115, 125, 144, 303.
Winder, General C. S., 138, 146, 158, 165, 179–182, 217 *et seq.*, 237, 241–243, 246.
Wolseley, Lord, 298.
Woodson, Captain, 19.
Woodstock, 123, 127, 165, 167, 195.
Worth, William J., 37, 38, 40, 42, 44.
Wright, General, 229.
Wyndham, Colonel Percy, 168.

Yerby's House, 305.
York River, 126, 143, 223.